T.336
R.2

40405

POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST MAY 4 • 1963 20c

ANN-MARGRET

Explosive new star

THE UGLY AMERICAN REVISITED

by EUGENE BURDICK and WILLIAM LEDERER

Derby special *Thoroughbreds in color* / **Racial crisis** *in Washington, D.C.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A step ahead

It's almost like having a second car

This new refrigerator can save you three shopping trips a week... The new Westinghouse Center Drawer Refrigerator eliminates all those extra trips to the market. Its roomy interior will hold all the fresh food you can cram into your car—and then some.

And note the center drawer . . . a Westinghouse first . . . with its own specially-controlled temperature, it holds enough fresh meats and vegetables for a family of five *for a week*, without freezing!

From top to bottom, the new Center Drawer Refrigerator is completely Frost-Free. Frost never forms in the big fresh food compartment at top, the center drawer, the 152-pound capacity freezer down below. So there's no defrosting ever.

One trip to your Westinghouse Dealer can save you many trips to the supermarket . . . ask to see the Center Drawer Refrigerator.

We never forget how much you rely on Westinghouse

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Frank Womack raises beef cattle on his 200-acre farm in Murfreesboro, Tennessee

"Life insurance? I'd rather buy bulls!"

"Then a MONY man showed me it can have real cash value... like a good piece of grazing land."

Frank Womack talks it over with Tommy Martin

" 'Heck,' I told MONY man Tommy Martin, 'I'm even going to drop my G.I. insurance. I'll do better buying cattle and good Rutherford County grazing land.'

"But Tommy convinced me to change that idea, real quick! He showed me there were problems farm land couldn't solve. Like, how'd my wife pay off the mortgage if something happened to me? What would she have to live on?

"Right then and there, we worked out a program of MONY insurance. First, to protect the farm for my wife. Then when the kids came along, to help with their education.

"Tommy always stays in touch, to keep this program right up to date. In fact, we're real good friends. We go fishing for bluegills together, things like that.

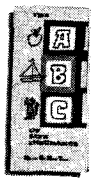
"Yes sir, I've changed my ideas about insurance since Tommy started me on MONY."

MONY MEN CARE FOR PEOPLE. *They'll be glad to discuss both life and health insurance, and are well trained to work out a plan to help you. For more information about* MONY *insurance, mail coupon at right.*

MONY
MUTUAL OF NEW YORK

MONY
Dept. P 53
Broadway at 55th Street
New York 19, N. Y.

Please send me your free, easy-to-read booklet, "The ABC of Life Insurance."



NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

BIRTH DATE _____

OCCUPATION _____

MONY HAS SERVED THE PUBLIC CONTINUOUSLY FOR 120 YEARS

The Mutual Life Insurance Company Of New York, New York, N. Y. — Life, Health, Group Insurance, Pension Plans — Sales and Service Offices throughout the United States, in Canada, and serving our Armed Forces in Western Europe.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LONGINES

THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

10 WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES • 28 GOLD MEDALS
HIGHEST OBSERVATORY HONORS FOR ACCURACY
OFFICIAL TIMEPIECE FOR LEADING SPORTS AND
CONTEST ASSOCIATIONS ALL OVER THE WORLD

Luxurious Longines Creations d'Art *Left to right:* **For Dad**—DJ 2777, 20 matched round and baguette diamonds set in solid 14K gold • **For Mother**—DC 1616, bracelet cover watch in solid 14K gold, with 20 matched diamonds • TW 37, 10 matched diamonds, total weight 1 carat, set in solid 14K gold case • DC 3725, solid 14K gold in florentine finish, with 6 matched diamonds • DC 3827, diamond studded bow-knot in solid 14 K gold, with 27 diamonds • DC 1612, solid 14K gold mesh bracelet watch, with 4 matched diamonds • **For A Very Special Dad**—DJ 2786, in solid 14K gold, with 36 diamonds. Illustrated, Longines Creations d'Art, $175 to $625.

A Longines Credo—

THERE'S NOTHING TOO GOOD FOR MOTHER...OR FOR DAD

Mother's Day-May 12 · Father's Day-June 16

There *Really* Is Nothing Too Good For Mother—or Dad! If you can afford it, do give just this once something truly breathtaking—for example a *Longines Creation d'Art!* Whatever the Longines you give, it is the finest—a song without words which says, "*my best to my best.*" Think of all the *years* of days Mother and Dad have thought only of *you!* Give with your heart!

Creations d'Art: Produced in limited numbers Longines *Creations d'Art* are as exclusive as if made to your individual order. They are styled with consummate good taste. They have the rich appearance and meticulous hand-detailing of finest jewelry. The diamonds, selected by Longines' own experts, are beautifully cut and carefully matched for color and brilliancy.

The World's Most Honored Watch. Every Longines, whether inexpensively cased and priced as low as $60, or diamond-studded and priced in the hundreds, is the watch of the world's finest quality. No other watch has won so many honors for elegance, excellence and superior accuracy. Honor your Mother and Dad this year with a Longines. It's *The World's Most Honored Watch.*

Address: Longines-Wittnauer Building, Fifth Avenue, New York 36, New York
Longines also available in Canada, Mexico and throughout the free world

LONGINES-WITTNAUER WATCH COMPANY

LEADING MAKER OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER FOR ALMOST A CENTURY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
MATTHEW J. CULLIGAN, *President*
CLAY BLAIR JR., *Editor-in-Chief*
Editor-at-Large:
ROBERT SHERROD
Managing Editor:
DAVIS THOMAS
Executive Editor:
DON A. SCHANCHE
Assistant Managing Editors:
WILLIAM A. EMERSON JR.
HANK WALKER
Washington Editor:
STEWART ALSOP
Art Director:
ASGER JERRILD
Art Editor:
FRANK KILKER
Chief of Copy:
JOHN HUNT
Senior Editors:
JOHN BIRD
WESLEY PRICE
ROBERT L. JOHNSON JR.
WILLIAM K. GOOLRICK
GERALD ASTOR
OTTO FRIEDRICH
DON McKINNEY
JOHN MONG
JEFF BROWN
ROGER KAHN
Contributing Editors:
BEVERLY SMITH JR., *Special Assignments*
STEVEN M. SPENCER, *Science*
HAROLD H. MARTIN, *Special Assignments*
JOHN KOBLER, *Special Assignments*
BILL DAVIDSON, *Special Assignments*
PETER MAAS, *Special Assignments*
ROUL TUNLEY, *Special Assignments*
BEN H. BAGDIKIAN, *Special Assignments*
ROBERT K. MASSIE, *Special Assignments*
RICHARD ARMSTRONG, *Special Assignments*
JAMES ATWATER, *Special Assignments*
JOHN SKOW, *Special Assignments*
LEWIS H. LAPHAM, *Special Assignments*
WILLIAM R. SHELTON, *Special Assignments*
GILBERT MILLSTEIN, *Special Assignments*
ROBERT RUARK, *Special Assignments*
Assistant to the Editor:
MORTON D. HULL
Associate Editors:
RICHARD L. LEHMAN
THOMAS B. CONGDON JR.
BENTON R. PATTERSON
JOHN R. WELLS
ZEN YONKOVIG
DAVID A. LYLE
MARSHALL LUMSDEN
WILLIAM TROMBLEY
JEANETTE SARKISIAN
WILLIAM EWALD
DON GOLD
DON OBERDORFER
NANCY MAHONEY
TREVOR ARMBRISTER
MacLENNAN FARRELL
Assistant Editors:
HAROLD P. HOSTETLER
LINCOLN HAYNES
THOMAS R. MARVEL
SALLY A. REUKAUF
ROGER VAUGHAN
ANDREE L. ABECASSIS
Editorial Assistants:
GLADYS ANN MÜLLER
JANE DENIS SMITH
ELIZABETH R. DEMPSTER
LIA SMITS
JUDY GUROVITZ
DAVID MOLLER
RONALD MEYERSON
STEPHEN PERRY

Publisher:
C. L. MacNELLY

© 1963 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title reg. U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published weekly except alternate weeks during July and August and at year-end; forty-five issues per year. Second-Class postage paid at Phila., Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada. **Subscription Prices:** U.S. and Possessions, 1 Yr., $5.95; longer terms $5.00 each additional year. Canada add $1.00 per year. Pan American Countries, 1 Yr., $8.45. All other countries, 1 Yr., $10.95. **Unconditional Guaranty.** We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed. **The Curtis Publishing Company.** Matthew J. Culligan, President; J. M. Clifford, Executive Vice Pres.; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Ford F. Robinson, Sr. Vice Pres. and Manager, Business Department; Clay Blair Jr., Vice Pres. and Editorial Director; G. B. McCombs, Vice Pres. and Director of Circulation; James W. Ley, Vice Pres., Curtis Magazine Division; Calvin A. Nichols, Secretary-Treasurer; Jesse L. Ballew, Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, Holiday and The American Home. **The Saturday Evening Post** editorial offices are located at 666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y.

Changing Your Address?
Don't Forget Your Post

The Post Office will not forward copies unless you pay extra postage and we cannot replace lost copies. SO PLEASE . . . at least six weeks before the first issue to go to the new address, send us your new address, including postal zone, your old address and a label from a back copy. With SERVICE ADJUSTMENT requests send us latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies.

POST Subscription Service, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

Postmaster: Send form 3579 to Subscription Service Division, **The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia 5, Pa.**

In This Issue

Volume 236, Number 17

Articles

The Defense Intellectuals *(Speaking Out)* . . . *By General Thomas D. White* 10
How a Race Riot Happened . . . . . *By Alvin Shuster and Ben A. Franklin* 15
The Echo of Western Hoofbeats . . . . . *Photographs by John Launois* 20
Racing's Pious Partners of Success . . . . . *By Melvin Durslag* 28
They Live on Borrowed Blood . . . . . *By Robert Massie* 32
Secrets of German Cooking . . . . . *By Robert W. Wells* 64
Ann-Margret: Explosive New Star . . . . . *By Dean Jennings* 70
Canterbury's Puckish Archbishop . . . . . *By Leslie Hannon* 74
The Ugly American Revisited. . . . *By Eugene Burdick and William Lederer* 78

Fiction

My Father's Courthouse . . . . . *Four stories by Isaac Bashevis Singer* 38
Power in Trust . . . . . *By Louis Auchincloss* 56

Departments

Letters 4
Post Scripts 68
Hazel 76
Editorials 82

Racial Tension, building in Washington for years, exploded into vicious rioting on Thanksgiving Day. A holiday football game in District Stadium ended in a wild furor in which 512 persons were injured. Two thirds of the capital's on-duty policemen were needed to end the violent disorder that overflowed into surrounding streets and lasted for more than an hour after the game ended. Of those arrested, only one was white; of those injured, only a few were Negro. The melee was undeniably a race riot but, curiously, Washington police refuse to call it that. News coverage of the event relied heavily on police reports and glossed over the racial aspect of the disturbance. Only in retrospect, when all the facts were in, did the ugly picture emerge in clear focus. Predominantly Negro Washington has enormous racial problems which have been largely ignored, and, unless action is taken to cope with them, last Thanksgiving's rioting may be merely the prelude to more serious trouble. **Alvin Shuster** and **Ben A. Franklin** are both members of *The New York Times*'s Washington bureau and both attended Washington schools. (Shuster is a graduate of Eastern High, which lost the game to St. John's on Thanksgiving.) They report on a problem which extends far beyond high-school rowdyism and which brought President Kennedy to urge measures to "ease the situation in the District."

Other Bylines. **John Launois**'s color photographs give a vivid view of the booming California horse country. . . . Dominant among the state's horse breeders are Rex Ellsworth and "Mish" Tenney, partners in racing's winningest stable. Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner* columnist **Melvin Durslag** tells how they have unseated the eastern aristocracy of racing. . . . Contributing editor **Robert Massie,** who usually writes about politics and foreign affairs, pursued a strong personal interest in preparing his first article on a medical subject. His own son has hemophilia. . . . Milwaukee *Journal* reporter **Robert Wells** says that an out-of-towner who hates *sauerbraten* need no longer choose between starving and leaving the Wisconsin city. Restaurants now serve other than German food, but a Germanic quality persists; one such restaurant: Dutch's Sukiyaki. . . . Free-lancer **Dean Jennings** frequently writes about Hollywood personalities. . . . Canadian **Leslie Hannon** was born in New Zealand, lives in England and regards himself as "a kind of British American." . . . **Eugene Burdick** and **William Lederer** met in 1948 and collaborated at long distance on *The Ugly American.* Published in 1958, the novel created a storm of controversy about U.S. representation abroad. The book has sold over three million copies in America and been published in 21 languages. This week they assess the impact their work has had on America.

The Cover portrait of Ann-Margret was made by **Larry Schiller** as she belted out a song from her current movie success *Bye Bye Birdie.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"FILES FOR EVERY PURPOSE"

NICHOLSON

NICHOLSON U.S.A. BARNES BLACK DIAMOND U.S.A.

Files, Hacksaw and Band Saw Blades, Hole Saws, Rotary Burs, Industrial Hammers, Ground Flat Stock

NICHOLSON FILE COMPANY, PROVIDENCE 1, RHODE ISLAND

LETTERS

Our northern neighbors

Dear Sirs:

A large resounding, "No we do not!" in answer to James Atwater's article [DO THEY REALLY HATE US IN CANADA? April 6]. We are very fortunate to have the U.S.A. as neighbors and friends.

MRS. L. H. HIVON
New Westminster, B.C.

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading your article on Canada. Now that is the end! How dare they take that attitude toward us?

The United States is in the position of the rich relative who has poorer relations living off his bounty. Sooner or later the poorer relations are bound to hold us in scorn and resent us. So they resent the fact that our capital invested in their country gives the investors too much say in the affairs of Canada? Well, do they expect people to invest money and *not* have anything to say about that investment? Did anyone twist their arms to force them to accept that capital that they resent so much? I say they should look upon it as good fortune that when they didn't have the capital to develop their resources we did!

MRS. WILLIAM COLEMAN
Gettysburg, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Canada's election campaign and the political temperature have caused an emotional steam that tends to cloud all reason. Your article on Canada will give U.S. readers a profile of this country such as has seldom been done before.

JOHN MCCALLUM
Toronto, Ont.

Progress at Pitt

Dear Sirs:

University of Pittsburgh students are proud of Chancellor Litchfield [KING EDWARD OF PITT, by Myron Cope, April 6], because he is aiming at more than a great university from a poor man's school; he is aiming at a complete neighborhood dedicated to intellectual and cultural preservation and propagation.

Long Live the King!

KATHY GRANT
University of Pittsburgh '63
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

In Myron Cope's enthusiasm he forgets the function of a university and displays a distressing lack of a sense of values.

Controlling a large real-estate development hardly qualified a school or its chancellor to be spoken of in the same article as one of our finest institutions of learning, Carnegie Tech, and its outstanding scientist-administrator, Dr. J. C. Warner.

IRWIN JALONACK
Old Westbury, N.Y.

Boxing exit

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for the William Denis Fugazy article [THE BOXING MESS: WHY I WANT TO GET OUT, April 6].

This is the most candid "inside" story on boxing I ever read. His background (lawyer-boxer) makes it immediately acceptable. He speaks with authority and has a fine recommendation, that there should be a boxing commission set up by Federal law.

JAMES W. HILL, *Col., AUS (Ret.)*
San Marcos, Tex.

Multilateral stalemate

Dear Sirs:

Stewart Alsop [THE COLLAPSE OF KENNEDY'S GRAND DESIGN, April 6] says the Kennedy Administration will not withdraw the American commitment to defend Europe. I'm sure it *will not* but why *can* it *not?*

The Constitution gave us a nation. The first obligation of the American people is to protect its sovereignty and defend its shores. Those who believe that isolationism would result in "unmitigated disaster" should refer to George Washington's Farewell Address.

MRS. J. E. FERGUSON
Safford, Ariz.

Dear Sirs:

Stewart Alsop's article was interesting and instructive, but I feel that he missed one important reason why the Western Alliance is breaking down.

The U.S. State Department has for years been following a policy of siding against her friends in every dispute.

The American people had better wake up before it is too late. They should realize that such policies have built up a backlog of resentment throughout the world which is much greater than it seems on the surface.

C. C. GLEASON
North Surrey, B.C.

Dear Sirs:

In Stewart Alsop's otherwise excellent article he does not say why de Gaulle wants to displace the American finger on the nuclear trigger. Quite simply, he distrusts American leadership. I suggest that the old man has displayed remarkable charity in not delineating the reasons for his distrust.

The first requirement of leadership is that it succeed in its major tasks. Until the United States demonstrates some success, it will continue to have trouble with NATO allies, with or without de Gaulle and/or Kennedy.

ROBERT R. RICHARDSON
New York, N.Y.

Martyr Marsh

Dear Sirs:

Your article in the April 6 issue on Lou Marsh [DEATH OF A YOUTH WORKER, by Gertrude Samuels] was a beautiful tribute to a man strong enough to face death for what he believed. As a New Yorker I know the problems of our city. I am proud of men like Lou Marsh who want to help.

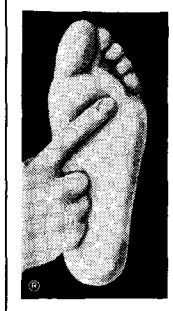
JOHN LIPKOWITZ
University of Wisconsin
Madison, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

The Saturday Evening Post and Miss Samuels are to be congratulated be-

Feet Hurt?

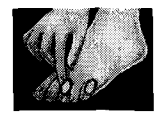
Neglect Of This Complaint Can Affect Your Whole Body!



Uncomfortable feet can affect your appearance and general well-being —even your disposition. Yes, when your feet hurt, you hurt all over!

Most common foot troubles *can be relieved and prevented.* Daily Foot Care is the answer! If your face and hands and hair need care every day, *your feet deserve it even more!* Get into the daily habit right now. Start today with proven and tested Dr. Scholl's Foot Aids.

CORNS—SORE TOES



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly relieve pain, remove corns. Lift shoe pressure; soothe, cushion. Prevent corns, sore toes. Also sizes for callouses and bunions. 19¢, 45¢.

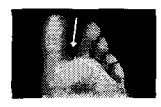
TENDER FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder soothes tender, chafed, hot, perspiring feet, eases tight shoes. Helps dispel foot odor. 19¢, 50¢, 90¢; Spray-on $1.25.

HOT, TIRED FEET

Dr. Scholl's Pedicreme quickly relieves, refreshes feverish, tender, tired feet due to exertion or fatigue. Soothing, cooling, vanishing. $1.00 tube.

ATHLETE'S FOOT



Dr. Scholl's Solvex stops Athlete's Foot itch, kills fungi on contact. Aids healing. Powder, 75¢. Liquid and Ointment, $1. Spray, $1.50.

BUNION PAIN

Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer of soft rubber, relieves pain from shoe pressure, hides bulge, helps preserve shape of shoe. 75¢ each. *Leather Bunion Protector*, $1.25 each.

PAIN AT BALL OF FOOT

Dr. Scholl's Ball-O-Foot Cushion loops over toe, nestles under ball of foot. Made of soft Latex Foam to relieve pain, burning, callouses. Gives day-long walking ease. Flesh color. Only $1.00 pair.

LIKE WALKING ON PILLOWS

Dr. Scholl's Air-Pillo Insoles cushion your feet from toe to heel. Made of soft Latex Foam. Washable. Give luxurious walking ease. Men's, Women's 60¢ a pair.

WEAK ARCHES

Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer and exercise relieve tired, aching feet, rheumatic-like foot and leg pains, fatigue, when due to weak or fallen arches. Light, flexible. Adjustable as condition of arches improves. Men's, Women's $8.00 pair.

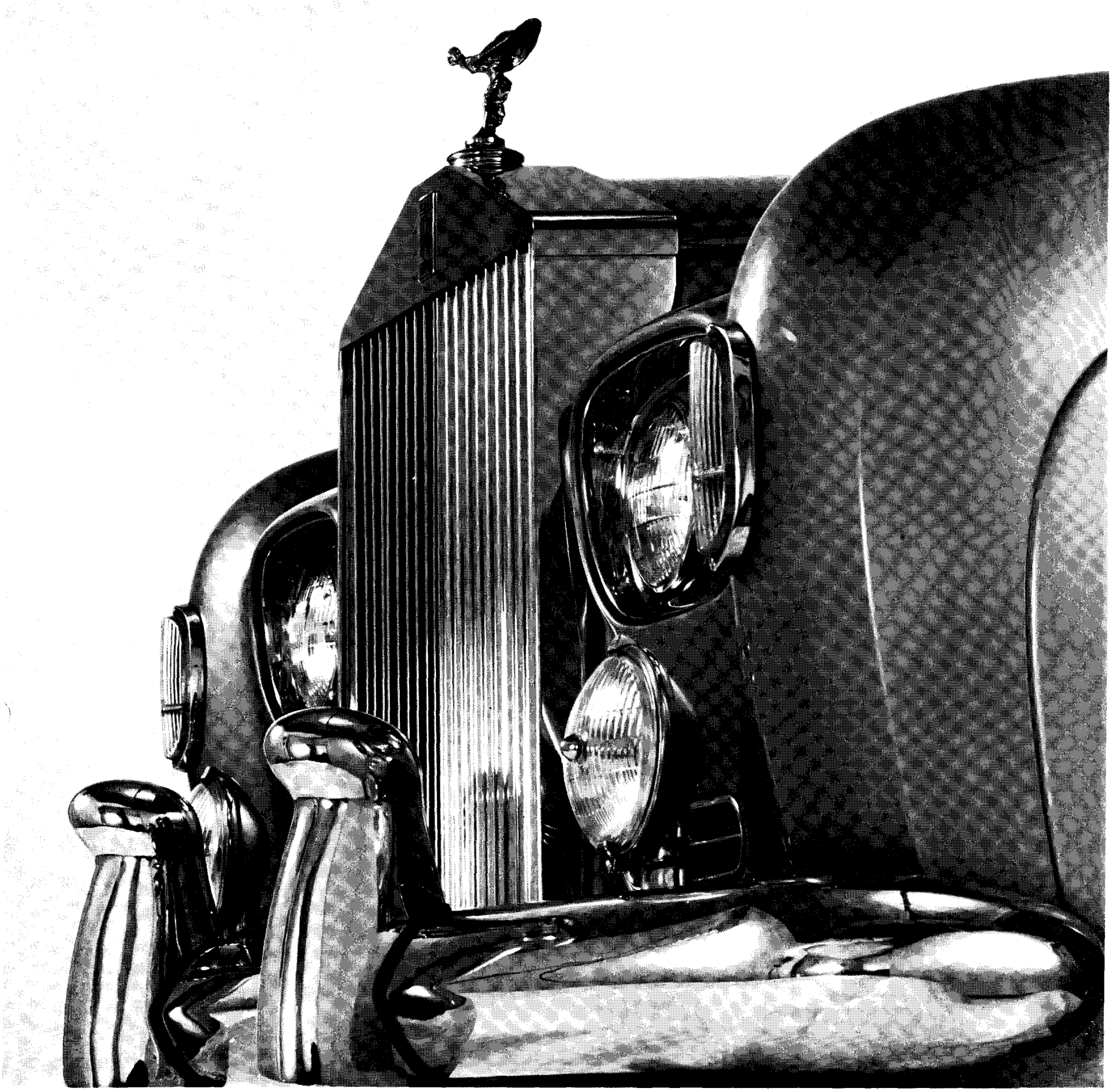
Your Feet Deserve The Best!

Dr Scholl's

FOOT COMFORT® AIDS

At Drug, Shoe, Dept., 5-10¢ Stores, Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops Everywhere

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud III comes equipped with silvery-plated Champions. $16,655 p.o.e.

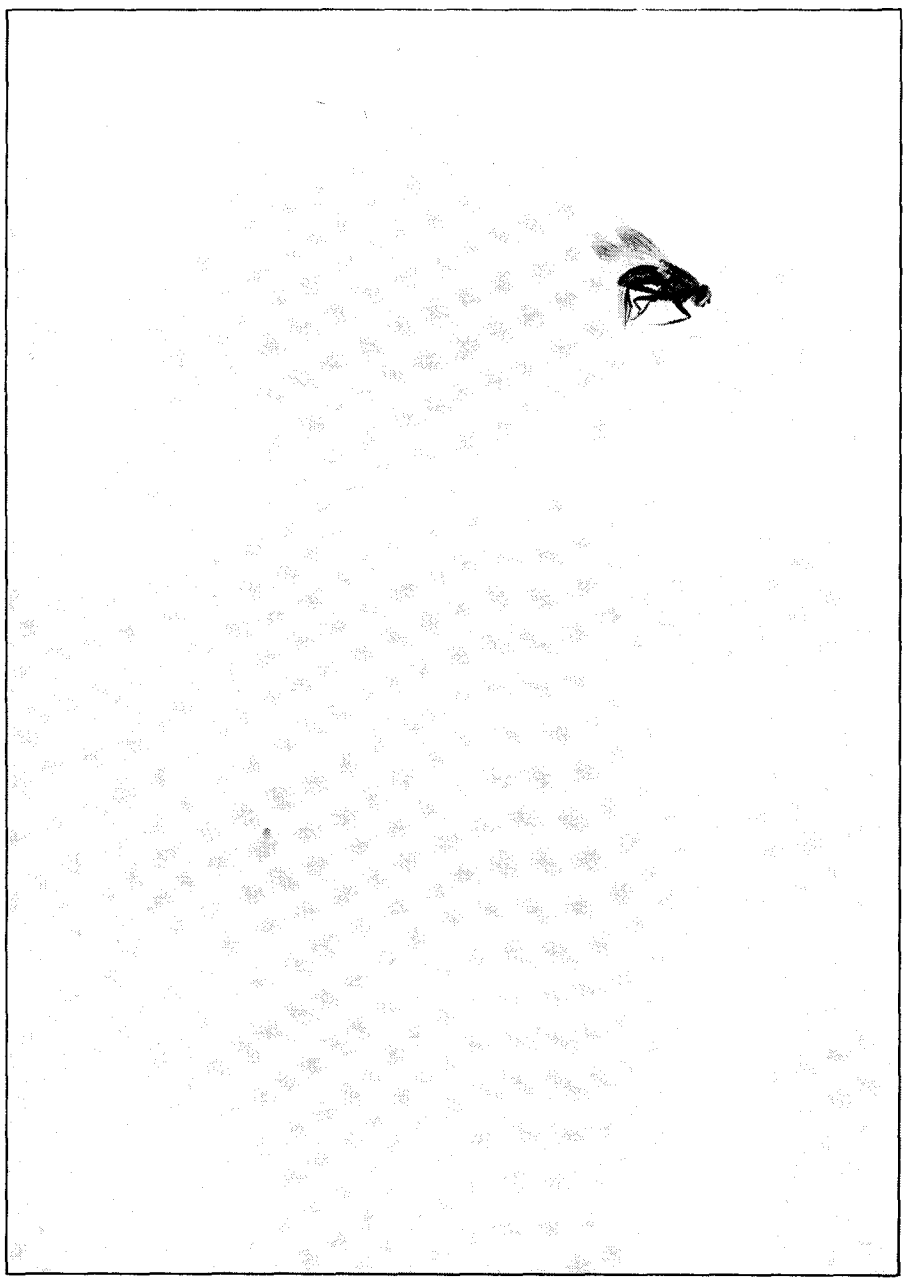
Rolls-Royce specifies Champion spark plugs. Why settle for less in your car?

New Champions can give you 26% more power—instantly!

If you've driven 10,000 miles or more without a spark plug change, a new set of Champions will give you a big increase in power—instantly! Extensive tests by Automotive Research Associates prove that the average increase is 26.8%. Now's the time to get a tune-up and new Champions—before you start out on those long summer trips. You'll get more power . . . better gas mileage, too!

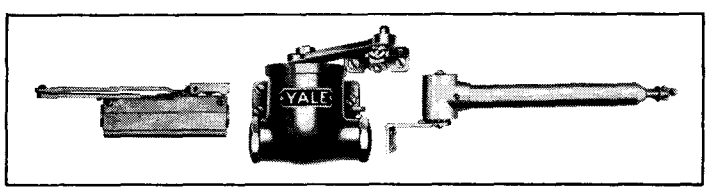
CHAMPION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Who let
him in?

Someone who didn't close the outside door. One of your tinies, perhaps. They're always forgetting (no matter how often you remind them). Suggestion: Get a Yale Door Closer. It never forgets. It closes doors surely, silently, securely—every time. Helps keep insects and hot air out (a must for air-conditioned homes and stores). You never have to race the door to avoid being bumped. Yale Door Closers are trimly designed, built for long wear, modestly priced, too. See your hardware dealer. He's a "Yale Security Center" for the complete line of Yale Door Closers and other security devices.



YALE®
THE FINEST NAME IN LOCKS AND HARDWARE
YALE & TOWNE

LETTERS

cause of the painstaking factual, sensitive and brilliant statement of the death of one of our street-club workers, Louis Marsh. It is an outstanding memorial as well as an informative presentation of the work being done by the Street Club Project of the New York City Youth Board. The kind and quality of this type of reporting is a valuable public service, and I am sure will go a long way toward broadening the concept of this aspect of our job.

ARTHUR J. ROGERS, *Executive Director*
New York City Youth Board
New York, N.Y.

Smut in print

Dear Sirs:

PAPERBACK PORNOGRAPHY [SPEAKING OUT, by Cleveland Amory] in the April 6 issue of the *Post* is a good start in a much needed crusade to jar the decent-minded people from the apathy they have regarding this matter.

HENRY BAKER
Northville, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

With the commendable intent of banishing sin, whatever that is, Amory has entered upon the most dangerous exercise of power available to man: the suppression of ideas.

I have nothing but contempt for those who write and publish these printed aphrodisiacs, and pity for those who read them. But to attempt to ban them is to give unto others the awesome responsibility to differentiate between a trashy commodity and a serious work based on honest belief. No man—or court—is worthy of this right.

WAYNE MCLEMORE
Burlington, Vt.

Dear Sirs:

Lapses in thinking are often signaled by inaccuracy as to facts. Cleveland Amory's superficial treatment of the censorship-obscenity problem says "...*Tropic of Cancer* has had more judgments against it than for it, and *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is about 50–50. . . ." There has been only one case involving *Chatterley*. Federal District Judge Frederick Van Pelt Bryan ruled that the book is not obscene and that the right to publish it is guaranteed by the First Amendment. Three judges of the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals affirmed. As to *Tropic of Cancer*, in the one state whose highest court has considered the matter—Massachusetts—the result was the same as in the case of the Lawrence novel: The book has been held entitled to constitutional protection—i.e., not obscene.

CHARLES REMBAR
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I'll not be able to read another Lust Book without laughing. They're bad enough to be funny—Cleveland Amory made that point delightfully—but it doesn't make a case for censorship.

I suspect that he has simply quoted enough titillating material to ensure the piece being read by one and all, and then appended a paragraph making it acceptable in a family magazine. The term, I think, is pious pornography.

MARTIN DUNLAP
San Francisco, Calif.

COMING...in next week's Post

"I come to kill you"
The candid memoirs of Leo Durocher

In color: a storybook wedding
AN AMERICAN GIRL BECOMES A HIMALAYAN PRINCESS

Fiction by WILLIAM SAROYAN

A DOCTOR'S REPORT:
Where U.S. medicine goes astray

TV'S PAAR: Jack of all tirades

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

10–Jim Mahan. • 15–Jim Mahan; C and P. • 16–Bill Full. • 18–Jim Mahan. • 19–Bill Full. • 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28–John Launois. • 37–From Farrar, Straus and Co.; Werner J. Kuhn. • 38, 39, 40, 41, 43, 44, 48, 49, 50–Des Asmussen. • 56, 57–Neil Boyle. • 64, 66–Arnold Newman. • 70, 71, 72, 73–Larry Schiller. • 74–Pictorial Parade (London Daily Express); Pictorial Parade (Central Press). • 78–From William Lederer; 3 by Universal Pictures. 79–John and Bini Moss (Black Star). • 81–Rowland Scherman (Peace Corps); Paul Conklin (Pix); Paul Conklin (Peace Corps); Rowland Scherman (Peace Corps).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WILL CHILDHOOD BE THE ONLY FREEDOM THEY WILL KNOW?

ersonal freedom can slip away a little at a time, as quietly as children grow. It can be destroyed by forces from *within* our borders. Subtle forces—like the steady expansion of the federal government in business, and the effect it has upon our daily lives.

Already our federal government owns many thousand businesses, from bakeries to sawmills. In the field of electricity alone the output of federally owned plants has risen from less than 1% of the industry's total in 1935 to more than 15% today. And advocates of government-in-business press constantly for more.

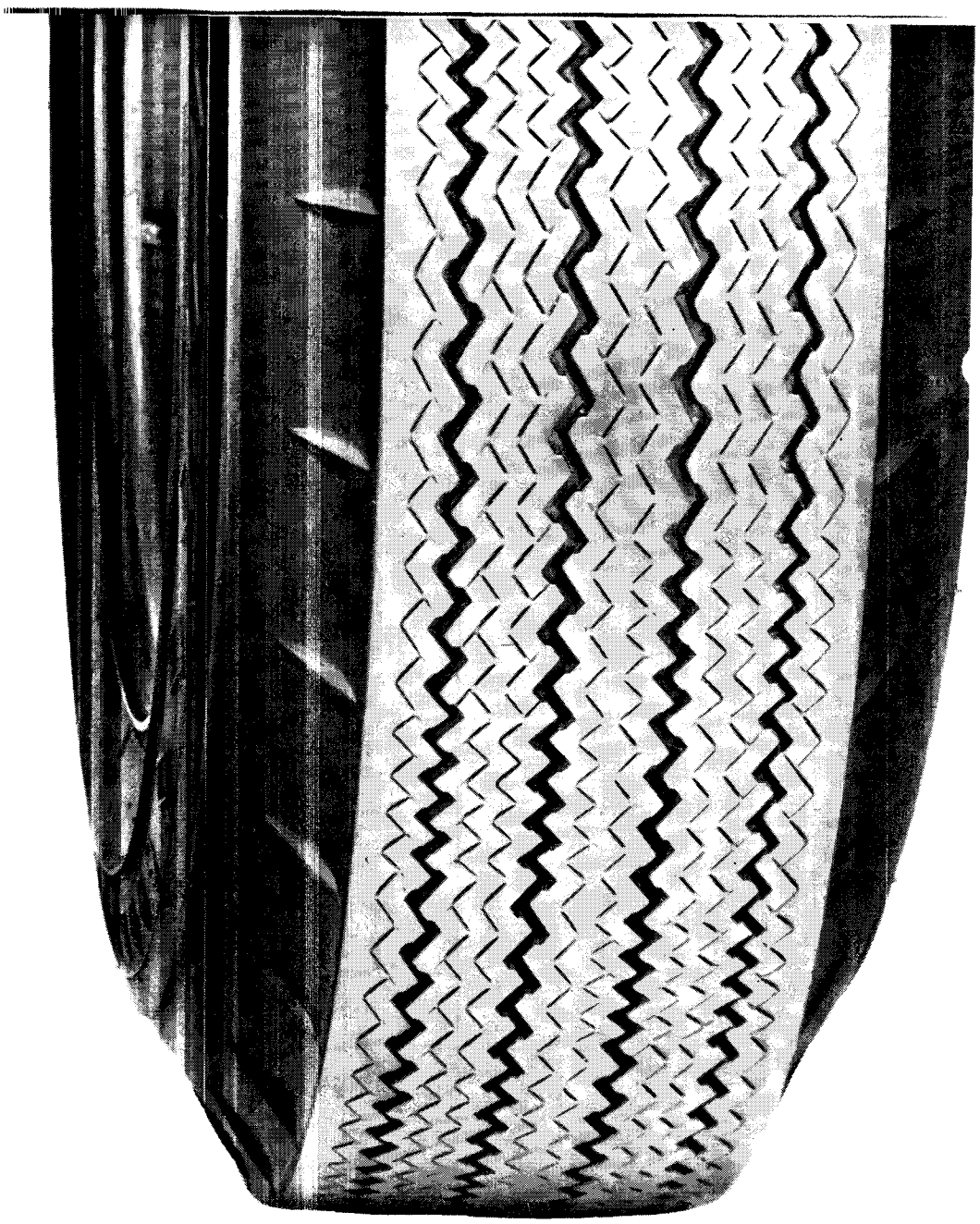
They advocate a dangerous course. When any government owns business, it can control both goods and jobs. It adds economic powers to its vast political powers. When it does that, it can tell you where to work, where to live, even what to do or say. Then freedom has slipped quietly away.

More government-in-business could rob our children of the self-reliance they have just begun to learn. And it could rob them of the freedom which they still enjoy.

INVESTOR-OWNED ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES ... *owned by 4,000,000 investors across the nation*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sponsors' names on request through this magazine



New Goodyear tire with Tufsyn rubber

after 15,352 miles

Look at the depth of that tread after 26,084 miles. And those were high-speed turnpike miles—tough, hard punishment! Under easier driving conditions, it could take thousands of miles more to cause this much wear.

That's because this Goodyear Custom Super-Cushion is made with Tufsyn—Goodyear's tough new synthetic rubber. Tufsyn is different from conventional rubbers, natural or previous synthetics. It looks and feels the same—is in the same family—but Tufsyn is far tougher, more durable.

That's why Tufsyn is now in all Goodyear auto tires—even the lowest priced. Tufsyn's in the tread—and in the body. It holds the tire together better; guards against blowouts, chunking, chipping, cracking. Tufsyn makes Goodyears up to 25% more durable.

And Goodyear tires with Tufsyn cost no more than ordinary shorter-mileage tires. Look again at these unretouched photos—they show the extra GO of Tufsyn—good reason to visit your nearby Goodyear Dealer or Goodyear Service Store soon.

GO GO

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

after 26,084 miles

...still going strong!

SUPER-CUSHION, TUFSYN TM'S, THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON 16, OHIO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPEAKING OUT

Gen. Thomas D. White capped a 41-year military career by serving as Air Force Chief of Staff. Now retired, he is a contributing editor of Newsweek.

Strategy and the Defense Intellectuals

By GENERAL THOMAS D. WHITE

A military expert says the academic theorists in charge of our defense lack understanding of war and the enemy.

In common with many other military men, active and retired, I am profoundly apprehensive of the pipe-smoking, tree-full-of-owls type of so-called professional "defense intellectuals" who have been brought into this nation's capital. I don't believe a lot of these often overconfident, sometimes arrogant young professors, mathematicians and other theorists have sufficient worldliness or motivation to stand up to the kind of enemy we face. War is a brutal, dirty, deadly affair. Our enemy is a coarse, crooked megalomaniac who aims to kill us. Exceptions to the thesis that brute force, not theory, wins wars are so rare that every schoolboy can go back 3,000 years to David and Goliath.

Stewart Alsop's recent look at OUR NEW STRATEGY—THE ALTERNATIVES TO TOTAL WAR (*Saturday Evening Post*, December 1, 1962) and his exposition of the defense intellectuals and their viewpoint form the basis of my commentary. It is perfectly clear to me from Mr. Alsop's context that by "defense intellectuals" he means civilians and not military officials.

Stewart Alsop is too experienced a reporter to intrude his own views into the type of article cited. I accept what he has written, therefore, as an accurate picture of how some of our strategy-makers see themselves and our strategy. My comments, therefore, are on these images reflected in Mr. Alsop's mirror.

The term "defense intellectual" conveys a nice, cozy, unwarlike and nonmilitary feeling, as though modern war could be settled on a chessboard in an ivy-covered Great Hall. Couple it with such relatively reassuring terms as "mutual deterrence," "stability," "no-cities response," "second-strike counterforce capability" and other quasi-military shibboleths, and we have created an atmosphere and mis-language which to my mind is dangerously deceptive. Alsop wrote, "The jargon has an unreal and academic ring *at first*, like the debates of medieval theologians." The italics are mine, for I must add that even after a lifetime in the military service I consider most of these terms as recent inventions, as nontechnical and unprofessional. They smack of "status words" used by amateurs to impress their listeners.

I am quite sure that few of the terms and none of the so-called strategy behind these terms intended to deliberately mislead the public. But it is exactly this fuzziness, the innocence and naïveté which worry me. The very fact that some of the strategy-makers refer to their jobs as "thinking about the unthinkable" is in itself a revelation of the weightless dreamland in which they move and have their influence.

Bleating and bouquets

Because of their lack of experience and their muddled reasoning, these modern strategy-makers failed to evaluate properly Washington's actions in getting Soviet missiles removed from Cuba. The United States Government was courageous in the recent Cuban crisis. Yet it seems to me we had little choice. Here was our sworn enemy in our own front yard with a dagger about to be pointed at our heart. If we had not been decisive we surely could never have stood up to Khrushchev anywhere else in the world. Nevertheless all over this country there was a great pounding of our chests and loud bleating about the great American victory.

It has been my observation that these bouquets aimed at ourselves came from three sources: those with understandable political motivation, the ignorant and the "defense intellectuals."

Perhaps the most dangerous aspect of American strategy-making today is that military influence apparently is so disparaged by the so-called intellectuals. The Alsop article makes one single reference to the Joint Chiefs of Staff. An extended interview with Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara on the new strategy never mentions the Joint Chiefs, the nation's highest military authorities designated by law as the principal military advisers to the President.

To be sure, General Maxwell Taylor, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, stands high in the echelons of the defense intellectuals. But it is worth noting that many military men look upon General Taylor as a political appointee and not a purely military strategist.

Perhaps the most striking oversimplification of the present-day defense dilemma was given a few months ago by Under Secretary of State George Ball when he said, "In the field of modern defense there is no received wisdom, no tablets of the law, no copybooks, not even any demonstrated military precepts." And it is indeed true that only two atomic weapons have been used in all warfare—and these, most significantly, by the United States of America.

Certainly things have changed. The stakes are far higher, the mechanisms more complex and the margins for error finer. In my opinion the change is greatest at the politico-military level. In war our military have always gambled with literal life or death. They realize their decisions are measured in casualties; sometimes their own lives are at stake. Our politicians and diplomats in the past have played only with personal careers and relatively minor national stakes. Today the civil authorities deal with national existence and in atomic war risk as much personally as a military man at the front. The range of maneuver in the nuclear arena requires that every possible civil and military tool be at hand. But it seems to me the old strengths still apply. In my opinion the two that count for most in the nuclear space age, regardless of academic cerebrations, are national determination and military forces designed to achieve victory, not tailored to obtain compromise. Professional military training teaches the philosophy of victory, whereas politics is based on compromise.

If "thinking men in and out of the Pentagon are beginning to question the value of the nuclear weapon as the chief military instrument of national policy," as Mr. Alsop wrote, then I know that the gremlins of wishful thinking and fear are afoot. I recall my tourist's view of the crumbled vestiges of long-forgotten civilizations which failed to grasp the significance of a decisive new tool of war.

Certain scientists, having harnessed the atom, today are consciously or unconsciously influenced by guilt and wish to derogate their profession's role in war. In misguided idealism they find secret hope that an out-of-sight, out-of-mind policy will preserve the peace or at least turn the clock backward and save civilization from the specters of nuclear and space warfare.

Overconfidence, derived perhaps from hope, seems to be another image of unreality glimpsed in some corridors of the national capital. When I read that "very soon now our defense combination will be unbreakable" I am certain amateurs are at large. In this age when technology moves ahead every four years as much as in the 100 years prior to 1945 it is utterly unsafe to consider any military situation will stay put more than briefly.

Stability of military power has always been subject to sudden upset, but in these decades the balance is particularly precarious. At the very time we claimed vast superiority over the Soviet Union Mr. K.'s missiles in Cuba came perilously close to turning some tables. Yet this was only a shift in deployment. What makes the blood of military realists run cold is that a technological breakthrough (for example, a positive defense against I.C.B.M.'s and Polaris missiles, or space weapons, or a doomsday bomb with adequate booster) by the U.S.S.R. could challenge our freedom. We could find ourselves helpless because the lead time of modern weapons—that is, the time from concept until they are operational—runs from five to ten years.

It is well to recall that the Russians produced an atom bomb and a hydrogen bomb long before the date our national intelligence had forecast; they orbited a military man in space, and we were helpless to match the feat for 10 months. And we still have not equaled their man-in-space projects.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But there's one family need that won't cost you anything... it's this Metropolitan service:

Family Security Check-Up

✓ Checks your family's financial health, just as you check physical health. ✓ Valuable whether you need insurance or not. ✓ No obligation, except to those you love.

This Metropolitan service can help to make you an excellent business manager of your family's financial security. Here's how.

The Family Security Check-Up helps you check the facts. It compares *what you have* with *what you need* for a clear picture of where you stand. It can uncover errors that could cost your family dearly. It outlines benefits from Social Security. It helps you plan for retirement. It may even help you get *more value* from the dollars already put aside for security.

Whether you need insurance or not—whether or not your insurance is with Metropolitan—a Family Security Check-Up makes sense. Our representatives are trained to bring you this service. Remember, Metropolitan is as local as Main Street . . . as close as your phone. Call today. There is no obligation, *except to those you love.*

Metropolitan Life
INSURANCE COMPANY

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT DOES FOR YOU
With the help of your Metropolitan man—

1. You check the facts: your Social Security, your home, your life insurance, your pension plan, your savings and other assets. You may be surprised to learn how *much* you're worth.

2. You weigh your responsibilities: mortgage or rent payments, education, retirement, accident and sickness emergencies; how much your family would need to live without you.

3. You learn where you stand. You determine your weak and strong points . . . whether the provisions you have made for your family will do what you intend. You get the facts in front of you.

4. You plan for the future. Based on these facts, you decide what action, if any, may be needed to give you a family security plan, tailor-made to your own needs and ambitions—one which makes good sense for *you.*

A MUTUAL COMPANY · HOME OFFICE, NEW YORK, SINCE 1868 · HEAD OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO, SINCE 1901 · HEAD OFFICE, OTTAWA, SINCE 1924 · OVER 1000 LOCAL OFFICES IN U.S.A. AND CANADA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPEAKING OUT

If it were not reputable reporting of a modern strategist's explanation of "counterforce doctrine" I would consider it a joke when he is quoted as saying, "If you aim at the shoulder, and the other fellow aims at your heart, you've got to have another bullet left to aim at his heart." It is precisely that kind of thinking which is so dangerous. For human beings as for nations in atomic wars, the fellow who hits you in the heart first probably won't have to worry much about that second shot of yours.

Fuzzy thinking about war in the atomic age is a dangerous avocation and one we can ill afford around Washington. Some of it indicates willingness to plan idealistic, impracticable or unrealistic alternatives which play into an alert and cynical enemy's hands. It worries professional military men who have spent their lives facing the realities of warfare, many of them in two or more wars.

These officers do not object to civilian control. Civilian supremacy is fundamental to our form of government. I have never known an officer who would have it otherwise. But many officers wish there were more opportunity for professional military opinion to be heard before decisions are made.

Our military officers do not all have Ph.D.'s or other degrees, but a great many do. Moreover, they will have to carry out the military aspects of our national strategy. They will have to fight under the plans and orders and with the weapons which have evolved under the influence of those, often far junior in age and experience, who come into Government, for a few years at most, from colleges and foundations. These temporary experts are leaving a heritage of piecemeal academic solutions for individual problems. This heritage may so stultify the development of long-range concepts and strategies that the career military strategist would find it impossible to untangle them in time of dire emergency.

This country needs all the brains, all the talent it can mobilize to bring to bear on the problems of national security. By national security I mean not only the military defense of the country but also the diplomatic, economic, and sociological aspects, as well as the search for safeguarded arms control. We need the professors, the computer men and other specialists expert in their own limited fields. But the theorists should be used more as they are in the business world, as consultants rather than as major weights in decision-making.

The pendulum has swung too far. Academic dialectics and even pure reason are no match for the ruthless cynicism of militant Communism. Experience, intuition and above all the compulsion inherent in knowledge that he will have responsibility for the professional execution of our war plans uniquely qualify the military man for a far larger role in our strategy-making than he appears to have today. I particularly wish the military had more influence at the staff levels far below the Secretary of Defense. Military initiative is being stifled and military counsel ignored by the "professional" civilian expert at the vitally important third and fourth echelons of policy-making.

There are of course scores of patriotic, right-minded and dedicated public officials serving this nation in Washington and elsewhere. Outstanding among them are the two top officials in the Department of Defense, Secretary Robert S. McNamara and Deputy Secretary Roswell Gilpatric.

Even Mr. McNamara's severest critics will grudgingly admit he has done an almost superhuman job in reorganizing, reorienting and managing the Department of Defense. I happen to agree with most of his management concepts and long fought for stronger and more centralized control of the armed forces.

But I am puzzled about what seems to be our grand strategy and some of the reasoning behind it, for which Mr. McNamara bears a major responsibility.

For example, attainment by the Soviet Union of a second-strike capability would mean, in simple terms, a very considerable net increase in our enemy's military strength and nuclear power. Yet Mr. McNamara is quoted by Mr. Alsop as saying that the Soviets will achieve a "sure second-strike capability." It is then said that "many of the military men, like General Taylor, agree in substance with McNamara's curious but logical reasoning" that for our benefit "the sooner" the Soviets achieve second-strike, "the better." I am dead certain the majority of military men flatly disagree with the concept that a major increase in enemy strength is helpful.

The will to use power

I must note also that in enumerating the tests of adequate support of national interest Mr. McNamara is directly quoted as saying, "First, you have to have the power to support your policy. Second, you have to know you have that power. Third, he—the other side—has to know you have that power, and he has to believe that you will use it if your vital interests are threatened." It seems to me there is a fourth requirement particularly in need of emphasis today. And that is that we Americans not only have to know that we have the power but must have the will power and determination to use it when necessary.

Finally, in the published accounts of Mr. McNamara's appearances before Congress this year I find the implication that an atomic stalemate between the U.S. and U.S.S.R. may be acceptable as an inevitable future condition. The new military programs which establish ever-increasing dependence on static, inflexible, single-mode weapons such as Minuteman and Polaris and major emphasis on conventional forces are strongly indicative of a Government willingness to arrive at a stalemate. Development of high-performance aircraft and space-weapon systems, which might prevent a stalemate, has been discouraged.

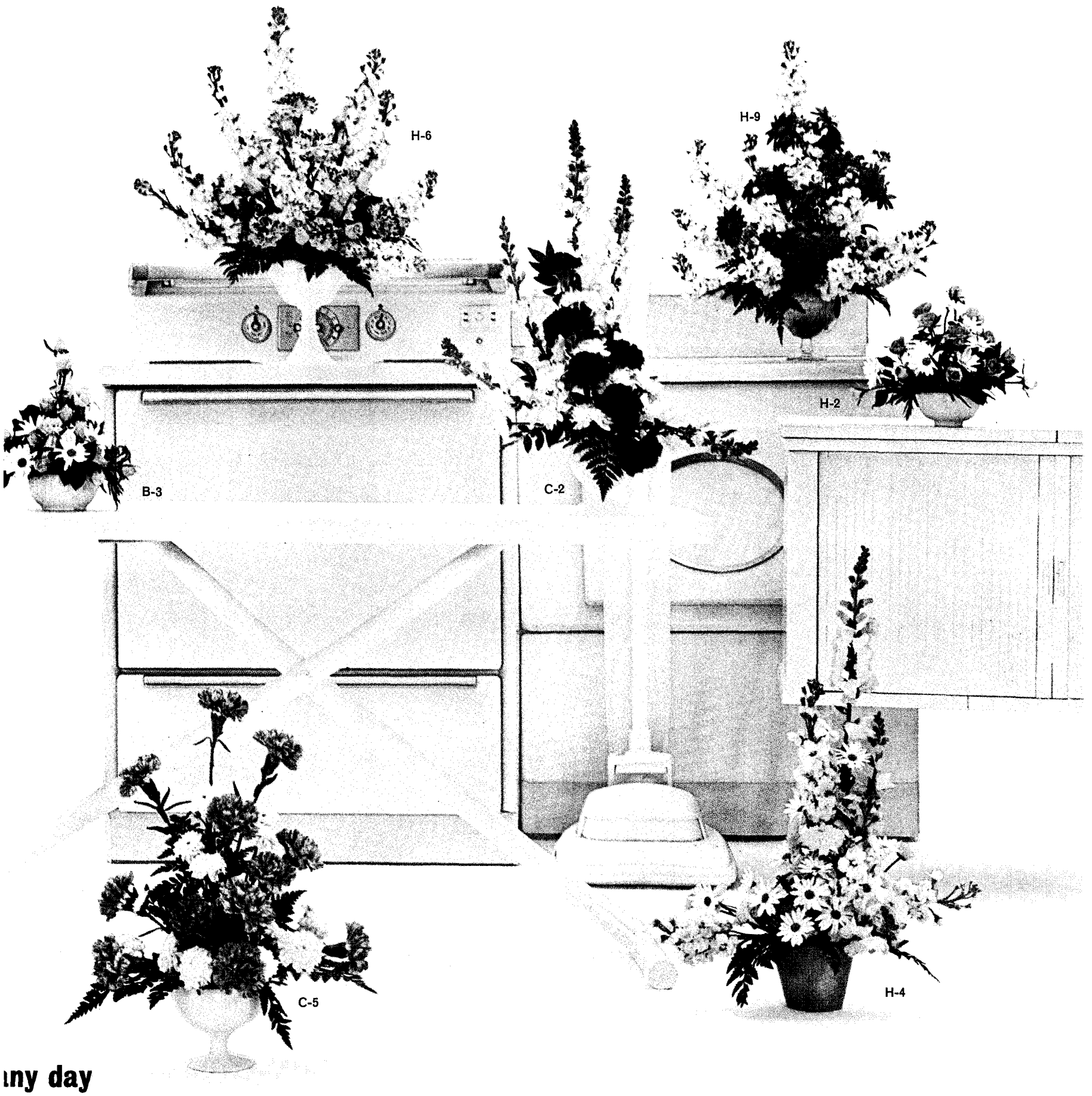
These trends seem to me to need reversal. Stalemate may happen, but it will be only temporary. Technology will see to that. Our national policy should be to provide maximum flexibility in our nuclear forces, maximum effort in developing new weapons, offensive and defensive, with the avowed aim that stalemate shall not occur. Only by striving for continued superiority in military strength can this nation hope to survive.

But the reports on defense intellectuals reflect the fact that termites are at work. There are too many of them, each with his bit to nibble. Sooner or later they influence their bosses, and their bosses influence *their* bosses. Eventually we may have a façade of esoteric terms created by defense intellectuals instead of a national strategy and the proper forces to go with it. THE END

Mother's Day

THIS SPECIAL BOUQUET FOR $7.50 (DELIVERED ANYWHERE*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

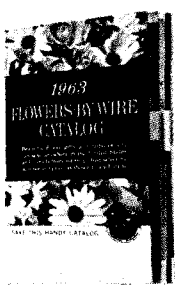


ıny day

HOOSE ONE OF THESE BOUQUETS FROM OUR NEW FTD CATALOG

,ıads, carnations, pompons and greens specially rranged for Mother's Day. Just give your FTD florist the ay-so, and he'll have it delivered any place in the U.S. or Canada. It's priced at $7.50, including the milk glass vase *plus handling charges which can be as low as 50¢ when ou order far enough ahead). And to make it easy for you o send flowers any time, your FTD florist has something else that's special: an order-by-number catalog, picturing 21 different fresh flower arrangements. Flowers for the home. Flowers for birthdays, new babies, anniversaries. Flowers for every day or special days, complete with prices. You can see what you're sending, know what you're spending, and be sure of how your gift will look when it arrives. Ask your FTD florist for a free catalog.

FLOWERS BY WIRE: SO EASY, SO THOUGHTFUL, SO BEAUTIFULLY RECEIVED.



Only FTD member florists display this emblem—

your guarantee of quality and delivery or your money back

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Oldsmobile Division • General Motors Corporation

When you call for action...a Rocket answers!

Make no mistake—the high-compression Rocket V-8 that Oldsmobile has planted behind that bold new grille speaks with real authority! Give it the word and it cuts hills down to size in a whisper . . . unrolls a road behind you like a silken ribbon! No wonder the Rocket's been the answer to action in more than five million Oldsmobiles! Why not visit *your* local Oldsmobile Quality Dealer today. Then just pick a road and put the challenge to a Rocket!

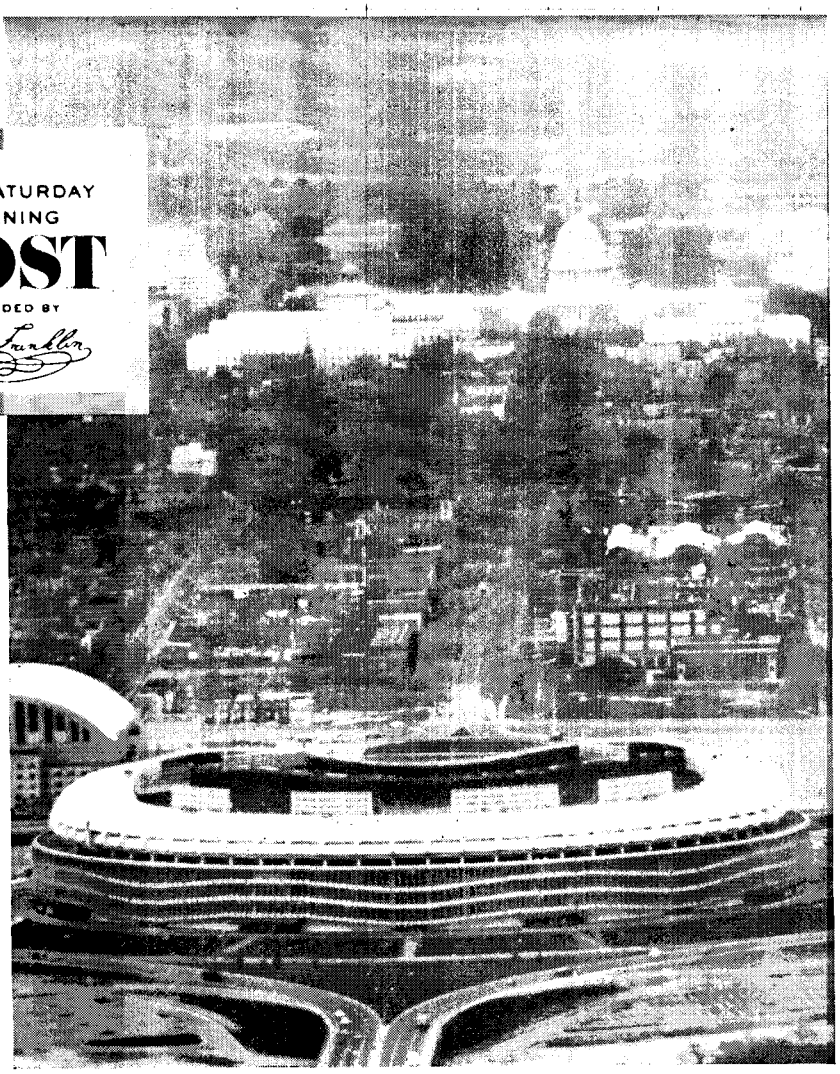
There's "Something Extra" about owning an

OLDSMOBILE

NINETY-EIGHT · SUPER 88 · DYNAMIC 88 · STARFIRE · F-85 · JETFIRE

LICENSED TO GNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Benj. Franklin



Riot occurred at new District Stadium, within sight of the Capitol.

HOW A RACE RIOT HAPPENED

TERROR AT A BALL GAME ALERTED THE NATION'S CAPITAL TO AN EXPLOSIVE SITUATION

By Alvin Shuster and Ben A. Franklin

Nobody is quite certain when the first ugly little acts of violence began to erupt. Afterward a few spectators said they sensed trouble almost from the start. They were offended because so many young people remained seated with their hats on when the national anthem was played, and they watched the game uneasily as groups of rowdy teen-agers swigged secretively from bottles of wine and gin. But the vast majority of spectators who made up the record-breaking crowd that jammed the massive new District of Columbia Stadium last November 22 were in no mood to pay attention to such things. They were there to watch the city's annual

Violence begins as players fight during game.

LICENSED TO UMI/ProQuest
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

high-school championship football classic. From the way they surged through the turnstiles and raced for the unreserved seats, it was clear they were filled with a holiday spirit and suffering from the pleasant, exuberant madness that seizes football fans everywhere. The cheerleaders were pert and energetic, the bands blared competitively, and here and there whole families sat together, waved school colors and shouted themselves hoarse.

The crowd was orderly—at first. Except that the majestically familiar dome of the Capitol was clearly visible in the distance, anyone who stood at the top of the stadium and judged the crowd solely by its noise and outward behavior probably would have noted nothing to distinguish it from any typical high-school football crowd at a Thanksgiving game in any typical big U.S. city. In one significant respect, however, the crowd was untypical. Of the 50,033 spectators packed into the stadium about 42,000, roughly 80 percent, were Negroes. Since 83.4 percent of the students in the public-school system are Negroes, nobody was overwhelmingly surprised. Everybody was aware that a great deal of race pride was involved in the game. Eastern High, defending its title as public-school champion, was considered a Negro school; it had only five whites among its 2,400 students. St. John's High, the challenging school whose team was champion of the Catholic League was for boys mostly from well-to-do families and was predominantly white.

St. John's, which had two Negro players on its squad, had a sprinkling of Negro supporters in the stands, and a handful of whites were rooting for Eastern. It was perfectly clear, however, that the loyalties of the crowd were split almost entirely along race lines. There was a mighty resounding roar when the Eastern Ramblers trotted on the field; St. John's Cadets were greeted with a thunderous roll of boos.

Eastern fans began to taste an easy victory when St. John's fumbled on an early play and Eastern recovered and drove to a touchdown only eight minutes after the game started. Neither team scored again in the first quarter, but in the second period, St. John's pushed over two touchdowns and took a 13–7 lead. Most white spectators were not conscious of it, but a sullen resentment was spreading like a blight among some Negroes. Simeon S. Booker Jr., a Negro magazine correspondent, reported later, "As St. John's amassed their winning margin, a moody dejection set in among certain elements, clearly a small but uninhibited minority. Behind me I could hear shouts of 'Kill him,' on tackle plays. Then I heard such comments as 'Let's get out before the fighting starts.'"

The first really frightening signs of mass misbehavior began at half time. When adults left their seats in the lower levels to go to refreshment stands or rest rooms, many youngsters in the upper levels, mostly Negroes, ran down and took their seats. Some adults who protested were taunted, cursed or threatened. Several white girls who visited ladies' rooms were pummelled or bullied; eight Negro youths gang-whipped a white boy in a men's room; a Negro at a refreshment stand was struck by two white boys. Numerous groups of Negro youths, who obviously had been drinking, began swaggering through the aisles, shouting boisterously, jostling spectators and occasionally shouting obscenities at people they passed. Fights broke out in various parts of the stadium. Not everybody in the huge crowd saw these unpleasant incidents. But a mood of apprehension began to spread.

When play was resumed in the second half, most spectators hoped the unruly behavior in the stands would stop. But on the opening kickoff Eastern fumbled, and St. John's recovered the ball and promptly drove 22 yards for a touchdown and what was to be the final score of the game: 20–7. Almost immediately the fabric of order began to rip.

As violence spread it also assumed a pattern. One father related that he and his family "watched in awe as a band of Negro boys . . . ran down the St. John's side of the stadium swinging their open hands and fists at the boys, girls and parents sitting in the front row."

A mother who attended the game with her husband and children recounted their experience: "I had been watching the field intently when suddenly I realized that a Negro man was beating my husband, who was sitting to my left. Before I could move, a tall, light-skinned Negro struck me a blow on the right temple with his knuckles

POLICE REINFORCEMENTS RUSHED UP AS VIOLENCE SPREAD ACROS

LICENSED TO UMI.COM
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and knocked my glasses to the ground. There were about ten Negroes. Each . . . turned and attacked his neighbor. I screamed for the police, but the cheering at the play on the field masked my screams; then several of the Negroes turned and began hitting my husband again, for he too was yelling, 'Police.' The Negroes then turned and disappeared down the walk. My husband went for a policeman. Several Negroes—not the ones who attacked us—crowded the policeman, and he was powerless to do anything."

Both of these families left the game. As rowdyism and violence spread there was a steady trickle of offended or anxious spectators, white and Negro family groups leaving the stadium. As the game neared an end the trickle through the exits became a widening stream, particularly after the violence in the stands, like an uncontrolled brush fire, suddenly jumped to the playing field.

The clash on the field came as a surprise to most people. Actually, though officials and sportswriters alike considered it an exceptionally clean game, Eastern's players and coaches had been seething since the half because they felt St. John's was playing an unnecessarily rough brand of football, using elbows and hands on offense. An Eastern player complained, "St. John's backs looked as though they hated us."

Trouble exploded with only six minutes left in the game. On an incomplete pass, husky Eastern tackle Calvin Harris tried to take St. John's fullback Jay Calabresse out of the play with a body block. Calabresse said he warded Harris off by thrusting out his forearm—a routine and legal defensive tactic. But somehow Calabresse's elbow caught Harris on the right side of the face. Harris was convinced he had been struck after the referee's whistle ended the play. Infuriated, he squared off to punch Calabresse. Referee Ray Wrenn, a detective on the Police Department's juvenile squad, spotted Harris, penalized Eastern 15 yards and ordered Harris out of the game.

At this point Eastern head coach Richard Mentzer, who is white and a highly regarded veteran of high-school athletics, stormed onto the field. He angrily protested the penalty and shouted that he would use official motion pictures of the game to prove that St. John's had been fouling repeatedly. He also reenacted in broad pantomime all of St. John's alleged transgressions, gesturing frequently toward the Eastern stands as well as his players. An investigating committee later decided that Mentzer's actions seemed inflammatory. Perhaps Mentzer's performance had some effect on Calvin Harris, who was brooding about being thrown out of the game. "I went to the sideline," he said later, "and felt blood coming down my face and lost the sight of my right eye. Before I knew it I was back on the field."

Harris charged directly for Calabresse and started swinging. The reserve players on Eastern's bench also surged onto the field. For a few brief minutes there was a wild, milling free-for-all. Finally Harris was subdued by three teammates and order was restored. Harris was strapped to a stretcher and taken off to a hospital. Police rushed up reinforcements to hold back a crowd of Negro youths who had spilled from the stands and gathered menacingly on the sidelines. In the suddenly hushed stadium it had become clear that ugly trouble was in the offing.

As play resumed a thin line of policemen was strung out in front of the Eastern stands. Then, as the stadium clock began to tick off the final seconds in the game, the crowd, as fans often do at football games, counted them down with a full-throated roar: "Five! Four! Three! Two! One!" The gun sounded, there were cries of "Let's get them; let's show them"—and terror was unleashed.

A mob of some 2,000 yelling, jostling young Negroes burst from the stands and rushed across the field toward the St. John's section.

"I was just terrified," a Catholic teaching brother said. "It was like a moving tarpaulin about 30 or 40 yards long," said another spectator. "They overwhelmed the people still in the stands. I myself saw young boys knocked down and stomped. I saw them struck. I tried to help an old lady coming up the aisle. . . . My hat was knocked off. Streams of teen-agers went by on both sides, and I was struck about 15 times. I had a black eye, and my ears still hurt from it. I had lumps all over my head. The woman was struck—the lady I was trying to help. They saw she was an old woman. Her hat was knocked off. She had white hair. She had two little kids with her."

"We were pushed back to the wall," the wife of a St. John's alumnus said. "There must have been 15 Negro boys, face to face with us, with all kinds of things in their hands, but mostly knives."

Most victims agreed the mob was made up chiefly of teen-agers, with a sprinkling of 11- and 12-year-old boys and some men in their early 20's. Some carried knives, but used them mostly to cow victims while they struck or kicked them. Others ruthlessly swung sticks or hurled rocks and bottles. One person saw a chain; there was one report of a tree branch being used. Only a few agreed with a St. John's teaching brother that it was a "preplanned, mob-rule scene." There was evidence that some of the youths had come to the game prepared for trouble, but the random, clumsy savagery indicated that the rioters had no real leaders. More than 3,000 persons were engaged in the rioting at Gate E alone. In a swarming frenzy they cursed, slapped, punched and kicked their victims, paying no attention to age or sex. Most spectators caught only brief, terrifyingly close glimpses of the rioting. A panoramic view can be reconstructed only through eyewitness reports gathered by the police and an investigating committee.

The girls yelled, "Beat her"

"An assistant manager, trailing behind the unmolested St. John's football squad, was beaten to the ground." "I saw the girl cheerleaders being helped by members of the rescue squad. One girl was almost hysterical. I was told the girls were mobbed by a group of Negro boys." "A girl was being beaten by six or eight other girls. These girls used their pocketbooks and fists as weapons and were yelling, 'Beat her.'"

"A girl was hit with a lead pipe." "The man was struck in the face, glasses knocked off and broken." . . . "One officer was assisted by two Negro male adults in breaking up a group of young Negroes who assaulted a white girl." . . . "A white youth, about 15 or 16, was struck to the ground and, while lying doubled up, he was kicked many times in the back by a group of colored youths." . . . "A mother and father were standing over their son's body, lying on the ground, his face a bloody mess." . . . "A policeman attempting to hit a boy with a club hit a girl because the boy ducked."

Spectators who pushed or fought their way out of the stadium encountered more violence on the ramps, on the parking lots and along the streets leading to them: "A boy was struck in the mouth; six stitches required." . . . "Two girl students at Notre Dame Academy were the victims of assaults. One was attacked by three Negro females, one of whom had an umbrella." . . . "Three priests were assaulted by a group of Negroes."

In the parking lots people ran for the safety of their cars. But cars were a dubious refuge. A group of Negroes surrounded an automobile, lifted it and let it drop. At one point shortly after the game a policeman reported about 1,500 youths were swarming over two of the parking lots and attacking white spectators.

Fights and assaults continued in surrounding Negro neighborhoods. "There were large crowds fighting, cursing and throwing rocks and bottles. Negroes, mostly juveniles, were jumping on automobiles and running up on porches. . . . Traffic was stopped. A Negro resident permitted white boys to stay on her porch. . . . Another took six into her home. They had been beaten. They remained until the police arrived."

When they reached the safety of their homes that Thanksgiving afternoon most spectators, white and Negro, seemed to have the same reaction: They were shocked, humiliated, and some almost apoplectic with rage. But it was some days before most of Washington, and the nation, realized that the fighting had not been an outburst of juvenile rowdyism but a bitter race riot. Washington's newspapers did not immediately make it clear that racism was a major cause of the fighting; although at least seven newspaper photographers were at the game, no newspaper ran a single picture of spectators fighting. Most

HE FOOTBALL FIELD

Officers broke up last-quarter battle between teams, but at game's end rioters stormed field.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Simeon Booker, Negro leader.

Dr. Carl Hansen, head of schools.

of the radio and television newscasts also glossed over racial aspects of the disturbance.

Editors say they misjudged the nature and extent of the rioting because of reliance on police reports. It is a fact that the police have steadfastly refused to call the disturbance a race riot. Deputy Police Chief George R. Wallrodt, who was at the game and was acting police chief on Thanksgiving, refused even to describe it as a "racial incident." Police made only 15 arrests during the rioting: 14 Negroes and one white. Casualty reports trickled in slowly, and it was some time before police records showed that 42 persons were injured: 35 whites and seven Negroes.

The extent to which the police figures understated both the severity and racial nature of the riot was revealed later by a special investigating committee. It reported that 512 persons received injuries. All but 27 were St. John's fans. Among the worst injuries: 13 broken noses, two fractured jaws, 16 knife wounds, 82 injuries from blows to the face, 54 head injuries, 29 cases of body bruises received by persons knocked down and kicked.

When Washingtonians finally got an accurate report of the terror and violence that had exploded within sight of the Capitol on a quiet holiday, most of them were dismayed that racial tension, building in their city for years, had reached such a fever pitch. The riot shattered the complacency of those who believed that Washington's schools were "the model of integration" that President Eisenhower had hoped for when they were desegregated nine years ago. To segregationists the riot seemed clear evidence that school integration would not work; that it had indeed ruined the public schools and made them hotbeds of race hate and lawlessness.

Responsible Negro citizens were just as disturbed by the riot as white ones. In identical letters sent to Washington's leading newspapers, Simeon Booker, the Negro magazine correspondent who had attended the game, wrote bluntly, "The explosion of hate stemmed mostly from my own people. I saw the stadium, filled to a great extent by Negroes, suddenly terrified by roving herds of hoodlums who set upon whites, men, women and children, with the most profane language and physical mistreatment. . . . Negro leadership in Washington has a responsibility to tackle this problem of rowdyism and juvenile delinquency. . . . Integration demands responsible citizens, and we must take the first steps." Sterling Tucker, the Negro executive director of Washington's Urban League, said he feared the riot meant "the end of the effort to build intergroup relations in Washington."

School officials themselves felt that they had not sufficiently publicized the special problems created by integration and the miserly dole dispensed by Congress to run the Federal city, including its schools. But now the riot had focused national attention on the capital's schools. Dr. Carl Hansen, the respected, Nebraska-born superintendent of education, appointed a 12-man citizens' committee to determine the causes and to suggest possible cures for the tensions that led to the riot. To head the committee—and choose its members—he named Dr. Shane MacCarthy, who led the Council on Youth Fitness during the Eisenhower Administration. MacCarthy named four Negroes to sit on the committee, including Sterling Tucker and Simeon Booker.

The report, released in January, jolted most of Washington. It labeled the riot "a disgraceful climax of lawlessness" punctuated by "the disgraceful conduct of the Eastern coach and his ousted player" and mentioned the "shocking laxity" of the sponsors of the game.

"The stadium fracas loomed as a serious racial conflict," the report said, a case of "angry Negroes against whites." The report charged that school officials had failed to cooperate with the police and had allowed "steadily worsening misconduct" in an atmosphere of classroom "permissiveness." With "the steady accumulation of unfavorable conditions," it charged, teachers in the schools had "become martyrs in a sometimes hopeless struggle." The report asserted that "fear rages through many school buildings" and there are "acts of violence, assaults, disrespect of teachers." "What happened on Thanskgiving Day," it said, "was but a serious symptom of a larger problem that exists in the nation's capital."

Are schools responsible?

Superintendent Hansen filed a temperate but straightforward reply to the report. He acknowledged that discipline was a serious problem in the schools, but he firmly denied that "an atmosphere of lawlessness" prevailed; the vast majority of students were well-behaved and responsive to teaching. He was disappointed that the committee did not put more stress on the achievements of the integrated schools. He insisted that the schools really were not responsible for the disobedience and maladjustments of their problem students. He noted that the schools were "being required to supply many of the functions of the home and church" and said it was high time to redefine the purposes of education.

To the extent that the outburst of hate in District Stadium focused public attention on inadequacies and tensions in the school system, and the problems of the entire District, the riot served a useful purpose. Because biracial groups boldly tackled the problems, few people now skirt the fact that most of the troubles in Washington and in the school system are rooted in the city's large, economically depressed Negro population and in the mounting immigration of more poor Negroes from rural areas. Since World War II Negroes have poured in from the South, hoping to find Government jobs and attracted by the integrated school system. Some have found Federal jobs and greater equality; but large numbers were poorly educated and unprepared for city life, and they came expecting more than they could possibly find.

In 1950 Negroes made up 35.4 percent of the city's population. Today 53.9 percent of its 764,000 residents are Negroes—making Washington the only predominantly Negro city in the U.S.

Because so many of the Negroes are uneducated, and white-collar Washington can absorb only a limited number of untrained workers, Negro unemployment is a serious problem. Many who do find work get submarginal wages. Some racial barriers have been lowered in recent years—in restaurants, hotels, theaters, Government employment—creating the illusion of an integrated city. But housing and job discrimination—by employers and unions—remains to embitter the hopeful newcomers. Negroes are still second-class citizens in the capital.

The problems in Washington's schools thus reflect the whole city's problems. The real causes of the stadium riot, Superintendent Hansen maintains, stem from community problems: "Overcrowding in homes and schools; poverty; ignorance and deprivation . . . joblessness . . . family instability; irresponsibility; and the most devastating handicap, the absence of hope among young people."

At least two important facts about the school system have emerged from the investigations and reports. First, school facilities are woefully inadequate: 40 percent of the elementary schools are more than 50 years old, three out of four grade-school children are in overcrowded buildings, 2,648 children attend classes in double shifts. Behavior of students and pupil academic achievements also are substandard in the school system as a whole. And nobody denies that real problems were created when the schools were desegregated in 1954.

Spot checks we made at several schools not long ago prove, however, that Dr. Hansen had a case when he declared the majority of students are well-behaved. One of the schools we visited was Eastern High. Shortly after Eastern was desegregated its principal, John Paul Collins, resigned. He later related some of his experiences: "Fighting including several knifings, went on continuously. . . . Never . . . have I observed such filthy and revolting habits in the lavatories. Prior to integration I loved and lived with my work, but the problems which I encountered after integration brought about a lowering of public-school standards. . . ."

Eastern's present principal, Lynn F. Woodworth, also white, an ex-Air Force colonel and a veteran of 40 years in the school system, sees things differently. "Take a look at our lunchroom," Woodworth said. "It's always orderly; it never has teacher supervision, and seldom do we have a major headache. We have discipline problems. But discipline is not my main headache."

At Coolidge High we spoke with a veteran teacher, Georgia-born, who was one of the first to leave Eastern when it was desegregated. "I frankly left because I didn't like the atmosphere," she said. "I didn't think integration was going to work. Now I've changed my mind. I believe in it. These kids are trying. What trouble there is comes not in the classrooms but in the corridors."

The second most important fact which has emerged from investigations of the last few months is that Washington's schools really are not integrated. In the first semester after the Supreme Court's desegregation ruling, Negro and white children attended 116 schools together, about 73 percent of all the schools in the city. But white residents, who already had been slowly shifting to the suburbs or the city's remaining white residential areas, began pouring out of Washington in a flood. Since Negroes moved in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as whites moved out, the result is that today the city's schools are actually more segregated than they were a year after integration. Of 180 schools in the city, 26 are all-Negro, three are all-white, 89 are from 90 to 99 percent Negro and 16 are from 90 to 99 percent white.

The grave faults of the Washington public-school system cannot be attributed to integration alone. Integration brought to the fore conditions that already existed in inferior all-Negro schools and extended them to other schools. Negro students, under their cultural and educational handicaps, pulled down the averages when first graded with the whites. But since 1955 there has been a significant rise in achievement-test levels, though they are still below national averages.

After months of probing, most of the school problems have been recognized, but facing the problems is not the same as solving them. School dropouts are on the increase; police often break up roving bands of Negro teen-agers looking for trouble. Last year 265 public-school girls between the ages of 12 and 15 bore illegitimate children.

One pressing need is money to build new schools and make repairs to the old and neglected buildings. But neither Washington nor its schools seems likely to get more money as long as the House of Representatives' District Committee, which is dominated by segregationist Southerners, holds the purse strings.

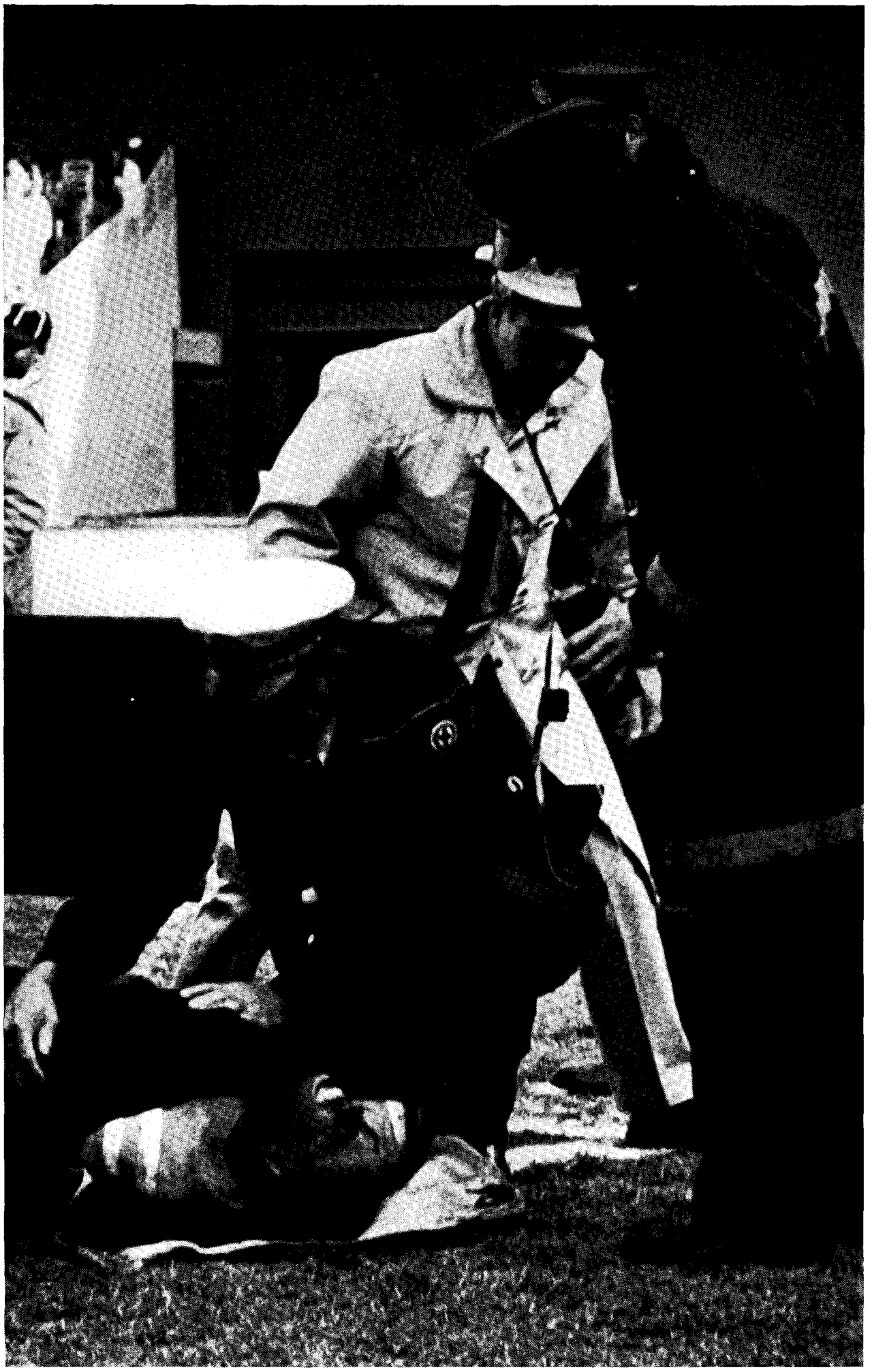
Perhaps the greatest hope for immediate improvement lies within the Negro community itself. The Urban League's Sterling Tucker said recently, "The middle-class Negro should help more in working with the less privileged of his own race and not just shout across the wall that divides them, 'Why don't you behave like we do?' Those walls must come down."

The league is now busy on plans for a city-wide program to encourage greater civic responsibility among Washington's Negro population. One of the most important events scheduled after the project gets under way is a mass rally of white and Negro citizens to honor leading students. It will be held in the massive District Stadium, and Tucker promises that it will be filled.

In addition to these community efforts, new late-hour "special adjustment" classes will be opened for unruly students. Senior students will begin observing criminal cases in the courts. Police have been assigned to special school beats. And President Kennedy himself has accepted White House responsibility for the community's problems and called for vigorous measures to "ease the situation in the District."

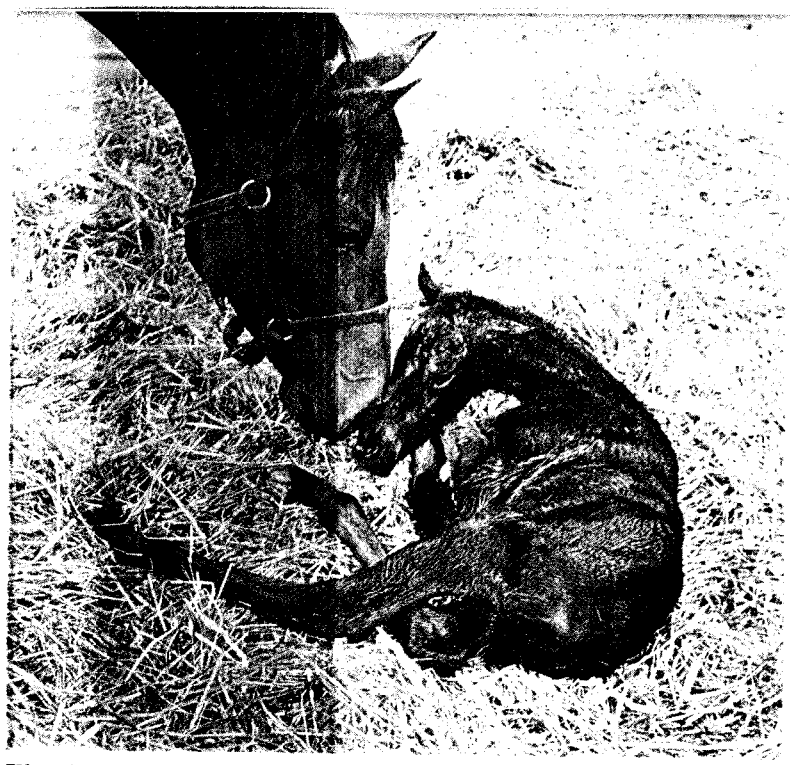
Thus there is some hope. Yet no one pretends that the danger has vanished. Recently Attorney General Robert Kennedy warned that the Thanksgiving Day riot gave only a "preliminary idea" of the "major explosion" that could break out unless Negroes gain equal economic and social opportunities in the nation's capital.

Overnight reform in these areas cannot be expected. But the riot opened the eyes of the community to an explosive situation that had been smoldering for many years. All Washington now knows something must be done, and done soon, if further violence is to be avoided. THE END



Police try to calm Calvin Harris, strapped to stretcher after the fight began on field.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



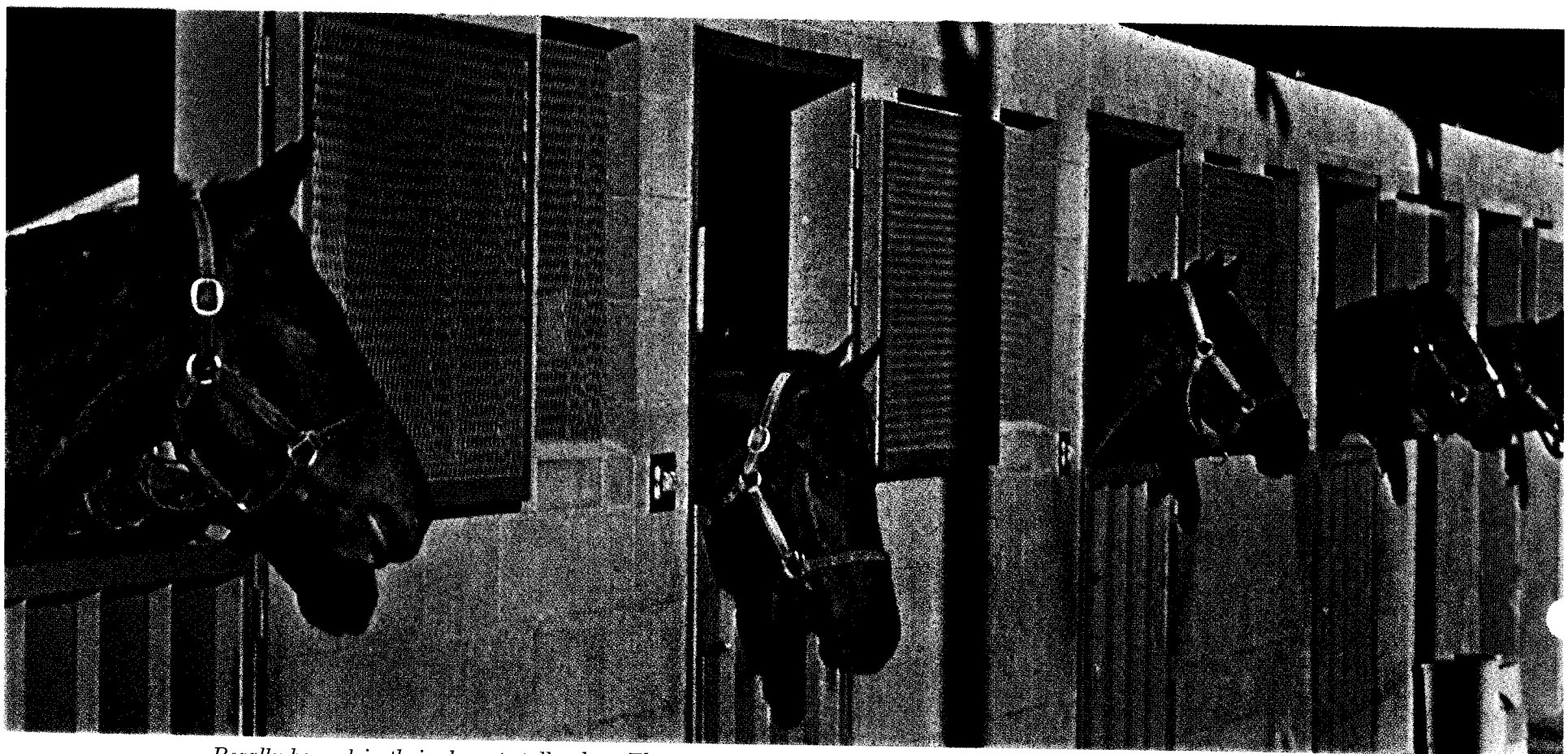
The instant of recognition: A mare nuzzles her firstborn foal.

Last year a somber California cowboy named Re Ellsworth (see story page 28) won $1,154,454 racin horses. In a sport long dominated by eastern wealtl and Kentucky bluegrass, Ellsworth's burgeoning stab brought top money to California for the first time sinc 1940. This week Ellsworth will bid for continue supremacy when he sends his swift, brown colt Candy Spots, into the Kentucky Derby. Ellsworth reign over what has recently become a $200 million indus try in California. Five hundred Thoroughbred farm sprawl across 43 California counties. Spurring thi flourishing business are California's lavish race tracks whose rich purses have encouraged keen competitior in a booming state. California race fans bet $38 mil lion last year, a figure topped only by New York tracks

THE ECHO OF WESTERN HOOFBEATS

BEYOND THE SMOG OF AUTOS, LAVISH HORSE FARMS BOOM.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN LAUNOIS



Regally housed in their elegant stalls, these Thoroughbreds at Newton Bass's stables have helped put Apple Valley, Calif., on the racing map.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jockeys urge their straining Thoroughbreds to the wire in a Santa Anita race.

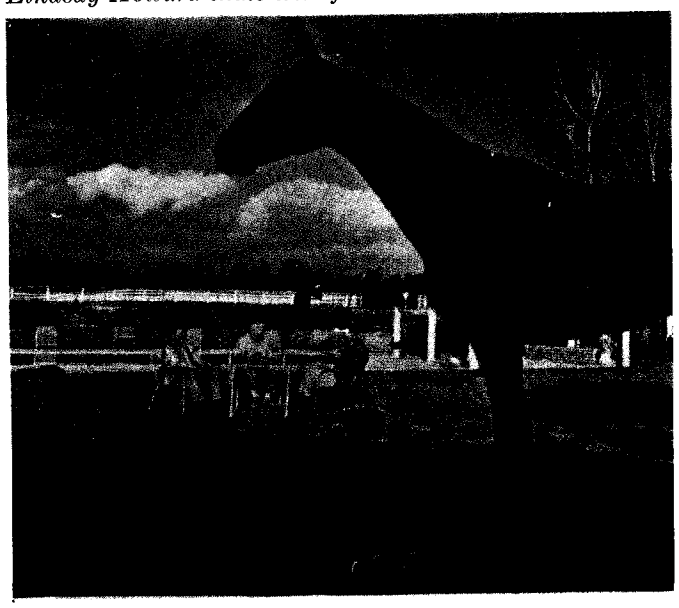
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The 1954 Derby winner, Determine, follows his handle

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

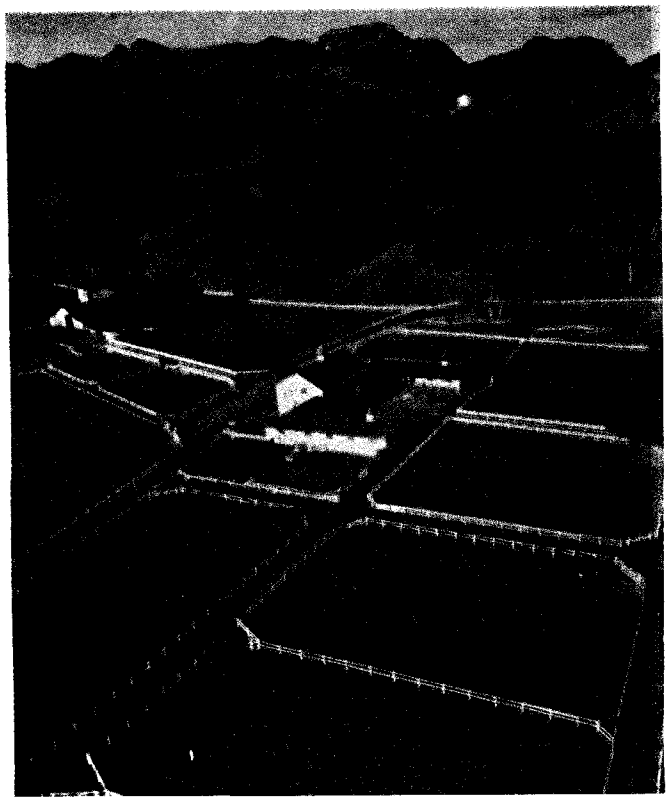
MEN AND HORSES UNDER THE BIG SKY

Framed by a sculptured symbol of his trade, Lindsay Howard chats with friends at his ranch.



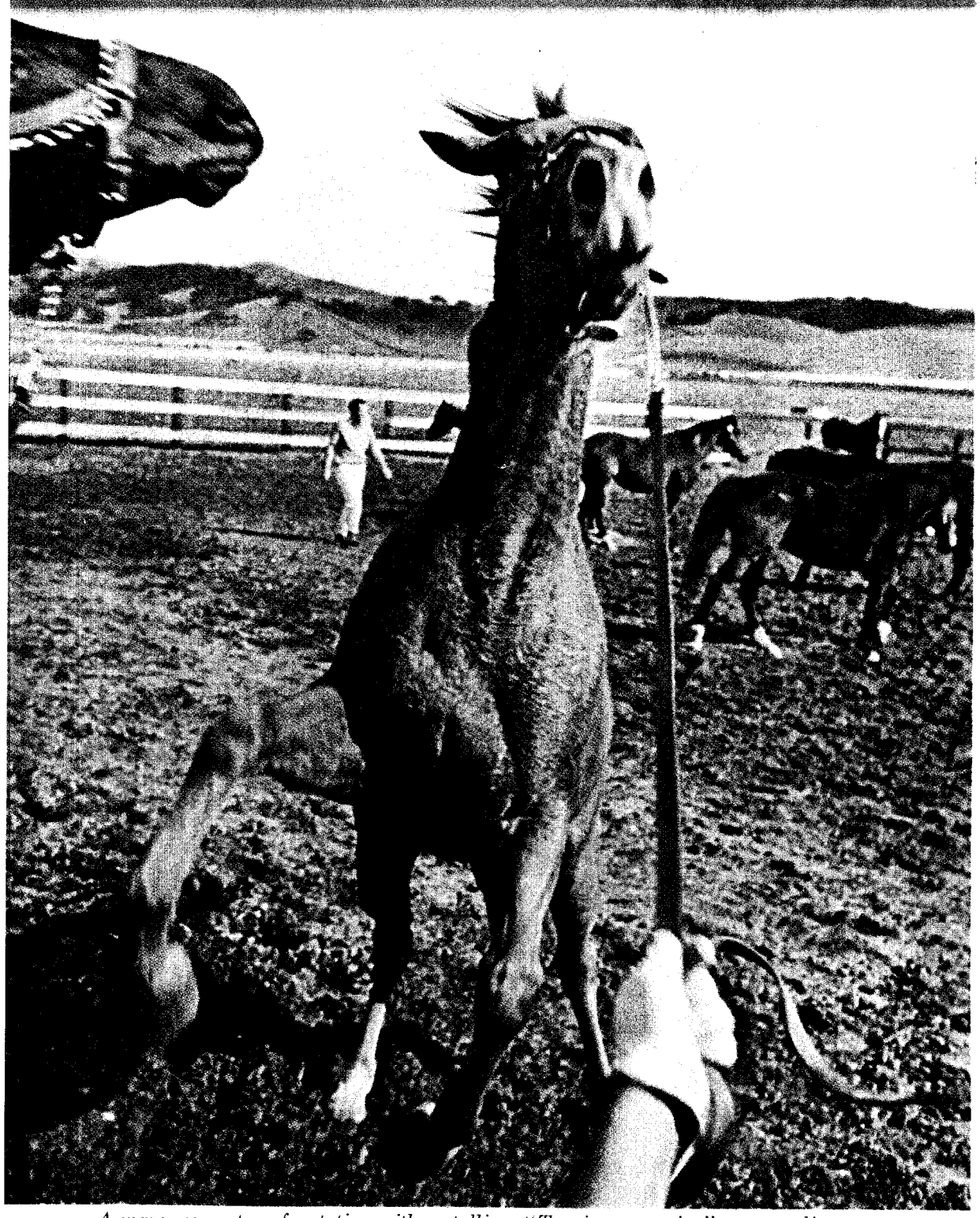
Horseman Newton Bass ponders over breakfast among the luxuries of his Apple Valley home.

Roomy paddocks surround Mrs. John McMahan's red-roofed Oak Lane Ranch in Hidden Valley.



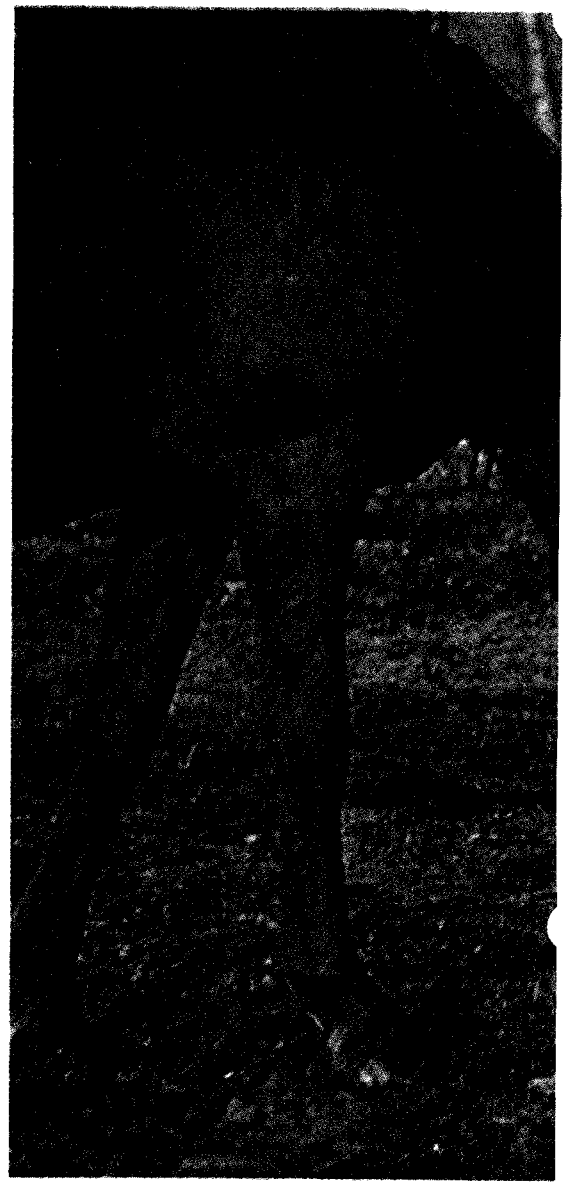
aguna Seca ranch near Monterey. His stud fee: $10,000.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

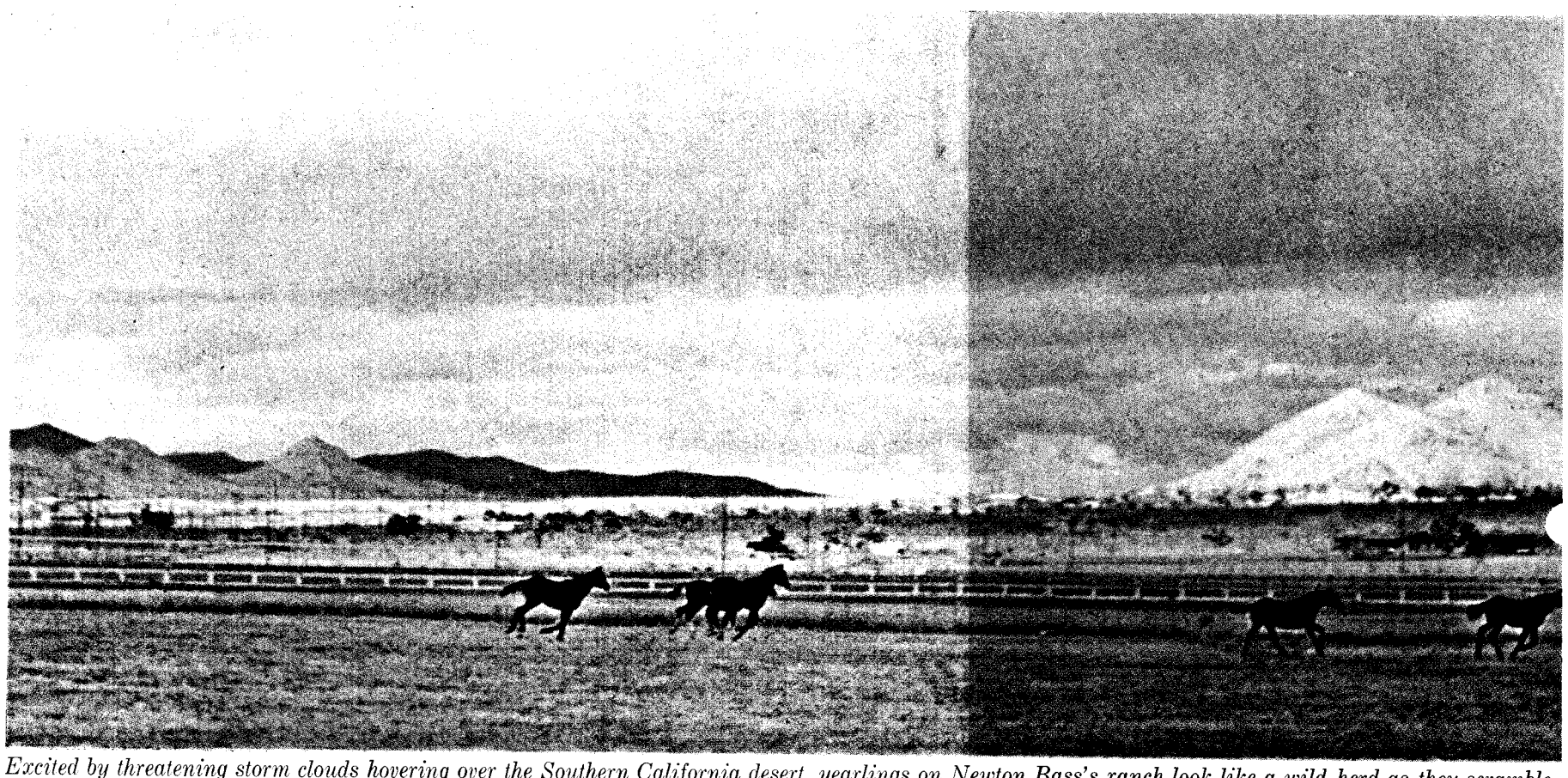


A mare rears at confrontation with a stallion. "Teasing operation" tests readiness to meet stud.

HORSES ROMPING, FOALS NUZZLING,



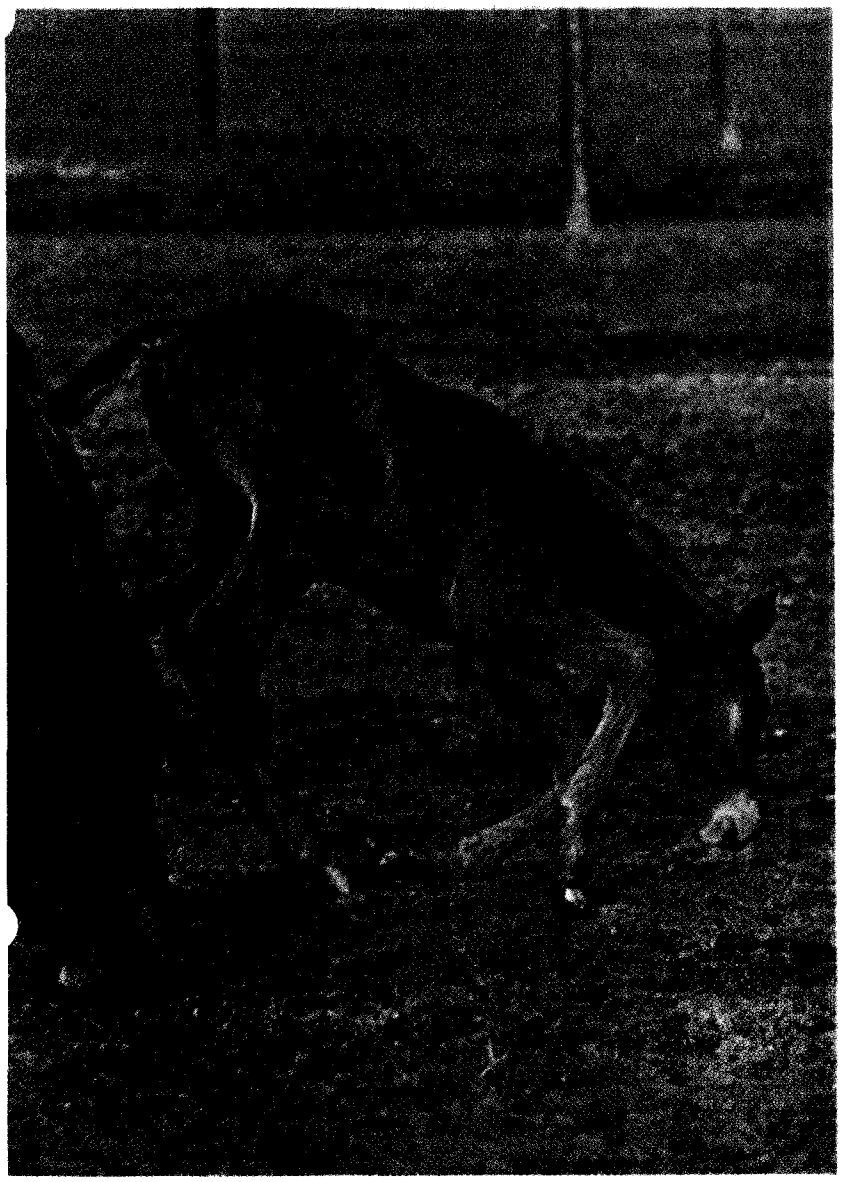
A mother grazes calmly while her young foal



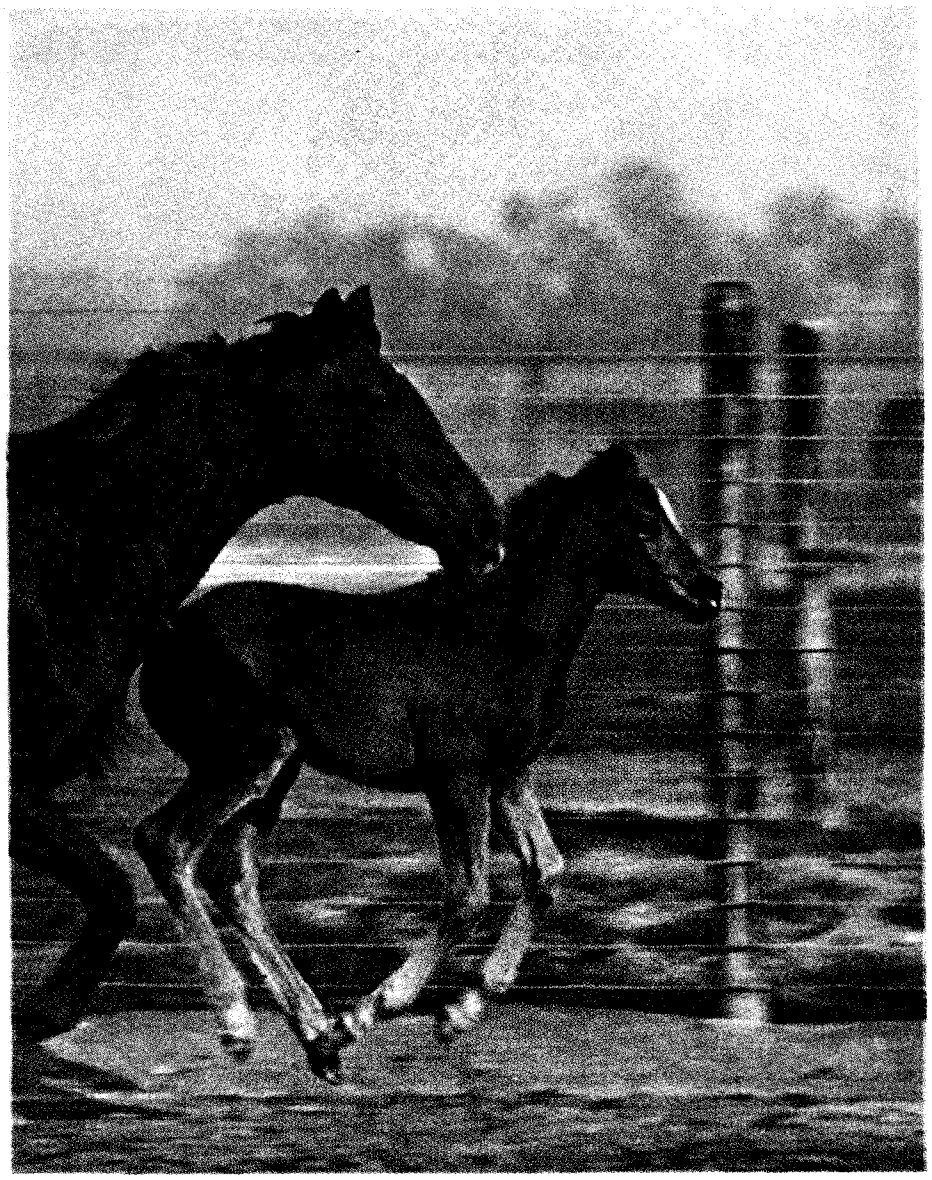
Excited by threatening storm clouds hovering over the Southern California desert, yearlings on Newton Bass's ranch look like a wild herd as they scramble.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARES GRAZING, HERDS SCURRYING—ALL ARE NOW A PART OF THE VAST, OPEN CALIFORNIA COUNTRYSIDE.

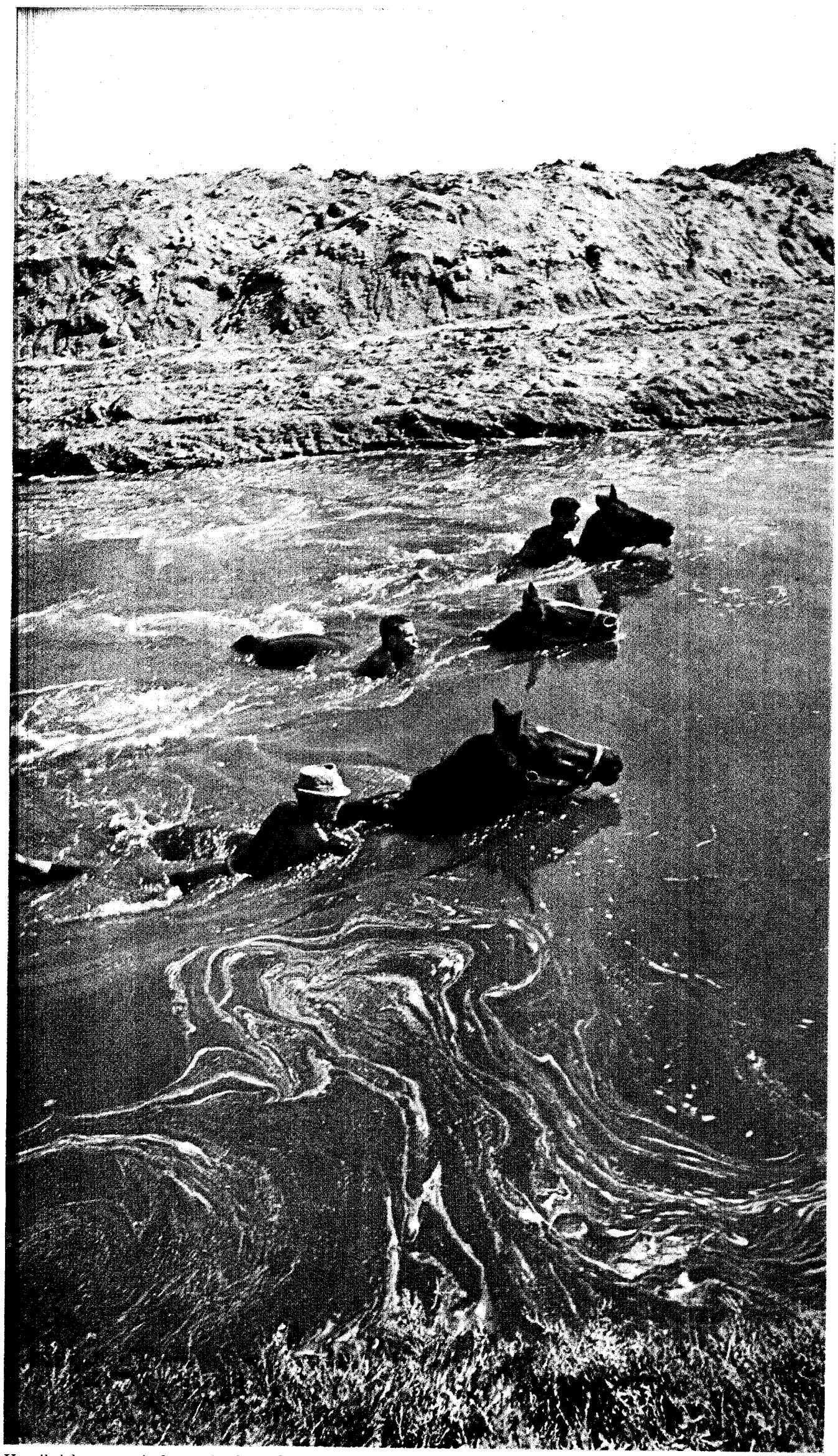


awkwardly struggles with the problem of getting down to where food is.

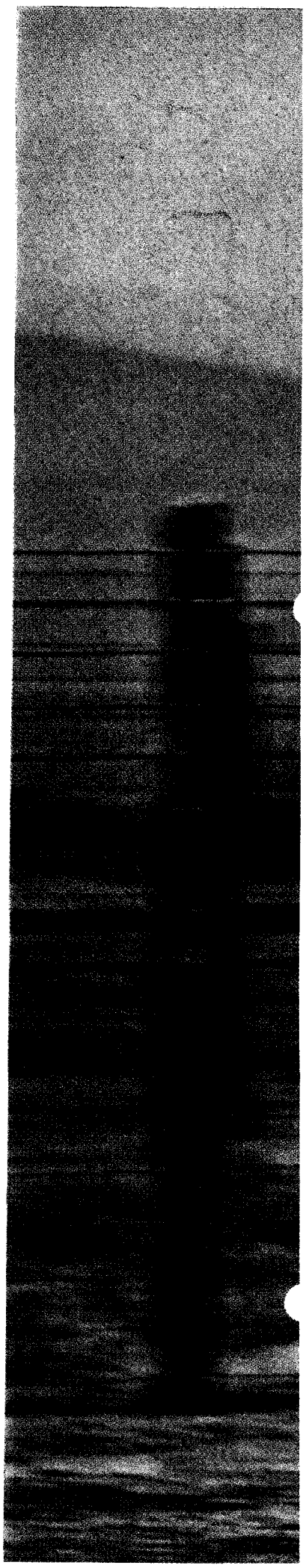


A mare and foal gallop playfully across a corral on the Rex Ellsworth ranch.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



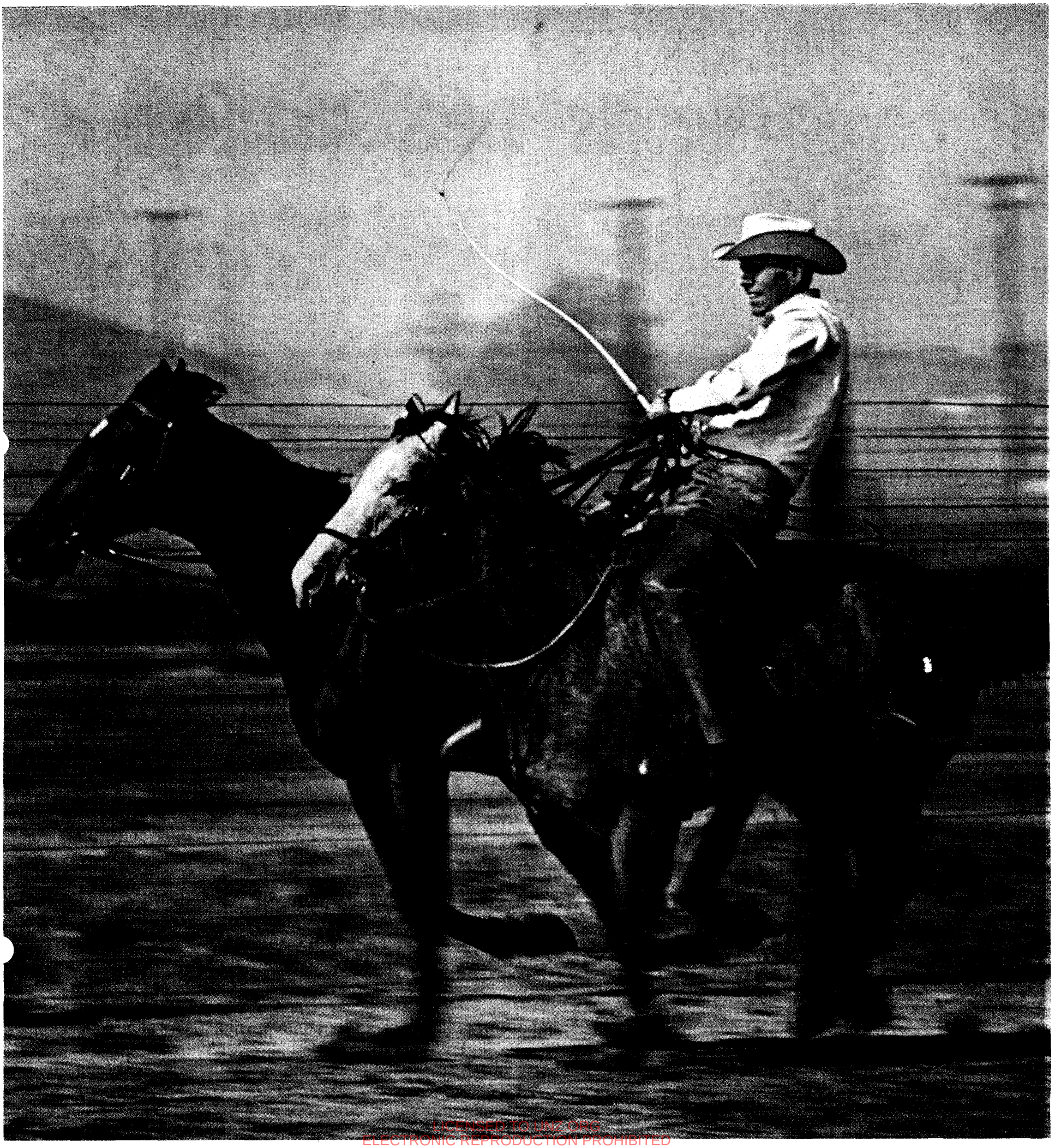
Handled by wet-suited exercise boys, horses at Ocean Therapy Ranch develop stamina swimming in salt water.



Cowboy-breeder Ellsworth "drives" a horse—a method of breaking horses to bit and reins.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

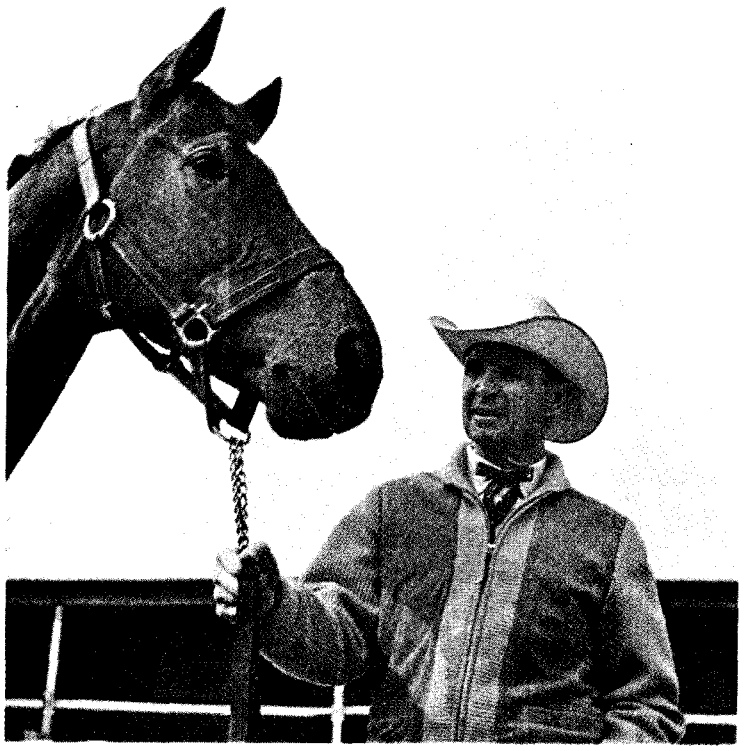
HARD-DRIVING COWBOY REX ELLSWORTH HAS BUILT A HORSE EMPIRE IN THE CALIFORNIA SUN.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PIOUS PARTNERS OF SUCCESS

By MELVIN DURSLAG



"Mish" Tenney and his Kentucky Derby favorite, Candy Spots.

TWO MORMONS FROM ARIZONA ARE STEALING TURF THUNDER FROM RACING'S EASTERN ARISTOCRACY.

Compared to television's cowboys Rex Ellsworth and Meshach Tenney, a pair of lean horsemen from Safford, Arizona, are pretty tame. Pious churchmen, they don't drink, smoke or keep late hours. Nor do they gamble, which is slightly incongruous, since they are engaged in a business in which $2,861,001,514 was wagered throughout North America last year.

Capitalizing on one of man's minor lusts, the sport of racing, Ellsworth and Tenney have built the largest horse operation in the world today. Current star of their stable is Candy Spots, a strong Kentucky Derby candidate. On their bustling ranch at Chino, California, near Los Angeles, they have assembled a harem of 175 broodmares. Serviced by seven busy stallions, the mares drop as many as 135 foals a year.

Swiftly the pious partners are displacing eastern aristocracy as leaders in the sport. With a growing empire that now comprises upwards of 600 thoroughbreds, they have shot past the Whitneys, the du Ponts, the Vanderbilts, the Guggenheims, even famed Calumet Farm. (They have done this, besides, without permitting their horses to breed on Sunday, the day of worship.)

The vast dominion of Ellsworth and Tenney has not been put together without controversy. Fiercely independent, they have defied deep-rooted traditions of the turf. They have fought racing secretaries over weight assignments. They have even been accused of being tight with money and of being unkind to thoroughbreds.

A slender, pale six-footer, now 55, Ellsworth is a devout, tithing Mormon who works long hours and subjects his employees to the same iron discipline he imposes on himself. He seldom smiles, nor does he grow ecstatic when he wins. After earning $122,000 in the Hollywood Gold Cup at Hollywood Park last year, he sat impassively, sipping an orange juice on the rocks. Afterward he went home and watched TV.

Tenney, nicknamed "Mish," is Ellsworth's minority partner. His job is training and schooling. "Rex does the planning, breeds the horses and gets them to the track," explains Tenney. "Then I take over and try and get them to the winner's circle."

Tenney owns 25 percent of the racing business and a tiny piece of the 10-million-dollar breeding enterprise. He also holds a small interest in four cattle ranches that Ellsworth owns in Arizona and New Mexico. Just one day younger than his partner, Tenney is a more talkative man who brightens his cowboy attire with chaps and a shoestring tie. Like Ellsworth, he is a faithful Mormon, but he has hung a spicy calendar in the tack room.

Three-platoon racing is the heart of the partner's current system. For the rich meeting at Hollywood Park last spring, Tenney picked out a first string of 40 horses, the maximum allowed an owner at the track. A second string of 40 was turned over to trainer Lynn Boice for lesser meetings in the East and Midwest. The third string represented Tenney's "bench." It comprised another 40 horses which were sharply conditioned and kept in training at the ranch. They filled in for racers injured at the front and for those not paying their way. "Bills are guaranteed in this business," says Tenney, "but earnings aren't. You must wring every horse for every cent."

What Tenney wrung out of his first string and his fresh reserves at Hollywood Park last year has never been matched by a stable in the history of racing. In 55 days his horses earned $521,125 in purses, plus $36,357 in breeding awards, a total of more than $10,000 a day.

Making several changes in his starting lineup, Tenney then invaded Chicago where 37 days remained in the Washington Park meeting. He won $327,949. The racing world was staggered by the spectacle one afternoon of four Ellsworth fillies—Delhi Maid, Lady's Matinee, Honey Bunny and Bushel 'n' Peck—winning races in succession. All were sired by Ellsworth's prize stallion, Khaled, and trained by Tenney.

The Futurity Trial, preparatory to the world's richest race last year, Chicago's $357,250 Arlington-Washington Futurity, was divided into two divisions. Ellsworth's colts, Candy Spots and Space Skates, won both. Since Candy Spots was not originally nominated for the Futurity, Ellsworth was forced to risk a $25,000 supplementary fee in order to get the horse into the race. One turf critic observed, "If that guy is willing to gamble with twenty-five grand, you know the horse can lose only if the jockey has a coronary." Candy Spots galloped home first, but Manuel Ycaza, the rider of Never Bend, who finished second, accused the Ellsworth entry of trying to shut him off. Ycaza charged that he was fouled particularly by Big Kim, another Ellsworth colt.

The stewards rejected the complaint as "unwarranted." But there were viewers who contended that the jockey's claim was not frivolous. Joe Hirsch, an experienced reporter for the *Daily Racing Form*, wrote afterward that while he thought Candy Spots was the best horse, "We have to think Ycaza was reasonably justified in lodging his objection against Big Kim."

Flare-ups are no novelty to the team of Ellsworth and Tenney. Ellsworth once accused veterinarians in California of giving horses illegal stimulants that couldn't be detected in routine urinalysis. Their motive, he intimated, was simple—profit. The vets furiously denied the charge and threatened to have Ellsworth barred from racing. Ellsworth says that to this day most horse doctors in California won't speak to him.

Nor are Ellsworth and Tenney the favorites of horse underwriters. Opposed to insurance on the ground that premiums are too high, they carry policies on none of their thoroughbreds.

"Insurance is a moneymaking business," Tenney explains. "Insurance companies are putting up tall buildings and financing industry. If insurance is such a good thing, we figure we should be in it too. We book our own."

The matter of weight assignments in horse races has repeatedly brought Ellsworth and Tenney into conflict with officials and with old-line racing theorists who believe that top horses should carry imposts commensurate with their success. It is the Ellsworth-Tenney argument that no horse in a stakes race should pack more than 130 pounds—and none less than 110.

"If a horse isn't worth 110 pounds," says Ellsworth, "he doesn't belong in the race. On the other hand, if you put more than 130 on a horse, you run the risk of breaking him down. The only reason racing secretaries put more on star horses is to attract a field. But they do this at the expense of the good horse and to the detriment of racing. Glamour horses build up racing, and officials tear it down with crazy weight assignments."

The growing popularity in America of races on grass further sours Ellsworth, who rarely enters horses in these events. He advances three reasons.

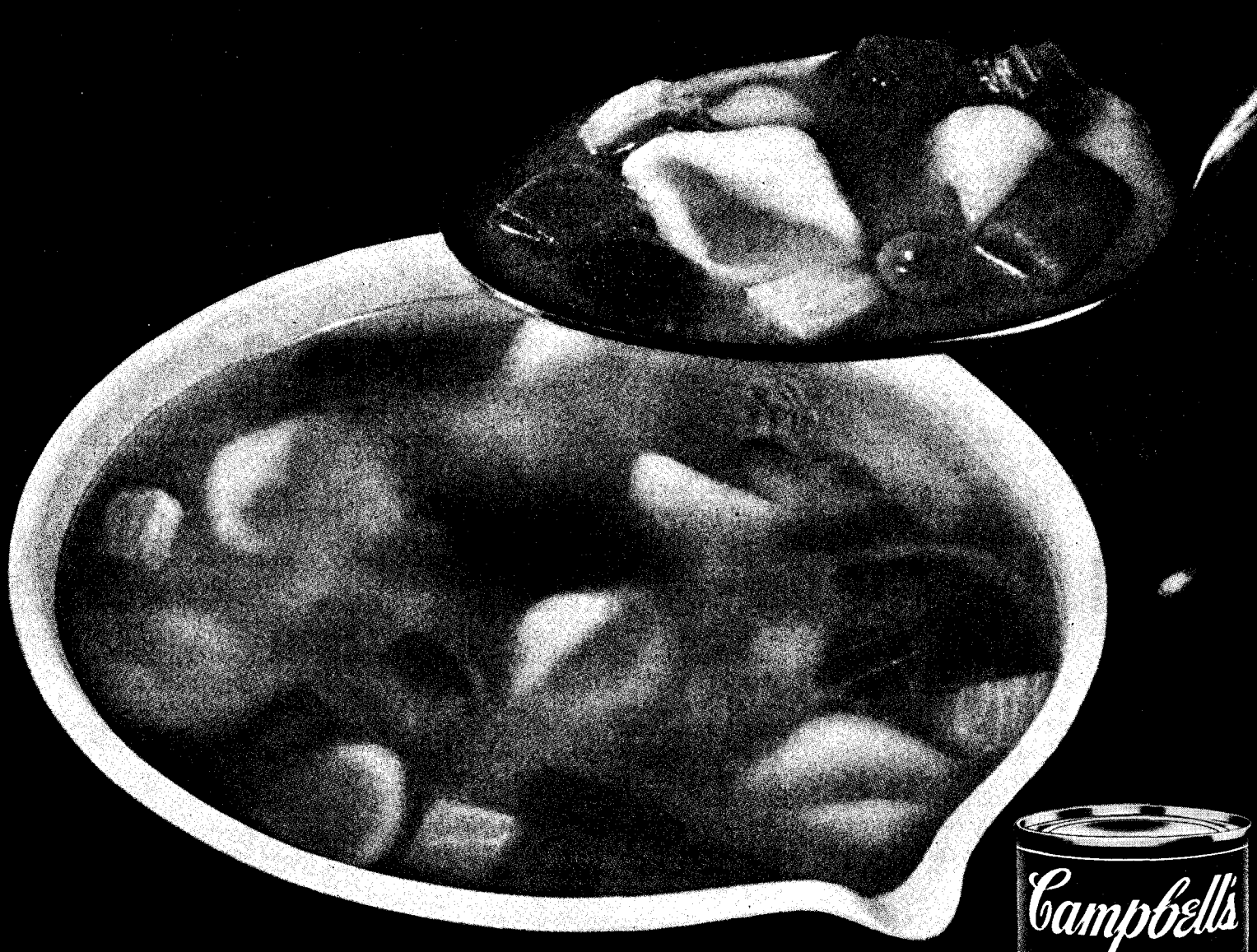
"To start with," he says, "grass courses in this country are full of holes. They are excellent places for breaking a horse's leg. Secondly, American horses are trained for running on dirt. You put them on grass and you give away the percentage

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW SOUP *from Campbell*

TURKEY VEGETABLE

Here's bountiful goodness—a vegetable soup with turkey! Tender turkey, light and dark, bright garden vegetables, and golden shell macaroni. Taste that rich-with-turkey broth. Turkey Vegetable might soon become your favorite soup. Taste it!



Campbell puts more goodness in
...so you get more goodness out

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A HORSE IS A PRECIOUS POSSESSION MADE BY THE LORD FOR MAN'S USE. WE USE HIM TO RACE."

PIOUS PARTNERS

to the foreign-breds, trained for racing on that kind of surface. Finally, the increase in the number of grass races has encouraged Americans to buy a lot of expensive European horses, most of which can't run a lick."

Ellsworth's thoughts on racing in mud are no more conventional. "There is, to my way of thinking, no such animal as a mud horse," he says. "Some people claim that you can pick a mud horse by his breeding. No horse likes the mud. He slips and slides and generally feels uncomfortable, just as humans would. That's why consistency in mud races is poor. Horses will accept the footing sometimes and reject it others. The only factor you can go by is conformation. A horse awkwardly built won't have the stride for handling a slippery track. You can rule him out, but what the others will do is purely guess."

The over-all approach of Ellsworth and Tenney to horses is remarkably practical. Their attitude is perhaps best explained in the simple philosophy of trainer Tenney. "A horse," he says, "is a precious possession made by the Lord for man to use. He is man's servant. He can gather cattle, draw a plow or pull a milk wagon. In our case, we use him to race."

Tenney feels that care of the race horse has been overcomplicated by people who refuse to let logic dictate their reasoning. He doesn't, for instance, believe in vitamin injections for horses on the ground that such food supplements are contrary to nature. Nor does he feel that a horse must be washed every time it is brought back to the stable. "You turn the hose on the horse every here and there," says Tenney, "and that's plenty. You don't bathe animals every day."

Like human athletes, race horses are massaged frequently—a waste of time, according to Tenney. "The shine you put on that horse," he says, "will make him look pretty, but it won't make him run faster. Second, rubbing a horse annoys him. He tugs to get away from you. People don't seem to realize that animals like to be let alone. What's the first thing a horse does when you get through petting him? He shakes the hair back into place. All horses need is good food, good care and a good clean bed. And they shouldn't be pestered by trainers or doting owners."

Ellsworth's businesslike attitude toward horses was believed responsible, in part, for the breaking up of his partnership with Liz Whitney, now Mrs. Cloyce Tippett, the Eastern socialite, horsewoman and proprietress of Llangollen Farm in Virginia. The former wife of John Hay Whitney—he was the first of her four husbands—Mrs. Tippett is known in café society as a gay, gregarious and uninhibited woman with unrestrained affection for horses. She kisses them profusely in the winner's circle—and sometimes they kiss back. A horse called Corn Husker did this one time after winning the Santa Anita Handicap, and Liz needed two towels to dry her face.

Mrs. Tippett and the dour Ellsworth made fascinating business associates. They bought mares together and entered into a reciprocal breeding arrangement whereby Ellsworth was given services by her stallion, Endeavour II, in exchange for services by Khaled. Playfully the lady teased Ellsworth about his sober comportment. She also called him "Sexy Rexy."

Stories on the breakup of their partnership are varied. Mrs. Tippett maintains that she wasn't happy with conditions on the Ellsworth ranch, where Endeavour II stood.

"I used to spend the day there patching up wire fences so the horses wouldn't hurt themselves," she says. "I felt they were treated too impersonally." Ellsworth says, "Liz is really a good gal, but at the time, she was having trouble with her third husband. I think she was just generally upset and made issues of minor things."

Whatever the circumstances, the partnership ended with Liz storming from Ellsworth's office one day, taking her stallion by the halter and walking him to her ranch a half-mile down the road. She and Ellsworth haven't made a deal since.

At lower levels on the racetrack, Ellsworth and Tenney have antagonists too. Workers along shed row criticize them for never declaring a dividend among grooms, swipes and exercise boys when one of their horses wins a stakes. The dispensing of such bonuses is a practice in many stables, but Ellsworth explains, "We hire personnel on a twelve-month basis, not seasonally, as most stables do. Each of our workers draws a check every month. They are employed as people are in other businesses. I'll assure you that at the end of the year our workers have more than those who are kept only seasonally and must count on winners in the big races."

Jockeys want 10 percent

Jockeys, too, have complained that Ellsworth and Tenney aren't as generous as most stables. "It is the custom," says one rider, "for the owner to pay the jock ten percent of the purse if he finishes first, second or third. Ellsworth pays ten percent for winners only. If you finished anything but first, you get just minimum fees." (The scale on most major tracks is $35 for second, $30 for third and $20 for anything less.)

Ellsworth counters, "The operation is so costly in racing today and the margin of profit so thin that you can't give away your money promiscuously to the riders. There are other big stables that pay exactly as we do."

Success in the horse business came neither quickly nor easily to Ellsworth and Tenney, who grew up in Arizona, where they were schoolmates and where Ellsworth's father was a well-to-do cattleman. Even as boys they planned the day that they would be racing horses.

"Mish's dad had died when he was a baby," recalls Ellsworth, "and we got no financial help from my father, because he was opposed to racing. At our local fair meetings he had noticed the drinking, gambling, fighting and carousing. He was a very religious man. At first he wouldn't even let us bring a race horse on the ranch. He later relented when I promised we would be no part of the sin he had seen."

From a modest start in 1934, when Ellsworth bought his first horse at auction for $50, the two cowpokes slowly built a stable. They lived for awhile on $50 a month apiece, pumping back the rest of their purse money into their racing operation. Ellsworth, meanwhile, was making an exhaustive study of pedigrees. By 1946 the two were solvent but not making any noticeable advances. "What we lacked," says Ellsworth, "was a first-line stallion. If we were going anywhere in this business, we had to do it with a carefully planned breeding program."

Borrowing $100,000 from a Colorado bank, Ellsworth went to Europe in search of a stud. He wound up buying Khaled from the late Aly Khan for $160,000. "It was a whopping price," says Tenney, "but Rex knew from his book learning that this was a quality horse. He had the finest blood in Europe."

Ellsworth's confidence in the colt was not misplaced. Now 20 and still active, Khaled has emerged as one of the great stallions of all time. Excluding the 1963 season, his progeny has won $8,641,131 in purses. Those able to get him now must pay a $10,000 stud fee.

The purchase of Khaled was one of two major strokes in Ellsworth's development as a turf giant. The other was the sale of Khaled's famous son, Swaps, the best thoroughbred ever bred in California, to Ohio industrialist John Galbreath for two million dollars. California horse players blasted Rex for commercialism, arguing that California's $200 million breeding industry would be hurt by his permitting the state's most heroic horse to stand at stud in rival Kentucky.

Ellsworth today laughs at those critics. "What did they want me to do, stand around and pet him?" he asks.

With the first half of his payment from Galbreath, Ellsworth purchased 41 top mares from Aly Khan. With the rest of the money he bought 38 mares at auction at Newmarket, England. "I already had Khaled blood on the male side," he explains. "I didn't need any more with Swaps What I needed was broodmares."

The horse population on Ellsworth's ranch soon began to grow. He then imported expensive stallions from Argentina, Australia, Italy and France. The idea was two-fold: (1) to diversify blood lines and (2) to provide for the day that Khaled ceased to be romantic. The Ellsworth breeding herd today is more than merely large; it comprises only the highest grade stock.

"Our aim in the immediate future," he says, "isn't to produce more horses than we do today, but to produce the same number with no reduction in quality. To do this, we must keep looking ahead and adding new studs and mares. You can't gamble in an operation like this that homebred stock will keep you going. Calumet Farm [in Kentucky] tried it, and now they are paying."

For Calumet, once the General Motors of racing, recent years have been a sharp comedown. Six times Calumet horses won more than a million dollars in a season. Last season Calumet finished out of the top 15.

Taking subordinate places to Ellsworth and Tenney has been less than appealing to many in the social register of racing. Ellsworth senses a slight coolness on the part of Easterners, but says that he and Mish never have been snubbed openly.

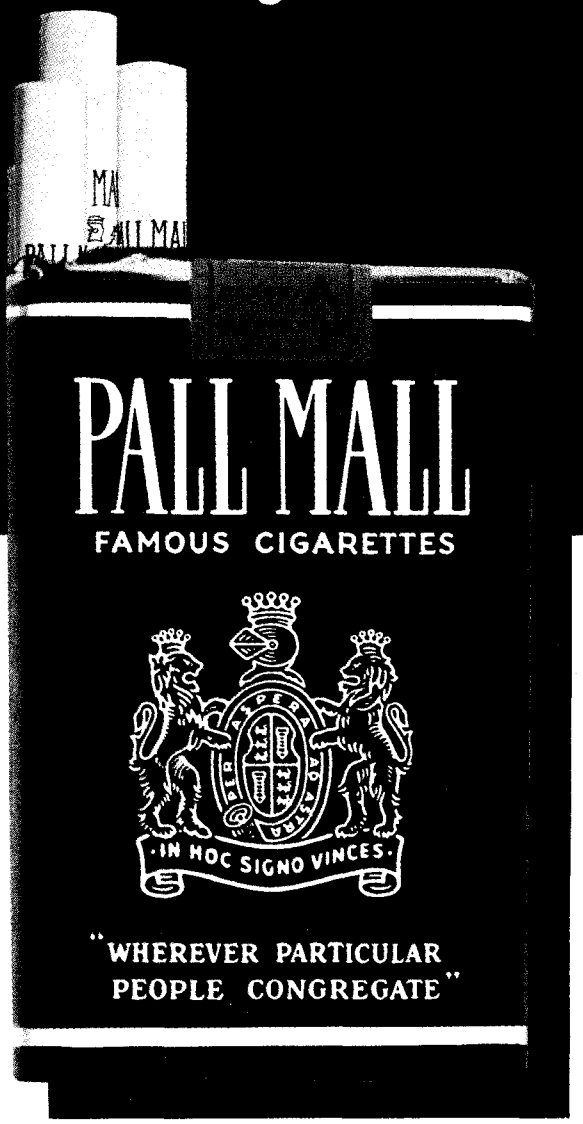
"Actually," he says, "we don't give outsiders much chance to high-hat us. We're not very active socially. We rarely go to cocktail parties, mostly because we don't drink cocktails. I do feel, however, that Eastern owners and critics discriminate against Western horses. If a horse doesn't race in New York or New Jersey, he has little chance to be voted Horse of the Year, unless he's a Swaps. Prove It won six straight stakes the last part of 1962. He hardly got any recognition, because he didn't race east of Chicago."

As this is written, Ellsworth is undecided whether he will ship his first platoon to the East Coast this year. "Eastern owners have accused us of ducking competition," says Rex, "but I guess there's one thing that has never occurred to them—airplanes fly both ways." THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pall Mall's natural mildness is so good to your taste!

You can light either end!

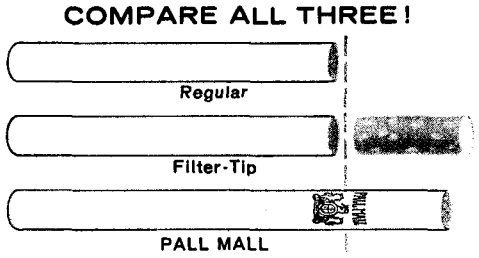


So smooth, so satisfying, so downright smokeable!

For flavor and enjoyment you just can't beat Pall Mall's natural mildness. It's so good to your taste. Never too strong. Never too weak. Always just right! Enjoy satisfying flavor... so friendly to your taste.

Outstanding...and they are Mild!

COMPARE ALL THREE!



Smoke "traveled" through fine tobacco tastes best. Pall Mall's famous length travels the smoke naturally ...over, under, around and through the finest tobaccos money can buy. Makes it mild...but does not filter out that satisfying flavor!

© A T Co. *Product of The American Tobacco Company*
—Tobacco is our middle name"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vigilance and frequent plasma transfusions are the price of life for the 100,000 American hemophiliacs.

THEY LIVE ON BORROWED BLOOD

By ROBERT MASSIE

A disease that ran through royalty is now striking at random, crippling its victims and challenging doctors.

Hemophilia, in the public mind, conjures up a picture of an ever-widening pool of blood. It recalls memories of the "curse" that smote the Spanish and Russian royal dynasties. Scarcely ever does the public think of hemophilia in terms of a young American housewife, watching for hours from the window of her split-level home while her little son—with hemophilia—plays by himself in the yard. By staying out of sight, she hopes to give him a partial illusion of normalcy; by constantly watching, she can be ready to race to his side if he takes a single dangerous step. It is a life of purest agony, and it is lived by increasing numbers of Americans in every city and state in the nation.

Few diseases carry the history and legends that surround hemophilia. In the Egypt of the Pharaohs, a woman was forbidden to bear more children if her firstborn son bled to death from a minor wound. The Talmud of ancient Babylon (C. A.D. 400) barred circumcision in a family if two successive children had suffered fatal hemorrhage. Britain's proud Queen Victoria was a carrier of hemophilic genes. Through two of her daughters, she passed the disease into the ruling families of Spain and Russia. It was because no doctor could cure or relieve the pain in the little Tsarevitch Alexis that his royal parents turned in despair to the tall, black-bearded monk Rasputin. By focusing his pale blue eyes on the stricken child and telling him that the pain would stop, that he would go to sleep, Rasputin was able to control the prince's bleeding—and win enormous power from the grateful parents.

How does this dramatic "royal" disease affect Americans today? These three facts will come as a surprise to most people:

1. *One hundred thousand Americans have hemophilia.* It follows no geographical or racial patterns; it strikes people of all classes and backgrounds. A Michigan congressman has three sons with hemophilia. A Bronx fireman has hemophilic triplets. The disease appears in the families of a leading California banker and a famous New York fashion designer, and in a family of Chinese immigrants, newly arrived from Hong Kong. The number of cases is increasing as hemophiliacs grow to adulthood, marry and have children. In addition, hundreds of new cases appear every year, apparently out of the blue.

2. *Hemophilia can strike anybody.* Hemophilia is an inherited blood-clotting deficiency, transmitted by women according to the sex-linked recessive Mendelian pattern. Thus, while women carry the defective genes, they almost never suffer from the disease; it strikes only males, with rare exceptions. Theoretically, hemophilia should appear only in families which have a previous history of the disease. But the astonishing truth is that in 30 to 40 percent of all cases of hemophilia appearing in the U.S. today, there is no traceable family history. One explanation for this is that the defective gene can remain hidden for as long as seven or eight generations. Another possible explanation lies in what doctors call "spontaneous mutation"; one potential cause of "spontaneous mutation" is radiation.

3. *Medically, hemophiliacs are not threatened with death by bleeding from a scratch. Their primary medical problem is crippling caused by internal bleeding into joints.*

Minor external cuts and scratches are treated by pressure and tight bandaging so that the blood is pinched off and the flesh can heal over. It is when a fall or a bump breaks blood vessels under the skin that bleeding becomes serious for hemophiliacs. Blood seeping into surrounding tissues can form hematomas as big as a grapefruit. But the real damage is done when blood enters the confined space of an ankle, a knee or an elbow joint. Increasing pressure on the nerves in the joint causes pounding pain. If the seeping blood is allowed to remain in the joint for a long period, it acts like acid on the bones. The treatment is transfusions of plasma—a hemophiliac may get from 20 to 100 or more transfusions per year—plus immediate, constant orthopedic care. Almost all young hemophiliacs, and some adults, wear braces on arms and legs. The goal is to preserve enough use of the leg joints so the sufferer can walk. There is no cure for hemophilia, and sufferers never outgrow the disease, but happily, as they grow older, boys with hemophilia learn to take better care of themselves, and the severity of their disease seems to diminish.

"If we can bring a boy through his teenage years with good joints," says Dr. Martin Rosenthal, medical adviser to the National Hemophilia Foundation, "he has a long head start on life."

Indeed, good orthopedic care and plasma transfusions have vastly improved the lives of hemophiliacs in the past 15 years. And research on potent plasma fractions promises even better control of the disease in the future.

Meanwhile, parental vigilance and patience are key ingredients in the successful management of the disease. Vern and Jean Hays of Burbank, California, have learned this lesson well. Vern is 40, a mathematics and physical-education teacher in a Burbank junior high school. Jean comes from a large family with no previous history of hemophilia. Yet 13 years ago their first son, Joe, was born with hemophilia. Six years later another son, Chris, was born with the disease.

For the Hayses, who have three daughters and a third son without hemophilia, that was the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beginning of a war that will never end. The unique and terrible feature of hemophilia is that there is no status quo. One minute a child can be playing perfectly normally. The next minute he may stumble, fall and begin a bleeding episode that will take him to the brink of death.

"We panicked when we first discovered Joe had it," Jean Hays admits. "When he was a baby learning to crawl, we sewed pads into his trousers over his knees and put a pillow over his seat. Vern borrowed an acetylene torch and cut down a baseball catcher's mask for his face. We put a football helmet over his head. But by the time Chris came along, we weren't quite so fanatical."

When they bleed, Joe and Chris Hays go to an outpatient treatment room of Los Angeles's Orthopedic Hospital for a transfusion of special plasma, which has been frozen and dried to retain its highly perishable antihemophilic factor. Once the plasma has entered the hemophiliac's bloodstream, it causes clotting—but only for a brief period. Within eight to twelve hours the effect begins to fade. Thus, for serious bleeding, the Hays boys must get numerous transfusions.

Last winter a typical week in the Hays household ran like this: *Sunday*—both Joe, a shy, quiet 13-year-old, and Chris, a bouncy, brown-eyed boy of seven, went to the hospital for transfusions. *Monday*—Joe went to the hospital for orthopedic therapy. *Tuesday*—transfusion for Chris. *Wednesday*—transfusion for Chris. Joe had more therapy. *Thursday*—therapy for Joe. *Friday* and *Saturday*—no hospital visits, but extensive home care for Chris who was still very weak. Last year Joe went to the hospital for 45 transfusions; Chris had 43. For one six-month period their mother went to the hospital every day.

A constantly available supply of plasma seems almost as important to the Hays family as the air they breathe. Whenever they leave home, even on a brief vacation trip, two bags of plasma ride along, packed in Dry Ice. Last fall, during the Cuban crisis, panic-stricken hemophilic families in the Los Angeles area begged to be allowed to keep additional plasma in home freezers.

Yet if plasma is the best thing hemophiliacs have ever had, it still has drawbacks. There is the possibility of refractoriness—that is, the state in which hemophilic blood becomes immune to the clotting effect of transfused plasma. Thus, by using too much plasma to deal with minor bleeding, doctors risk facing the day when plasma would be of no use in a major emergency.

For most hemophiliacs plasma has become a fighting ally in the battle with their cruel disease. For the young mother of a small hemophilic son, however, there are few allies, only encircling, corrosive fear and ignorance.

"Look at that child," hisses a woman in the supermarket. "Look at those dreadful bruises. I think it's shocking."

"I don't know how you do it. I couldn't," sighs the good friend, drawing a line, sympathetic but firm, between herself and the mother.

Fear isolates the mother and her child. "Even my friends are too frightened to let their boys play with Dwight," says a New York woman, pointing to her blond six-year-old quietly arranging his knights along the parapet of a toy castle. "I can't tell you how grateful I am when once in a while a child is permitted to come here and play."

Finding a school is a major problem. Teachers and principals shy away from the responsibility. A French-speaking mother tried last year to enter her son in a French school in New York, feeling that he would benefit from the school's emphasis on scholarship over athletics. The school rejected her application with no pretense of Gallic grace. "Why should we accept your child when there are so many healthy ones on the waiting list?" the school wrote.

Public schools, of course, must accept hemophiliacs. But in judging schools, parents make up a huge, complicated equation, involving not only the readiness of the school to accept their children but the length of the halls, the number of the stairs, the supervision of the children at recess. In Washington, D.C., a family gave up a good school around the corner because it had three flights of stairs. "We found one five miles away that had only two flights," explained the father.

Some people suggest that hemophiliacs be sent to special schools or simply be kept at home. The argument against this course is that hemophilic boys have normal interests and almost normal abilities. As they grow older they tend to take better physical care of themselves and are subject to fewer restrictions because of the disease. As adults they can take a constructive place in society *if* they have not been emotionally crippled as children. In a recent study of 1,055 adult hemophiliacs, Dr. Alfred Katz of the U.C.L.A. School of Public Health discovered that the hemophiliacs who had jobs and were happily married were those who had gone to school and kept up their friendships and outside interests. Those who had allowed the disease to isolate and dominate their lives expected to be taken care of, by their families or by public welfare.

Who can pay the bills?

Care of hemophilia is expensive. Transfusions at the rate of one a week add up to a great deal of money. If a transfusion is given by a private doctor, his fee will range from $15 to $25. In areas where the Red Cross does not provide the plasma free, it costs from $5 to $30 per transfusion. Special braces, wheelchairs, orthopedic consultations and therapy are all expensive. Who pays the bills? None of the medical-insurance plans will pick up coverage of a hemophiliac unless the parent is in a company group.

Naturally, hemophiliacs and their families wait anxiously for a cure or, failing that, a preventive that can be taken daily, as diabetics take insulin. The sad fact is that neither a cure nor a preventive is in sight.

Would anything help besides plasma or blood? From time to time reports of a miraculous new "cure" race through the hemophilia grapevine. Some seem appropriately medieval: egg whites, bee stings, even cobra venom. The most recent excitement is over peanuts. In February, 1960, *The New York Times* carried a front-page story announcing that Dr. H. Bruce Boudreaux, a zoologist at Louisiana State University, had found that he and other hemophiliacs in that area had received substantial relief by eating peanuts. Picking up this strand, one Westchester County, New York, doctor has persuaded a local drug company to compress peanut flour into tasteless, aspirin-sized pills. One of his patients was a small boy who had been getting one or more transfusions per month. In the nine months he has been eating peanut pills, this boy has not had a transfusion. Hematologists, however, can find no evidence that peanuts have any effect on blood chemistry or clotting time. Doctor Rosenthal has seen serious hemorrhagic episodes in patients who are eating peanuts.

Peanuts sound ludicrously unscientific, but no parent with a hemophilic son cares. "If Rasputin walked in that door," said one mother, "I'd be on my knees begging him to help my son." Ironically, if Rasputin walked through the doors of Philadelphia's gleaming, modern Jefferson Hospital, he would feel right at home. Here Dr. Oscar Lukas and a team of doctors and dentists have been extracting the teeth of hemophiliacs under hypnosis. Usually a tooth extraction means a major operation for hemophiliacs, requiring the transfusion of dozens of units of plasma before, during and for days after the operation. At Jefferson the hemophiliac is hypnotized and told that he will neither bleed nor feel pain. Amazingly, the blood vessels begin to constrict, the jaw blanches, and the dental surgeon begins to work. Through last fall Doctor Lukas and his team had extracted 70 teeth from hemophiliacs without the use of a single drop of plasma or blood from outside.

Although other doctors show vigorous skepticism toward this technique, there is a medical explanation for the effect of hypnosis on bleeding. Control of bleeding involves the blood vessels, and these are under the control of the autonomic nervous system. Even if the blood itself cannot clot, any constriction or toughening of the blood-vessel system will help slow or stop bleeding. Under hypnosis the brain sends out nervous impulses which can cause constriction of blood vessels. The blood is simply squeezed out of the affected area.

Dr. Clarence Merskey, chief of the hematology staff of Van Etten Hospital in the Bronx, is interested in this shadowy relationship between control of the mind and control of bleeding. Doctor Merskey has noted that "all the 'cures' we hear about, seem to work for the people who discovered them and not for other people."

If hemophiliacs believe in peanuts and hypnosis, one reason is that no better answers have come out of the laboratories. Only 12 years ago it was discovered that there were three different variations of hemophilia. Today, incredibly, there still is disagreement on the basic point: Is hemophilia caused by the absence of some ingredient that is present in normal blood, or is it caused by the presence of some extra ingredient that blocks the normal clotting process?

Doctor Merskey and the great majority of hematologists believe that something is missing. One of the great pioneers in hemophilia research, Dr. Leandro Tocantins, of Jefferson Hospital in Philadelphia, who died last March, believed that an inhibitor is present. But nobody knows. There is a remote prospect that current research into the structure of chromosomes will help hemophiliacs. If it should become possible to locate the gene responsible—and then to correct or substitute for the faulty gene—hemophilia would be cured. However, Dr. Theodore Spaet, chief of hematology at New York's Montefiore Hospital,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mysteriously hypnosis can prevent the bleeding.

points out, "So far we've never been able to change genetic characteristics in any form of life except bacteria."

The research of most immediate value to hemophiliacs is in purifying plasma to concentrate the elusive AHF (antihemophilic factor) so that a small quantity can deliver the same clotting effect as many units of whole plasma. These concentrates, called fractions, are essential when hemophiliacs have a severe accident or need major surgery. In these situations, the human circulatory system simply cannot absorb the quantities of plasma needed to cause massive clotting; fractions deliver more effect with less volume. Recently an AHF fraction with four to five times the clotting power of plasma has been developed by the Merck, Sharp and Dohme laboratories. Using this fraction experimentally, Dr. Raphael Shulman of the National Institutes of Health at Bethesda, Maryland, has taken a number of hemophiliacs through complicated major surgery and found that "we can do anything in surgery with hemophiliacs that we could do with a normal patient." And by the end of this year, Dr. Alan Johnson of New York's Bellevue Hospital, working with the Red Cross, hopes to make commercially available a fraction with 20 to 30 times the clotting power of plasma. But fractions will continue to be reserved for emergency situations until somehow their fantastic cost can be reduced. Every time Doctor Shulman pulls a tooth at N.I.H., he uses $1,000 worth of the Merck fraction; a major operation may cost $5,000 to $8,000 for fractions alone. In addition, fractions require enormous pools of plasma—and plasma itself is hard enough to collect.

Of all the centers of hemophilia research in the U.S., few are as productive and certainly none is more unusual than that directed by Dr. Kenneth M. Brinkhous of the University of North Carolina Medical School. The hemophiliacs on whom Doctor Brinkhous experiments are 18 beautiful Irish setters.

In 1948 Doctor Brinkhous happened on their great-great-great, etc., grandmother in Wisconsin. She had a natural strain of dog hemophilia. Doctor Brinkhous brought her to North Carolina and has overseen the birth of hundreds of descendants. In the world of hemophilia research, the dogs are famous. Today the 18 setters live with 32 husky donor dogs and get a transfusion at the first sign of a swelling.

Although research has been slow, improved treatment has enabled thousands of hemophiliacs to lead essentially normal lives. Hemophiliacs are working today as doctors, investment counselors, teachers, bartenders, disc jockeys, carpenters—one California hemophiliac is a bookie. They and their families have banded to form 24 local chapters of the National Hemophilia Foundation.

The chapters vary greatly in size and effectiveness, but their common bond is an overwhelming need for blood. The New York metropolitan chapter collects 5,000 blood donations a year and makes up with cash the difference between that figure and the 9,000 units of plasma its members use annually. "We expect all our hemophilia families to pay us back in blood or money, but we advance unlimited credit," says Bernard Segal, the chapter's executive director. "Last year we advanced thirty-five thousand dollars' worth of plasma to one young man who was in a hospital for eleven months."

Probably the best organized local chapter in the U.S. is the Southern California chapter of which Vern and Jean Hays are members. One hundred and sixty-eight families with 190 hemophiliacs pay $15 each per month—less, if a committee rules they cannot afford that much—into a chapter fund out of which all hemophilia medical expenses are paid. Last summer, when the local Red Cross raised its prices from $6.50 to $13 per 200-cc unit, chapter parents decided to bleed themselves to pay the bill. They take advantage of a new process called plasmapheresis, in which the blood is drawn and the plasma and the red cells are separated immediately. Then, while the donor remains on the table, his own red cells are returned directly into his vein. Because plasma reconstitutes itself much more quickly than red cells inside the body, a donor can give once a week instead of once every eight weeks. Between 90 and 100 people give plasma this way every week. Some of them are not parents, but friends, dubbed "blood brothers." Jockeys Willie Shoemaker and Bill Harmatz are two of the chapter's blood brothers.

Gift for a sick child

On a typical night last February, 12 people lay quietly on tables in the chapter's blood-collection center. Harmon Lander, a cabinetmaker and the father of two hemophilic sons, had given blood for 44 straight weeks. On another table lay a mother with graying hair, her blue eyes fixed on the ceiling. "You feel you're doing something to help," she said quietly. "If a child is blind, you lead it by the hand. If it has hemophilia, you give it your blood."

Many mothers of hemophiliacs carry a silent anguished burden of guilt for the genetic fact over which they had no control. Sisters grow up, learning that they too may be carrying the defective gene. They ask themselves: Will any young man ever want to marry me?

With their daughters in mind, some parents go out of their way to hide hemophilia. One couple told the neighbors that their son had polio. Four families registered with the New York chapter have mail from the foundation delivered to another address. In 1960 a 26-year-old hemophiliac was brought into a New York hospital. His bleeding was in such an advanced state that doctors could not save him. He died. The foundation checked and discovered that he had been completely secluded all his life.

If this kind of secrecy seems absurd in 1963, it must be understood within the context of the strain that hemophilia puts on a family. There are fathers who bitterly resent the fact that their sons never will play football. There are husbands who simply walk out, leaving their wives and sons to fend for themselves. Happily, there are many more cases in which a young man falls in love with a girl and marries her, even though he knows all about her brother or her uncle with hemophilia. Yet such a marriage soon brings up perhaps the most controversial question touching hemophilia: Should this couple have children?

Twenty or 30 years ago, when medical care offered little help for hemophiliacs, many doctors urged sterilization for all hemophiliacs and all carriers, identified and potential. Today some doctors still urge such couples, "Why not adopt a healthy baby?" Usually, however, the doctor sticks to providing the couple with the relevant genetic odds: With every child, the chance is 50-50 that it will be a girl. If it is a boy, the chance is 50-50 that it will not be a hemophiliac. For any given pregnancy that means one chance in four that the baby will be a hemophilic boy. "A lot of parents think those are pretty good odds," says Doctor Rosenthal.

On philosophical grounds there is violent disagreement among hemophilic families. One man in New York, whose wife had already had one hemophilic son, decided that he could not face the chance of having another. When his wife became pregnant again, he went to court and won the right to have a legal abortion.

Other parents have children freely even though there is hemophilia in the family. Mrs. Charles Corrigan of Chicago and her husband have 10 children; three of her five sons have hemophilia. "It is up to the Lord to decide who He is going to afflict. I don't think he ever afflicts anyone with something they can't take. The child who is afflicted is also given many graces." Mr. and Mrs. Frank Daily of Los Angeles have accepted in a unique way the additional burden of a second hemophilic child: They adopted one. "It seemed the logical thing to do," Mrs. Daily explains. "He needed a home, and we wanted another child. It seemed he belonged with us."

For the family whose roots are strong, the birth of a son with hemophilia means not just burden and sadness but also the challenge of a battle that can be won. There are many victories. A glimpse can be seen in the pride of a father whose son, a right-hander, has learned to hold a table-tennis paddle and beat him left-handed after his right arm has been in a cast for six months. Victory shines in the eyes of a mother as she talks of her son, never able to attend school regularly, who now studies at Oxford University in England. And the triumph is there for all to see when a high-school boy getting a transfusion turns around and demands, "Hey, doc, can't you hurry this thing up? I've got a date and I'm late already."

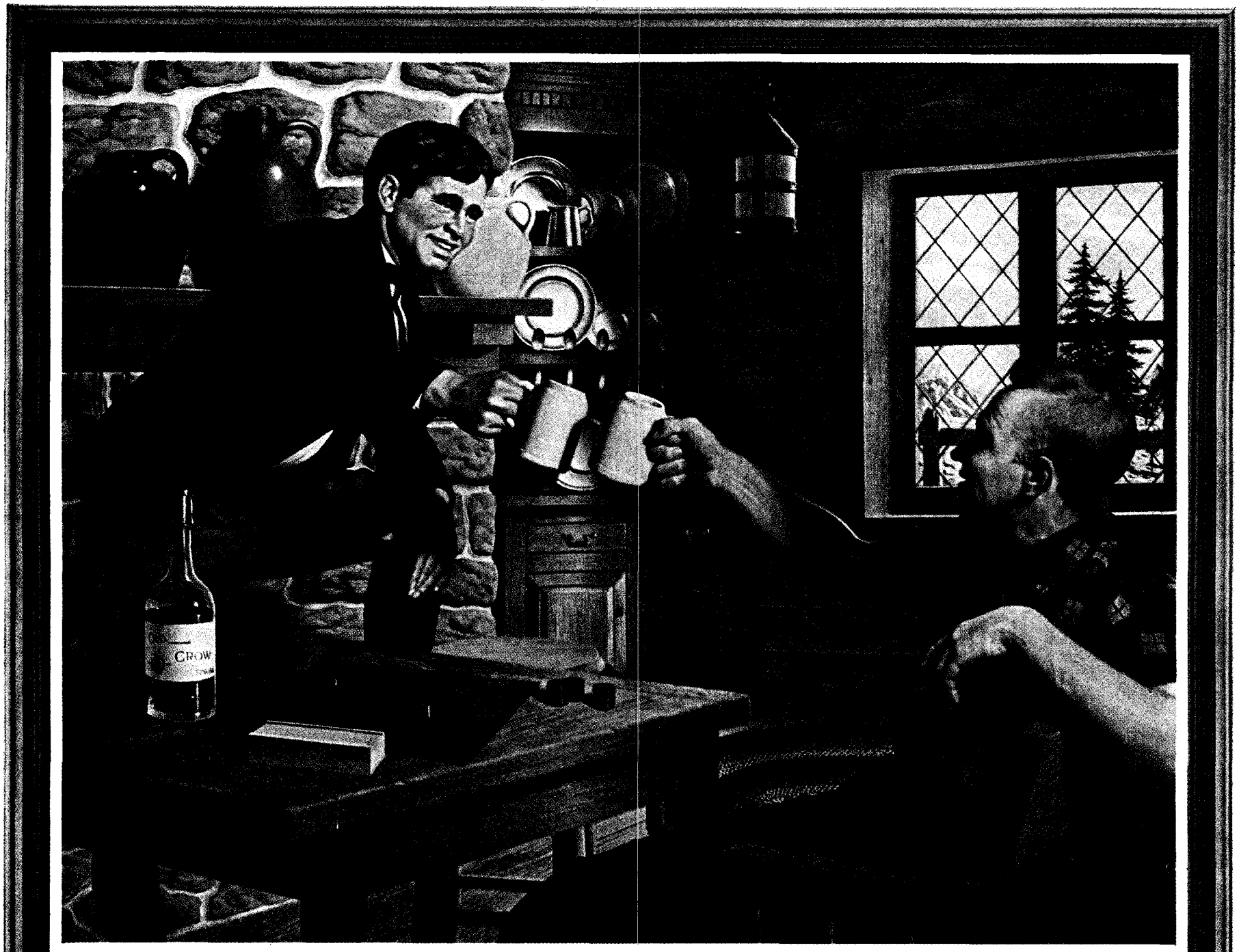
There is a brand of courage rising out of challenge that illuminates not just one life but many. A striking example was described to a group of doctors in New York by Dr. Alexander Pavovsky of Buenos Aires, Argentina:

"This boy was twenty-two, with no previous family history of hemophilia. He presents one of the severest cases of hemophilia I have ever seen. He has been on several occasions at death's door. For long periods this boy was bedridden and suffered severe pain. Mercifully, today his disease has become less severe. Always an outstanding student, he is now studying law. He is a winning chess player and represented Argentina in the 'International Tournament for World Championship' in England. He uses his free time to visit lepers to whom he teaches chess.

"While the Argentine was under the dictator's control, this boy was imprisoned for five months for defending his democratic ideals. When freed, he was immediately jailed again for defending the cathedral of Buenos Aires against the mob sent to sack and burn it. On his release from his second imprisonment he at once volunteered to carry bombs and firearms for the revolutionaries. This young hemophiliac said that in spite of his sufferings, his parents' anxieties, the limitations of his life, the uncertainty of what the morrow might bring, he was glad to be alive and to be able to help others. He added that, should he marry, he would have children, as he considers that they should be able to bear what he has borne." THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OLD CROW DISTILLING CO., FRANKFORT, KY. KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, 86 PROOF



Jack London toasts Martin Eden, "Skål to the Old Crow--it is best"

Jack London, the world-renowned author and adventurer, had chosen the name of his neighbor, Martin Eden, as the title of his latest book. "I'm too unimportant for such an honor," demurred Eden. "I'm just a 'gammal kråka' (old crow)."
Later, London returned with a bottle: "Skål to the Old Crow," toasted he, "it is best."

Enjoy the finer taste of historic OLD CROW

...today—lighter, milder 86 proof

Great writers have perfectionist standards. Small wonder Old Crow was praised by Jack London, O. Henry and Mark Twain. Just as their work is instantly recognizable, so can you tell the taste of Old Crow. Its mellowness, its amber smoothness, its quality are unmistakable. Today more people buy Kentucky's Old Crow than any other bourbon. Taste its greatness.

$250 Reward is paid for documented information relating prominent 19th Century Americans and Old Crow

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Independent Research Verifies Effectiveness of World's Largest-selling Toothpaste:

Newest Clinical Test Confirms

Colgate A Leader in Reducing New Cavities!

Read what happened when Colgate with Gardol was clinically tested against the most widely accepted fluoride dentifrice

▶ COLGATE'S ROLE IN NEW TEST FOR CAVITY REDUCTION

In October, 1960, a group of independent dental investigators set out to determine the value of Colgate's Gardol formula in reducing new cavities in the 7 to 17 year age group—the age when teeth are most vulnerable to decay. To make the test the most critical possible, the researchers chose to measure Colgate with its ingredient, *Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate* (Gardol), against the leading stannous fluoride toothpaste, which had previously shown effectiveness in cavity reduction. Hundreds of dental patients in the most cavity-prone age group were selected from the student body of a large school in the Southeastern United States. These students were then divided into groups and instructed to use exactly the same dentist-recommended brushing method. For the next two years, one group was to brush only with Colgate's exclusive Gardol formula. Another group only with the leading stannous fluoride toothpaste.

▶ COLGATE'S CLINICAL ACHIEVEMENT IN CAVITY REDUCTION

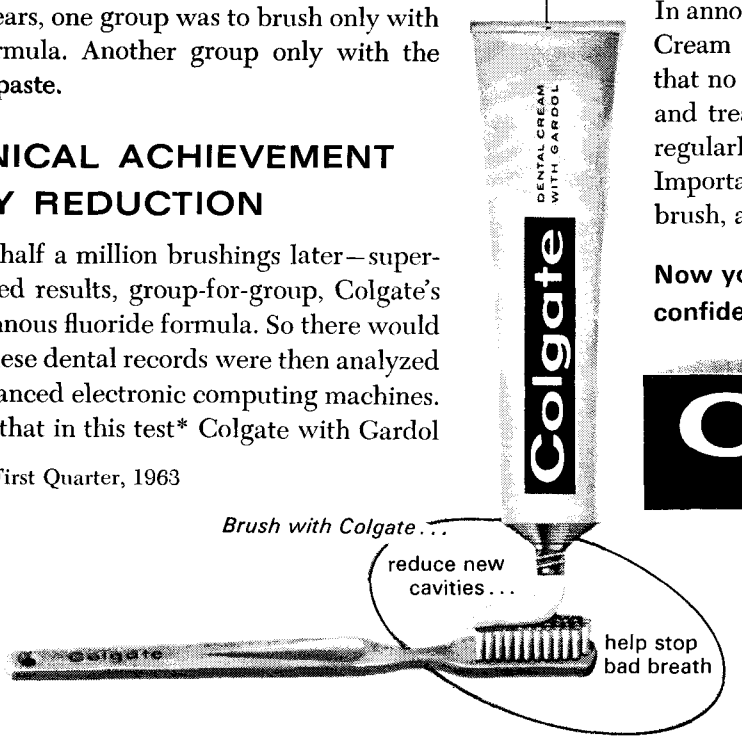
At the end of two years—over half a million brushings later—supervising dentists carefully checked results, group-for-group, Colgate's Gardol formula against the stannous fluoride formula. So there would be no chance of human error, these dental records were then analyzed and compared by the most advanced electronic computing machines. Statistically, it was discovered that in this test* Colgate with Gardol had achieved the same low incidence of new cavities as the stannous fluoride formula. When you consider that the study was conducted among the most cavity-prone of all age groups, results achieved by the group brushing with Colgate are even more significant. This study—one of many planned to acquaint you and your dentist with the Colgate-Palmolive Company's continuing interest in dental hygiene—shows what today's Colgate Dental Cream can do in reducing tooth decay. Its results are wonderful assurance that even the youngest family member can brush with Colgate . . . in the complete program of oral hygiene dentists recommend.

Journal of Dentistry for Children, First Quarter, 1963

▶ YOUR DENTIST'S ROLE IN CAVITY REDUCTION

In announcing the results of this study, the makers of Colgate Dental Cream emphasize their agreement with leading dental authorities that no toothpaste—fluoride or non-fluoride—can substitute for care and treatment of teeth by your family dentist. Seeing your dentist regularly is *the most important part* of any dental-health program. Important, too, is his advice on diet, as well as *how* to brush, *when* to brush, and *how often* to brush.

Now you can be a "one-toothpaste family" again with confidence in Colgate's clinically-tested Gardol formula!



Colgate
DENTAL CREAM with GARDOL

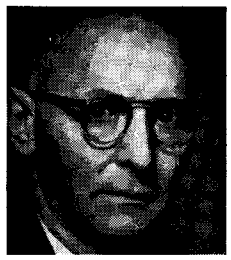
Colgate helps stop mouth odor instantly for most people—has the between-teeth cleaning action of penetrating Gardol foam and the most mouth-refreshing toothpaste taste in the whole world!

©1963, COLGATE-PALMOLIVE COMPANY

GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POST FICTION



Isaac Bashevis Singer

MY FATHER'S COURTHOUSE

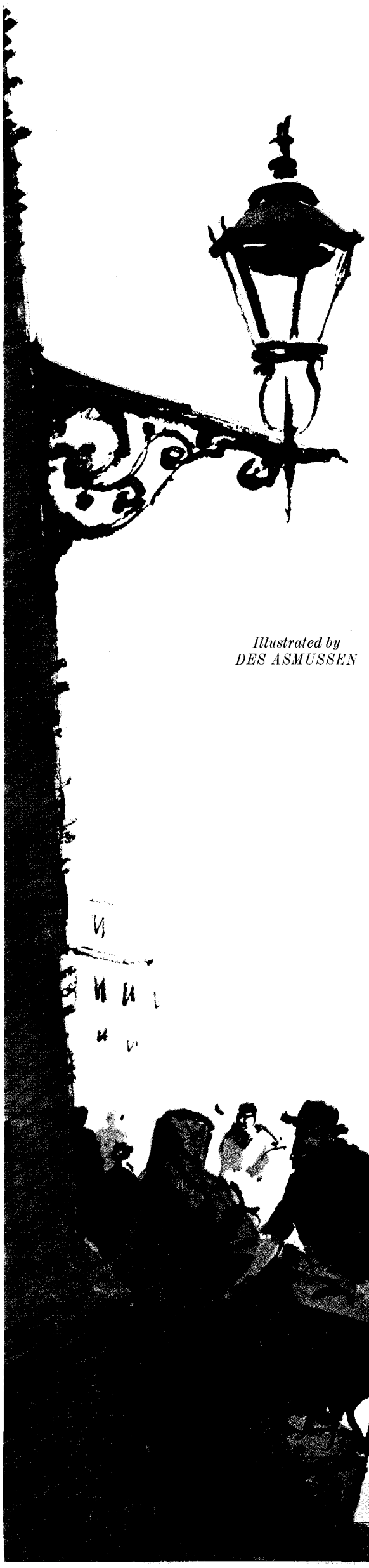
Books and stories by Isaac Bashevis Singer have been hailed by literary critics of all nations. He writes them in Yiddish. "If only HE were left writing Yiddish it would still be an important literary language," critic Kenneth Rexroth once said. "He is certainly one of the most remarkable American authors. . . ." Born in Poland in 1904, son and grandson of rabbis, Mr. Singer studied for a time at Warsaw's rabbinical seminary. He came to the U.S. in 1935 and now lives in New York. His first novel, "The Family Moskat," appeared in 1950, when he was 46. Among later works are "Satan in Goray," "Gimpel the Fool, and Other Stories," and "The Slave," his most recent novel. The stories in this issue are from a collection to be published by Farrar, Straus.

Louis Auchincloss

POWER IN TRUST

The law firm of Tower, Tilney & Webb was the background for Louis Auchincloss's "The Power of Appo ntment," a Post story last March, and readers will recognize many of the characters in "Power in Trust," in this issue. Later this year Houghton Mifflin will publish "Powers of Attorney," a collection of Tower, Tilney & Webb stories, each centering on a different partner or employee of the celebrated (fictitious) New York firm. Mr. Auchincloss, author of several volumes of short stories and literary criticism, also wrote "The House of Five Talents" and "Portrait in Brownstone," both best-selling novels. Along with his writing, he practices law as a member of a distinguished (real) Manhattan law firm.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Illustrated by
DES ASMUSSEN

Isaac B. Singer: MY FATHER'S

In our home he gave the law—
and there was understanding as well as justice,
and a gentle mercy for us all.

THE PURIM GIFT

Our home was always half unfurnished. Father's study was empty except for books. In the bedroom there were two bedsteads, and that was all. Mother kept no foods stocked in the pantry. She bought exactly what she needed for one day, and no more, often because there was no money to pay for more. In our neighbors' homes I had seen carpets, pictures on the walls, copper bowls, lamps and figurines. But in our house, a rabbi's house, such luxuries were frowned upon. Pictures and statuary were out of the question; my parents regarded them as idolatrous. I remember that in the heder I had once bartered my Pentateuch for another boy's, because the frontispiece of his was decorated with pictures of Moses holding the Tablets and Aaron wearing the priestly robe and breastplate—as well as two angels. Mother saw it and frowned. She showed it to my father. Father declared that it was forbidden to have such pictures in a sacred book. He cited the Commandment: "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness . . ."

Into this stronghold of Jewish puritanism, where the body was looked upon as a mere appendage to the soul, the feast of Purim introduced a taste of luxury.

All the neighbors sent *shalach-monos*—Purim gifts. From early afternoon the messengers kept coming. They brought wine, mead, oranges, cakes and cookies. One generous man sent a tin of sardines; another, smoked salmon; a third, sweet-and-sour fish. They brought apples carefully wrapped in tissue paper, dates, figs—anything you could think of. The table was heaped with delicacies. Then came the masked mummers, with helmets on their heads and cardboard shields and swords, all covered with gold or silver paper. For me it was a glorious day. But my parents were not pleased with this extravagance. Once a wealthy man sent us some English ale. Father looked at the bottle, which bore a colorful label, and sighed. The label showed a red-faced man with a blond moustache, wearing a hat with a feather. His intoxicated eyes were full of a pagan joy. Father said, in an undertone, "How much thought and energy they expend on these worldly vanities."

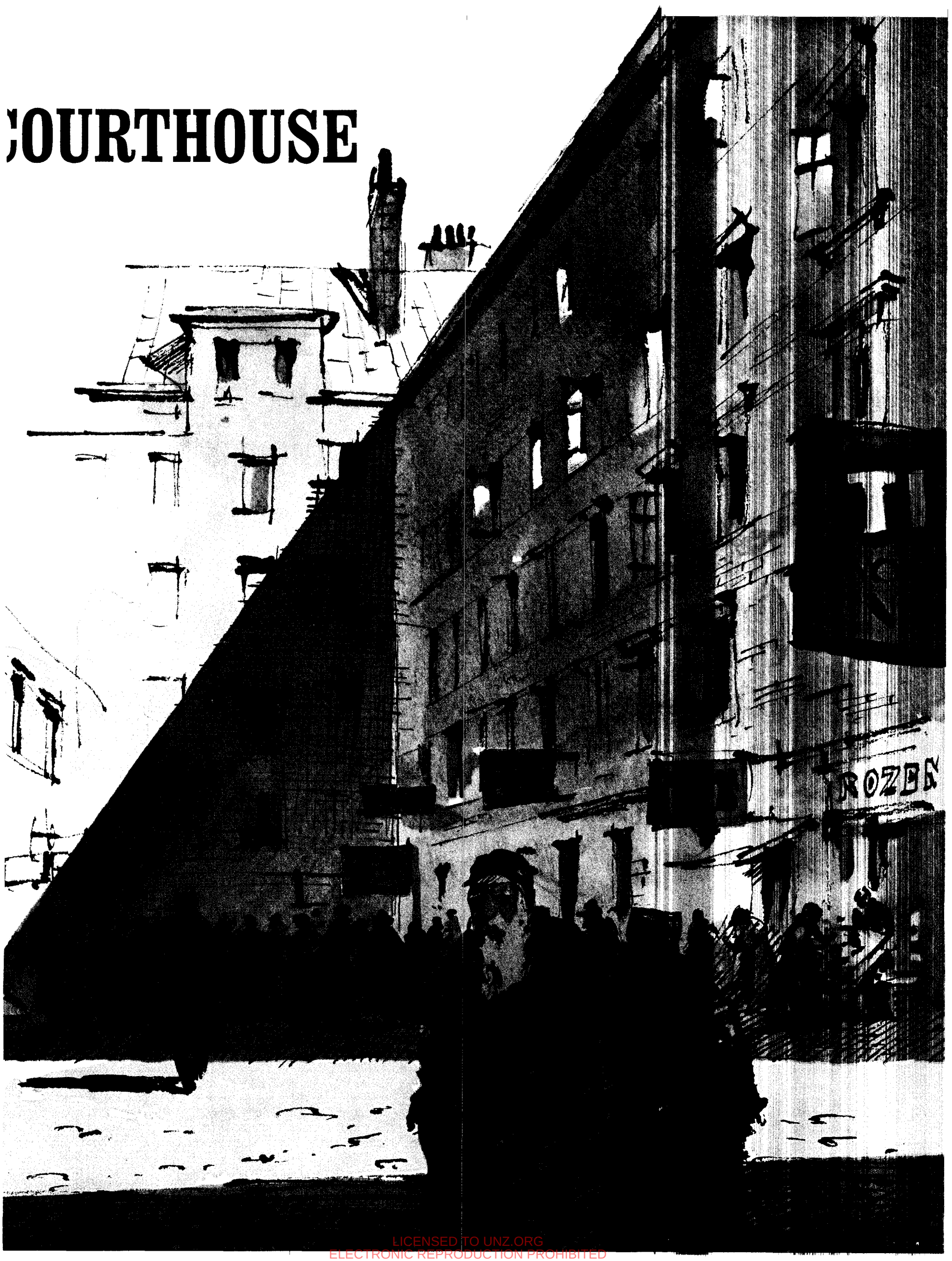
Later in the day Father would treat the Hasidim with the wine. We did not eat the Warsaw cakes, for we were never certain just how conscientious Warsaw Jews were about the dietary regulations. One could not know whether the pastries had been baked with chicken fat and must therefore not be eaten together with any milk foods.

The mummers, too, were disposed of quickly, for the wearing of masks and the singing of songs smacked of the theater, and the theater was *tref*—unclean. In our home, the "world" itself was *tref*. Many years were to pass before I began to understand how much justice there was in this attitude.

But Krochmalna Street did not wish to take note of such thoughts. For Krochmalna Street, Purim was a grand carnival. The street was filled with maskers and bearers of gifts. It smelled of cinnamon, saffron and chocolate, of freshly baked cakes and all sorts of sweets and spices whose names I did not know. The sweetshops sold cookies in the shapes of King Ahasuerus, Haman the Wicked, the chamberlain Harbona, Queen Vashti, and Vaizatha, the tenth son of Haman. It was good to bite off Haman's leg, or to swallow the head of Queen Esther. And the noisemakers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COURTHOUSE



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Merc 650/65 hp/4 cylinders

One part on a Merc is designed to wear out

*This is a trim tab. It may be adjusted with a simple hand tool to offset engine torque for easy steering. This year, it has been designed to wear out. Here's why:

Up to now, outboarders using bronze propellers in salt water had a corrosion problem. When two unlike metals, such as bronze and aluminum, are submersed in salt water, an action is set up called galvanic corrosion. It is the reverse of plating one metal with another, causing one of the metals to be eaten away.

Mercury's new trim tab is cast from a special self-sacrificing alloy. In salt water, it allows itself to be slowly "eaten away"... thereby protecting the other metal parts of your motor. When your motor begins to steer hard, it's time to replace the trim tab. And, a new one costs only a buck. In fresh water, it lasts like aluminum.

A small thing, perhaps...but another example of the tender, loving care in design, proving, and production to give you more RUN for your money with Mercury.

MERCURY

100, 85, 65, 50, 35, 20, 9.8 and 6 hp outboards

MerCruiser Stern Drive Power Packages • 310, 225, 190, 140, and 110 hp gasoline 100 and 39 hp diesel

©1963, KIEKHAEFER CORPORATION, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin
Subsidiary of Brunswick Corp.

THE PURIM GIFT

kept up a merry clamor, in defiance of all the Hamans of all the ages.

Among betrothed couples, and boys and girls who were "going with each other," the sending of Purim gifts was obligatory. This was part of the customary exchange of engagement presents. Because of one such Purim gift, an argument arose that almost led to a *Din Torah*—a hearing to seek a rabbi's judgment—in our house.

A young man sent his betrothed a silver box, but when she opened it—in the presence of her sister and her girl friends, who were impatiently awaiting the arrival of the gift—she found it contained a dead mouse! She uttered an unearthly shriek and fainted. The other girls screeched and screamed. After the bride-to-be had been revived with compresses of cold water and vinegar, and her friends had collected their wits, they began to plot revenge. The bride-to-be knew the reason for her boyfriend's outrageous deed. Several days before, they had quarreled. After much talk and discussion, the young women decided to repay the malicious youth in kind. Instead of a dead mouse, however, they sent him a fancy cake—filled with refuse. The baker was party to the conspiracy. The girls of Krochmalna Street looked upon this conflict as a war between the sexes, and Krochmalna Street had something to laugh about that Purim. The strange part of it was that the young man, although he had committed a revolting act, had not expected an equally odious retaliation, and was no less stunned than his fiancée had been. People quickly added imaginary incidents. The girls of Krochmalna Street always believed in laughing. One often heard bursts of uncontrolled laughter that might have come from an insane asylum. This time they chortled and chuckled from one end of the street to the other. The young man, too, had been surrounded by friends at the festive Purim meal. He, too, had been aided and abetted in his prank.

Yes, that Purim was a merry one. But the next morning everyone had sobered up and the warring clans came to us for a *Din Torah*. The room was jammed full with people. The bride-to-be had brought her family and her girl friends, and the groom was accompanied by his relatives and cronies. All of them were shouting as they climbed up the stairs, and they kept on shouting for half an hour or more, and my father had yet to learn who was the accuser, who the defendant and what the tumult was about. But while they were yelling, screaming, hurling insults and curses, Father quietly pored over one of his books. He knew that sooner or later they would grow calm. Jews, after all, are not bandits. In the meanwhile, before more time had been wasted, he wanted to know what Rabbi Samuel Eliezer Edels meant by the comment in his book, *The Maharsha:* "And one might also say . . ." That was the method of *The Maharsha:* instead of answering a question, he would say, "One *might* answer . . ."—and how could one know exactly what he *did* mean?

I was present in the room and soon knew all about the affair. I listened attentively to every insult, every curse.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There was quarreling and bickering, but every once in a while someone ventured a mild word or the suggestion that it was senseless to break off a match for such foolishness. Others, however, raked up the sins of the past. One minute their words were wild and coarse, but the next minute they had changed their tune and were full of friendship and courtesy. From early childhood on I have noted that for most people there is only one small step between vulgarity and "refinement," between blows and kisses, between spitting at one's neighbor's face and showering him with kindness.

After they had finished shouting, and everyone had grown hoarse, someone at last related the entire story to my father. Father was shocked.

"Shame! How can anyone do such things? It is a violation of the law: 'Ye shall not make your souls abominable . . .'"

Father immediately cited a number of Biblical verses and laws. Firstly, it was impious; secondly, it was loathsome; thirdly, such acts lead to anger, gossip, slander, discord, and what not. It was also dangerous, for the victim, overcome by nausea, might have become seriously ill. And the defilement of edibles, the food which God had created to still man's hunger and over which benedictions were to be recited, was in itself a sacrilege. Father recalled the sage who used to say that he merited long life if only because he had never left bread crumbs lying on the ground. He reminded them that, in order for a cake to be baked, someone had to till the soil and sow the grain, and then rain and dew had to fall from heaven. It was no small thing that out of a rotting seed in the earth a stalk of wheat burst forth. All the wise men of the world together could not create such a stalk. And here, instead of thanking and praising the Almighty for His bounty, men had taken this gift and used it to provoke their neighbors—had defiled what He had created.

Where formerly there had been an uproar, silence now reigned. The women wiped their eyes with their aprons. The men bowed their heads. The girls bashfully lowered their eyelids. After Father's words there was no more talk of a *Din Torah*. A sense of shame and solemnity seemed to have overcome everyone. Out of my father's mouth spoke the Torah, and all understood that every word was just. I was often to witness how my father, with his simple words, routed pettiness, vain ambition, foolish resentment and conceit.

After Father's admonition the bride- and groom-to-be made peace. The mothers, who just a few minutes before had hurled insults at each other, now embraced. Talk of setting a date for the wedding was heard. My father received no fee, for there had been no actual *Din Torah*. His words of mild reproach had damaged his own livelihood. But no matter, for the weeks between Purim and Passover were a time of relative prosperity for us. Together with the Purim delicacies, the neighbors had sent a half-ruble or a ruble each. And soon the pre-Passover sale of leavened bread would begin.

Sets 'em all aglow!
The lighter that lets you know when the fuel is low! Vu-Lighter—a sure-fire hit offering all these advantages: Transparent fuel reservoir; 4 extra stowaway flints; permanent wick; windguard hood; choice of colorful inserts; and it's guaranteed to work—or Scripto will fix it free of charge! $3.95.
Also available in Canada.
VU-lighter®
by Scripto INC.
ATLANTA, GA.

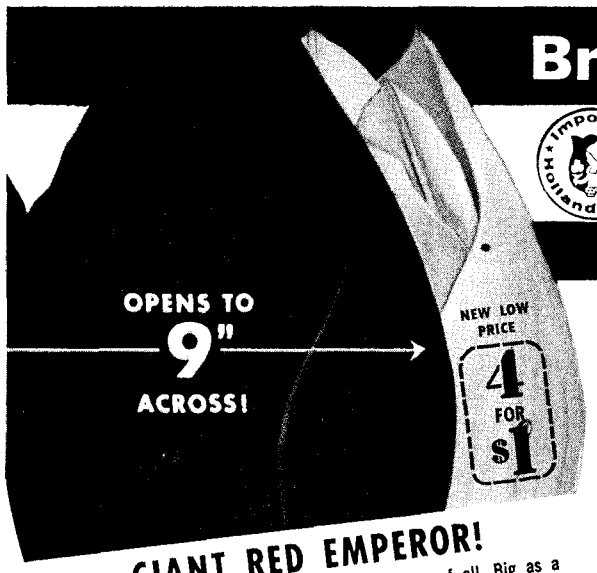
ASK FOR IT EITHER WAY both trademarks mean the same thing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Breck's Famous DIRECT FROM HOLLAND

BULB SALE!

SEND NO MONEY — WE TRUST YOU! SAVE UP TO 47%



GIANT RED EMPEROR!

1500 New low price on the most famous Tulip of all. Big as a dinner plate when open and the ONLY huge Tulip blooming so early! Spectacular flaming scarlet color, strong 15" stems. Prized everywhere as the finest early Tulip. Reserve your supply now at this lowest price in 10 years.
12 for 1.00; 24 for 1.98; 50 for 3.95; 100 for 7.85

GIANT WHITE EMPEROR

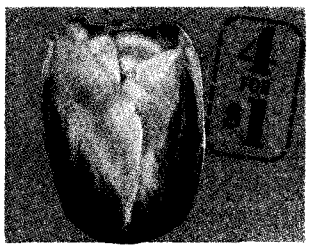
1501 Huge, 9" glistening-white companion for Red Emperor — and at a new low price. Supply limited.
4 for 1.00; 8 for 1.98; 25 for 5.95

RESERVE BULBS NOW AT ADVANCE SALE PRICES! PAY AFTER PLANTING!
You needn't send ONE CENT with your order! The Coupon below RESERVES your Bulbs for YOU, until we ship to you from Holland, at planting time in Fall. Not only do we provide this service without added cost — but you actually make TERRIFIC SAVINGS at our Advance Sale REDUCED PRICES!

NO OTHER SALE LIKE THIS!
Only Breck's, America's oldest Holland Bulb merchants (since 1818), can offer this Sale! Only Breck's has the Tulip-field packing plant and close associations with Holland's biggest Bulb growers! And each Breck's Bulb is guaranteed top quality, true-to-name, sure to bloom next Spring! You can't duplicate these values anywhere! Be sure to mail Coupon in time!

FRESH FROM THE FIELDS!
Most Bulbs are handled and rehandled many times before reaching you. But NOT THESE! Your Bulbs are UNTOUCHED from our Tulip-field packing plant in Holland, until you unpack them at home! You are assured of the world's finest condition for every Bulb you buy. The difference is terrific — and it shows up in your garden. Order right NOW!

PROTECTION Against SHORTAGE
The coupon below actually RESERVES your Bulbs! We select them NOW, from the finest Holland can produce. Crop conditions or "runs" on scarce varieties cannot deprive YOU of exactly the Bulbs you want! And you get the GUARANTEE of bloom from every single Bulb you order. Don't miss this fabulous money-saving Sale! Order NOW! Sale ends July 15th!



GREENLAND

1550 Soft, rosy-pink flowers with a broad, dark-green "flame" on each petal. Strong, erect 24 in. stems. An unusual Tulip at a new low price.
4 for 1.00; 8 for 1.98; 25 for 5.95

FIRESPRAY

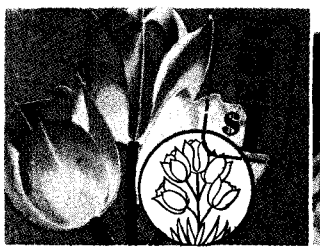
1602 No other Tulip like it! 3 to 5 flaming scarlet blooms on EACH 9" stem, from EACH Bulb! Earliest, brightest of all. More blooms for your money!
8 for 1.00; 16 for 1.98; 50 for 5.95

BRECK'S COLOSSAL

1656 Only at Breck's! Enormous golden yellow Daffodil usually over 3½" across! Strong stems and lasting color perfect for arranging. Grows anywhere!
7 for 1.00; 14 for 1.98; 50 for 6.75

PEPPERMINT STICK

1599 Rare, unusual Asiatic Tulip with dainty rose and white flower, white and purple inside! 12" tall. Blooms for years! For rock gardens!
7 for 1.00; 14 for 1.98; 50 for 6.75



CANDELABRA

1570 A bouquet on every stem! 4 to 6 big blooms on each 20" stem! Pink edges on white petals change to rose and flood the flower! Unusual!
5 for 1.00; 10 for 1.98; 25 for 4.85

PEONY FLOWERED TULIPS

1614 Enormous peony-like double blooms in colors peonies never knew! Huge flowers in May, on 20" stems, perfect for cutting. Selected color mix.
7 for 1.00; 14 for 1.98; 50 for 6.75

FIRST PINK DAFFODIL

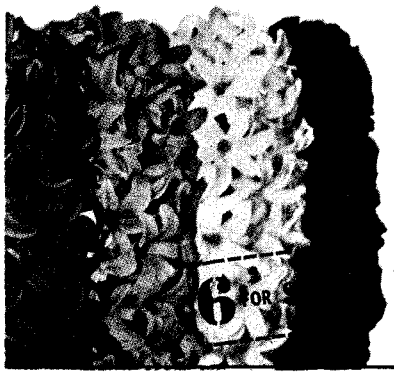
1664 Genuine Mrs. Backhouse Daffodil — queen of all pinks. Fluted trumpets change from apricot to pink. White petals 4" across. Like a rare orchid!
4 for 1.00; 8 for 1.98; 25 for 5.95

PEACOCK TULIPS

1593 New early hybrids! Brilliant red, yellow, pink, orange blooms — contrasting markings, tapestry foliage! 10" stems. They increase, too!
6 for 1.00; 12 for 1.98; 25 for 3.95

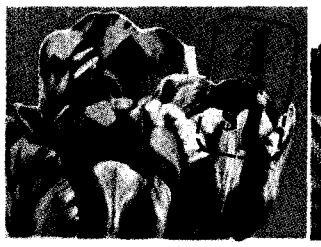
NATURALIZING DAFFODILS

1525 Plant a big bouquet of Spring sunshine with these beautiful colorful Daffodils — at **special bargain prices.** They're easy to grow, increasing every year, with more and bigger flowers. Plant around evergreens, shrubs, rock gardens, patios for a riot of gorgeous color year after year! They'll grow even in shade. Big healthy bulbs at low, **bargain prices!**
25 for 2.95; 50 for 5.65; 100 for 10.75



FRAGRANT HYACINTHS

1789 World's choicest garden-size bulbs! Depend on them to produce big, uniform spikes that stay lovely for weeks! They bloom each spring for many years. Special ALL COLORS Blend gives a garden-full of color and a bonus of delightful fragrance. The finest Hyacinth mixture that money can buy! 6 for 1.00; 12 for 1.98; 25 for 3.95



OLD DUTCH TULIPS

1596 Fantastic shades of red, purple, lavender, white, yellow, feathered with contrasting color. Huge blossoms must be seen to be believed!
4 for 1.00; 8 for 1.98; 25 for 5.95

FRINGED PARROT TULIPS

1590 Rare, spectacular blooms in a gorgeous array of brilliant colors. Huge 5 to 6 in flowers have unusual green markings, fringed and feathered petals. 26".
7 for 1.00; 14 for 1.98; 50 for 6.75

ARTIST

1540 A fantastic array of colors — all in one big, gorgeous bloom. Wide, pointed, flaring petals are green, shading to gold and rose on 20 in. stems. Supply limited!
3 for 1.00; 6 for 1.98; 25 for 7.95

BLUE MOON

1545 A spectacular new flower — almost 3 ft. high! Huge, soft blue-lilac blooms have bright blue star-centers. Long lasting flower on a strong stem!
4 for 1.00; 8 for 1.98; 25 for 5.95

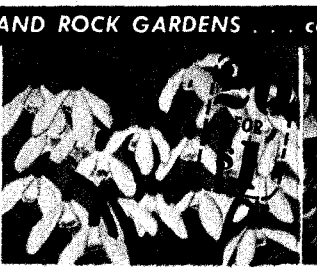
EARLY BLOOMING MINIATURES FOR BORDERS AND ROCK GARDENS . . . colorful, easy to grow.

MIXED CROCUS

Blazes of bloom! Largest flowers from Jumbo Bulbs. All colors in each mix — even stripes! **1707** Large: 35 for 1.00; 70 for 1.98; 100 for 2.75. **1708** Jumbo: 20 for 1.00; 40 for 1.98; 100 for 4.75

GRAPE HYACINTHS

1719 Dainty, rich blue companions to early Daffodils! Long-lasting blooms, and Bulbs multiply rapidly into a sea of color! Perfect for rock gardens!
20 for 1.00; 40 for 1.98; 100 for 4.75



SNOWDROPS

1710 Early blooming teardrops of snowy white! Each Bulb yields several green-tipped white blooms on 5" stems. Multiply quickly into a carpet! Hardy!
20 for 1.00; 40 for 1.98; 100 for 4.75

GIANT PINK BUTTERCUPS

1756 Big, clear-pink, Buttercup-like flowers, massed on 3 in. stems. will carpet your garden for weeks. Very hardy, with decorative gray-green foliage.
10 for 1.00; 20 for 1.98; 50 for 4.85

BRECK'S OF BOSTON SEEDSMEN SINCE 1818

Sale Ends July 15!

P.O. Box 25 • BOSTON, MASS.

Reserve my Bulbs in Holland NOW! When you bill me next fall, after planting, I'll pay only these reduced Advance Sale prices, plus postage. (Breck's pays import duty!)

NOTE: ***Due to pre-packing in Holland, Bulbs must be ordered ONLY in quantity-units listed, or in multiples thereof!***

QUANTITY	NUMBER	BULB	PRICE
		TOTAL	

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone ____ State _____

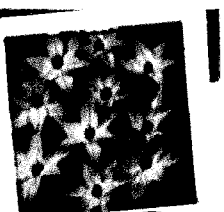
☐ **FREE BONUS!** For those who wish to save us bookkeeping costs by enclosing payment with this Order — we will pay ALL Postage, AND send 15 Spring Starflower Bulbs **FREE** with all orders of $3.00 or more! Check box and enclose payment to get **FREE BONUS!**

ORDER TODAY

Reserve your choice of Holland's finest Bulbs NOW — and pay after planting time if you wish! Take advantage of these sensational ADVANCE SALE PRICES, certain to increase by Fall! Many Bulbs offered in this ad are brand NEW varieties — and you protect yourself against possible later shortage by reserving your choice NOW! Mail the coupon at the left TODAY!

FREE!
15 SPRING STARFLOWERS

Our Bonus for you! If you wish to pay WITH your Order, we will pay all Postage — and send 15 FREE Spring Starflower Bulbs! Lovely soft blue stars that flower in May, year after year! Yours FREE, for sending payment with Order of $3 or more!



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PURIM GIFT

When the study had emptied, Father called me over and cautioned me to take heed of what may happen to those who do not study the Torah but concern themselves only with the vanities of this world.

The next Sabbath, after the *cholent*, the Sabbath stew, I went out on the balcony. The air was mild. The snow had long since melted. The pavements were dry. In the gutter flowed little streamlets whose ripples reflected the blue of the sky and the gold of the sun. The young couples of Krochmalna Street were starting out on their Sabbath walks. Suddenly the two who had sent each other the ugly gifts passed by. They walked arm in arm, chatting animatedly, smiling. A boy and his girl had quarreled—what of it?

I stood on the balcony in my satin gaberdine and my velvet hat, and gazed about me. How vast was this world, and how rich in all kinds of people and strange happenings! And how high was the sky above the rooftops! And how deep the earth beneath the flagstones! And why did men and women love each other? And where was God, who was constantly spoken of in our house? I was amazed, delighted, entranced. I felt that I must solve this riddle, I alone, with my own understanding.

REB CHAYIM GORSHKOVER

There was a group of "habitués" who visited our house regularly—men who came simply to see the rabbi, to unburden their hearts, to seek advice, or just to talk. There were even some among them who would sit in the kitchen and talk to my mother. One of these was Reb Chayim Gorshkover.

Reb Chayim was a poor man, and his poverty was inscribed on his face. He had a red nose and a long beard, which was a mixture of blond, brown, gray and many other colors. From under his bushy brows gazed eyes such as only a poor Jew can have. Their color was amber. In them glowed an ancient goodness and a submissiveness formed by generations of exile and suffering. There was in him a respect and reverence for every adult and every child, for every living creature. The saying "He would not hurt a fly" fitted him literally. Frequently a fly would alight on his red nose, but he would not chase it away. Was he, Chayim Gorshkover, to presume to tell a fly where it was permitted to stand and where not?

In the eyes of Reb Chayim Gorshkover my father was the right hand of God, and he looked upon my mother with a mixture of awe and admiration. He himself did not know how to write, and my mother wrote letters for him to his children in America. Mother was a scholar in her own right. Whenever he came to our house, he tried to serve her in some way. He was willing to sweep up, to run an errand, but Mother would not permit a man to do such menial tasks for her.

Reb Chayim was, in the fullest meaning of the word, a pauper. His wife worked as a chicken plucker in Yanash's court. They lived in a cellar. His shoulders were bent and round. His voice was that of a rooster. His clothes were ragged and patched. Often the interlining could be seen through the rents. Bunches of hair sprouted from his ears and nostrils. His beard covered his face almost to the eyes.

This man had two passions.

One was to recite Psalms or other holy words. Even as he sat and talked with my mother, his sunken lips would begin to mumble, and we knew that he was hurriedly reciting a verse, or even an entire chapter, from the Book of Psalms. He knew almost all the Psalms by heart.

His second passion was to speak of Gorshkov. He had left Gorshkov many years ago, but it had remained the source of all his yearnings. All that was beautiful and good was in Gorshkov. All that was ugly and pagan was in Warsaw. Gorshkov was, for Reb Chayim, the Promised Land—a foretaste of Paradise.

A journey to Gorshkov would have required two full days, for the train went only as far as Rejowiec and after that one had to proceed by oxcart. Such a journey was for him an utter impossibility, a dream that could not be fulfilled. He could only yearn for Gorshkov. At the mere mention of Gorshkov, tears would rise in Reb Chayim's eyes and fall upon his beard.

Difficult as it was to believe, Reb Chayim actually owned a building in Gorshkov—a one-room shack, a ruin rather than a house. It was inhabited by a relative who paid no rent. This shack caused Reb Chayim all kinds of trouble. A sanitation commission dispatched by the governor of Lublin found that a wall was about to cave in, and Reb Chayim was fined. Since he could not pay the fine, he went to jail. He spent eight days in prison among thieves and hoodlums. We did not know what had happened to him.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REB CHAYIM GORSHKOVER

When he was released and came to tell us of his misfortune, my mother tried to persuade him to sell this "property," or even to give it to the relative who lived in it, but Reb Chayim demurred. "As long as the house is mine, I am still a Gorshkover, my name is still remembered there."

It did not take long before Reb Chayim was fined again. The chimney sweep had long neglected to clean the soot from the flue, and a fire broke out. The shack did not burn down, but Reb Chayim was fined and once more went to prison.

He came to us to have letters written to his children and to talk of Gorshkov. Both my parents came from that part of the country and we children knew why Reb Chayim came and what he was waiting for.

I would say, "Reb Chayim, what's new in Gorshkov?"

There would be a deep sigh, a sigh torn from the soul's innermost depths. The beard would begin to quiver like the tail of a chicken. His moustache would begin to tremble, and from the toothless mouth would come a wheezing and rumbling like an old clock preparing to strike the hour.

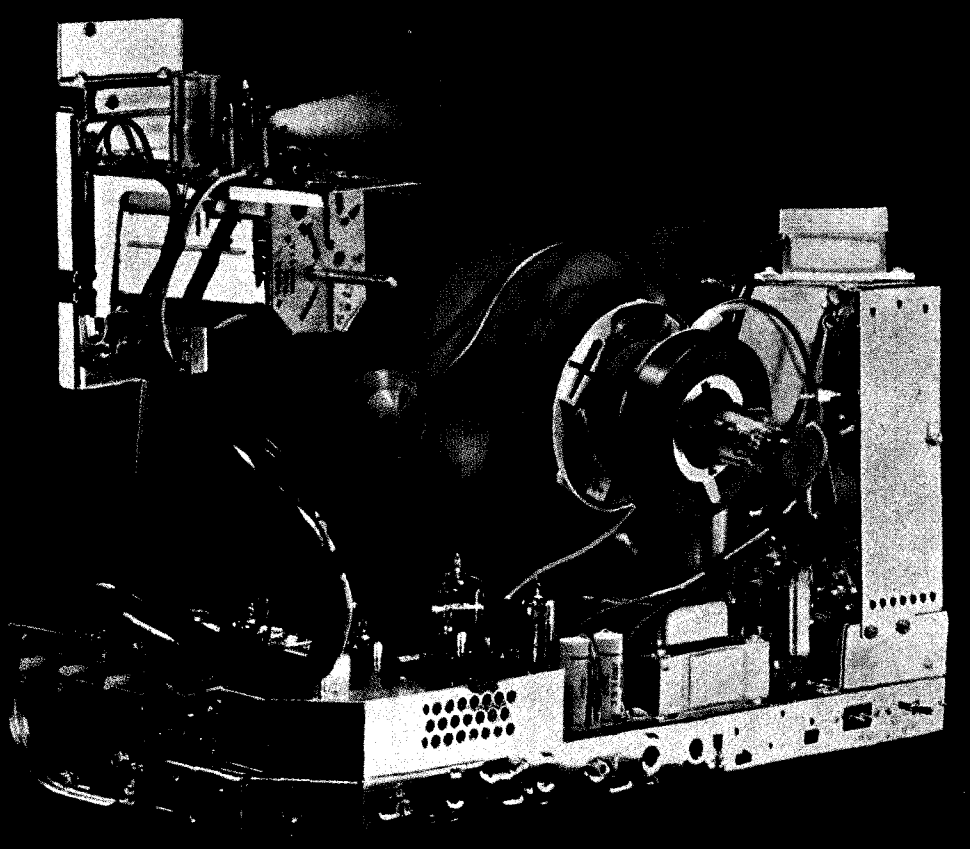
"Gorshkov, eh? Gorshkov was a Garden of Eden, and here we are in Gehenna. What do we know here of the Sabbath, of the holidays? Can one be a real Jew in Warsaw? Does life here have a value? Everyone rushes, everyone runs. In Gorshkov we began to prepare for the Sabbath on Wednesday. My mother—may she intercede for us in the other world—herself baked the Sabbath bread. A little dough remained in the bucket and during the week it turned into yeast.

"Who ever heard of coal in Gorshkov? A peasant brought wood from the forest. My father—may he rest in peace—sawed and chopped it himself. Then we would carefully arrange the kindling in the stove and light it with a shaving. At once the stove would begin to get warm. Can you warm yourself properly in Warsaw? Coal is a curse. If you close the vent, the room is filled with smoke. If you leave it open, you might as well be out in the frost. In Gorshkov, when one made a fire there was a pleasant warmth. Mother baked her own cookies. Warsaw bread is too fresh and has no body. You can eat and eat it and remain hungry. But in Gorshkov, every piece of bread had the taste of Paradise. And if you spread chicken fat on it and covered it with crisp strips of chicken skin—it just melted in your mouth!

"And the Sabbath loaves in Gorshkov! What is the taste of store-bought hallah? In Gorshkov, caraway seeds were caraway seeds, and poppy seeds were poppy seeds. Mother would dip a feather in the yolk of an egg and spread it over the braided loaves. And the cookies! And the *cholent!* Here the *cholent* is either half done or burnt. You have to keep it in the baker's oven together with hundreds of other *cholents*. But in Gorshkov my mother kept the *cholent* in her oven and sealed the oven door with dough.

"And the pudding! Does anyone in Warsaw know how to prepare a real pudding? When my mother made a noodle pudding or stuffed a derma, or baked a pie, it took your breath away. And the candied fruits? There was a pear tree in our yard that bore tiny hard pears. Mother would dry these until they became as sweet as sugar.

ADMIRAL



At last! A portable TV chassis with all the power and performance of a console

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When they were cooked in a casserole with a stick of cinnamon, their fragrance filled the house.

"*Nu*, and the synagogue? Does anyone really pray in Warsaw? One rushes through the prayers. Before they have completed the *Aleinu*, they already rush out. Back home one did not cheat while praying. When our cantor sang *Welcome, O Bride* on Friday nights, the very walls sang with him.

"And the Gorshkov wine! Here one buys a bottle from the wine merchant, and it tastes like vinegar. My father made his own raisin wine. First he would cook the wine for more than an hour, then he would squeeze it through a cloth—and when you drank it for the Friday-night kiddush, it raced through every limb of your body."

Mother would smile. She heard this paean every week. She also knew that the raisin wine of Gorshkov was not nearly as fabulous as Reb Chayim imagined. But, in the presence of this simple man, she would not utter a word in defense of Warsaw or against Gorshkov. She listened to him and nodded her head. I, however, being already somewhat brazen, would ask, "Was there a streetcar in Gorshkov?"

"May God give you good health! What need was there for a streetcar in Gorshkov?"

"And were there any buildings four stories tall?"

"Who needs to climb up so many stairs? In Gorshkov one walks straight into the parlor, even in the houses of the richest men."

But, as if Warsaw were not heathenish enough, it was Reb Chayim's sad fate that all his children had gone to New York. One had gone first and sent for the others, and before Reb Chayim had quite realized what had happened, he was childless. His sons wrote that in comparison with New York, Warsaw was a mere village. In New York, trains ran across the rooftops. The buildings were so tall one had to twist one's neck to see the top. If one wished to go to another part of the city, one rode in an underground train.

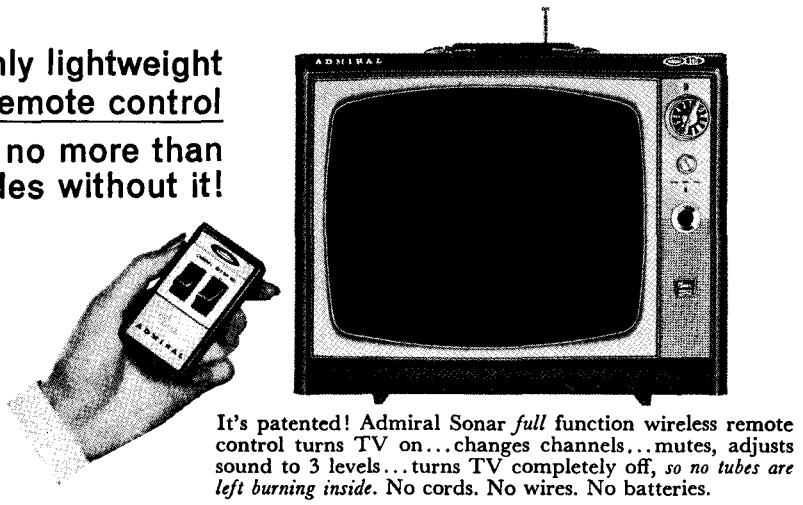
Reb Chayim's children wrote long letters full of horrible misspellings. No one except my mother could decipher them. Once even she was stuck on a word that took up an entire line. Everyone in the house tried to read it, but it was illegible. Suddenly, after she had nearly despaired of unscrambling this mystery, Mother suddenly burst into laughter. The word was simply a running-together of the phrase *Hol Hamoed Sukkoth*—the intermediary days of the Feast of Tabernacles! It was truly a model of how many mistakes could be made in one word.

Reb Chayim had an eldest daughter whom we did not know, for she had gone to America before my parents came to Warsaw. This daughter complained bitterly about America in every letter. The food was tasteless. The bread was not real bread, the hallah not real hallah, the Sabbath no Sabbath, the festivals no festivals. Photographs arrived showing Reb Chayim's sons, daughters, sons-in-law and daughters-in-law all dressed up, the men even in stiff-brimmed hats, sometimes top hats and tails. Reb Chayim hardly recognized his children. As if Warsaw were not enough of a Sodom, his children had to wander off to a world where people walked on their heads, where everything was topsy-turvy!

Year after year the letters from New York became more and more difficult to understand, for they were full of English phrases. Over there, apparently, they had forgotten that in Warsaw people did not speak English. All the children begged Reb Chayim and his wife to come to New York. There the old folks would be able to enjoy life. They wanted to send the steamship tickets! But Reb Chayim smiled sadly and shrugged. Did he not have troubles enough in Warsaw that he should seek new ones in New York? Was there not enough heathenishness in Warsaw without his going to New York to seek it?

Reb Chayim had only one dream: to return to Gorshkov for his last days

The only lightweight 16" portable TV with remote control
(overall diag. meas.)
...and it costs no more than most other portables without it!



It's patented! Admiral Sonar *full* function wireless remote control turns TV on...changes channels...mutes, adjusts sound to 3 levels...turns TV completely off, *so no tubes are left burning inside*. No cords. No wires. No batteries.

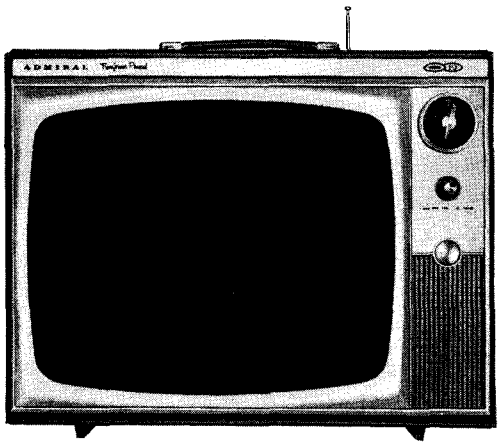
No other portable TV will outperform, outlast the amazing new Admiral

The remarkable story behind the superior performance and dependability of the new 1963 Admiral portables starts with three new revolutionary Admiral chassis.

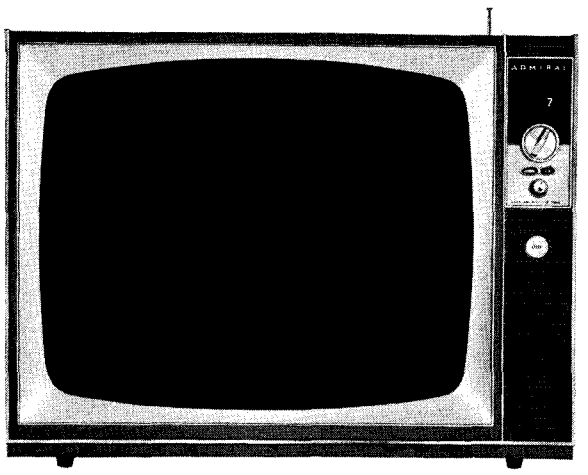
No other portables give you more power...up to a *full* 23,000 volts of picture pulling power. To harness all this power, Admiral precision engineered a new extra-sensitive TV tuner that reaches out and extends fringe area reception further than ever before...pulls in what are unquestionably the finest pictures ever achieved in portable TV.

Shown at left is the new cooler-operating, horizontal 19″ portable chassis—transformer-powered and precision-crafted. Admiral-pioneered precision wiring is so exact it virtually eliminates all service headaches!

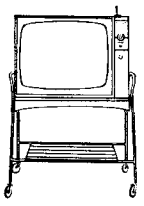
See the brilliant new 1963 precision-crafted 16″, 19″ and 23″ quality Admiral portables now, in a wide selection of colors and finishes, at your Admiral dealer ...starting at $129.95*.



Brilliant movie-square 19″ Admiral picture
(overall diag. meas.)
20,000 volts of power! Sound out front. Telescopic monopole antenna. All-front tuning controls. Costly safety glass faceplate. New extra-sensitive Admiral tuner. P9020 Series.



MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
ADMIRAL

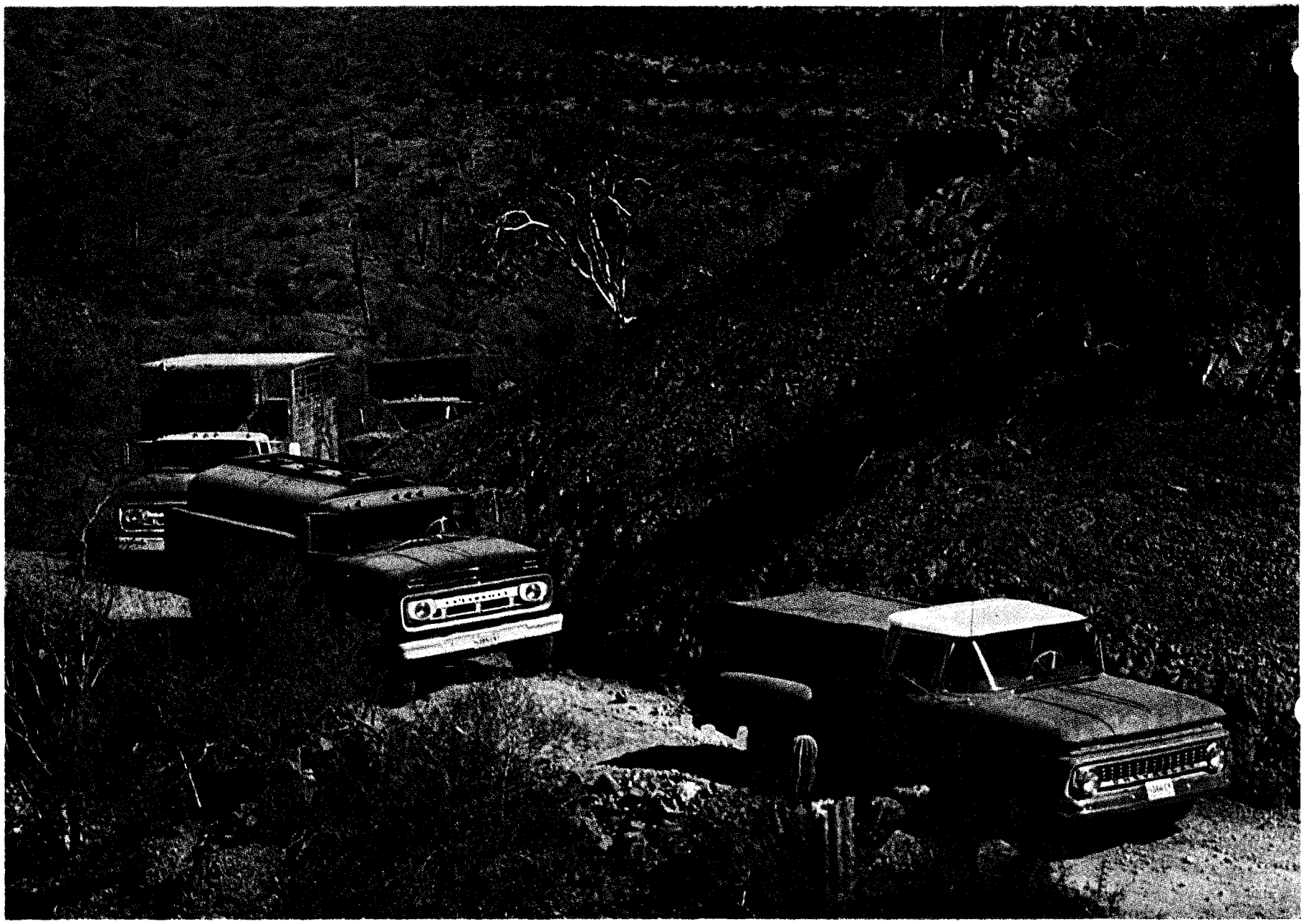


First and only 23″ portable TV
(overall diag. meas.)
23,000 volt console performance in the trim silhouette of a portable. Bonded picture tube. Digital tuning. Finished sculptured back. Roll-about stand available. T3020 Series.

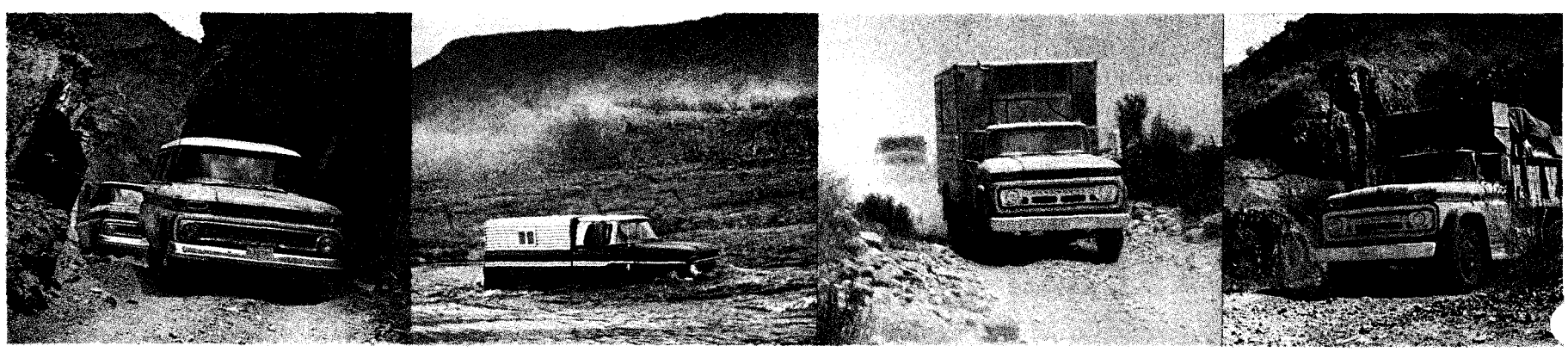
*Mfg. suggested retail price—slightly higher some areas. UHF optional extra. Admiral, Chicago. Canadian Admiral, Port Credit, Ontario.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is why '63 Chevrolet Trucks



THEY HANDLED THIS KIND OF PUNISHMENT! These are the trucks that showed how tough they are on the toughest run under the sun—Mexico's Baja *(bah'hah)* Run—over terrain that punished new engines, frames, suspension systems, all components . . . harder than you ever will.



CHIEF ENGINE & CHASSIS ADVANCEMENTS FOR '63

NEW HIGH TORQUE *230-cu.-in. and 292-cu.-in. 6-cylinder engines are more efficient and powerful than their predecessor weighing less but able to pull more.* **ALL CONVENTIONAL** *light-duty models now have independent front suspension with ne coil springs* ***fighting road shock*** *for the benefit of truck, load and driver, but requiring no adjusting.* **REAR SUSPENSION** *c ½- and ¾-ton models is* ***variable-rate coil*** *which stiffens as the load increases and vice versa. Auxiliary rear springs are availab for extreme service in Series C10 and C20 at extra cost.* **ALL MODELS NOW HAVE LADDER-TYPE FRAMES,** *fabricated of extr*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are called the "New Reliables"

THEY CAN HANDLE YOUR KIND OF WORK! You can be sure 1963 Chevrolet trucks are the strongest we've ever built . . . built to do the work you buy them for year after year at low operating expense with just normal care and attention.

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

igh-strength steel. Parallel channel side rails simplify special body installation. **SOLID FRONT AXLE AND VARIABLE-RATE SPRINGS** *all around are now standard on all medium- and heavy-duty models. You get more spring action when empty or loaded light for a better ride; stiff spring action when loaded heavy for greater stability. Across the fenders, width is* **UP TO 7 INCHES NARROWER** *on conventional medium- and heavy-duty units. You can* ***see better, maneuver easier*** *in tight quarters.*

CHEVROLET

QUALITY TRUCKS ALWAYS COST LESS

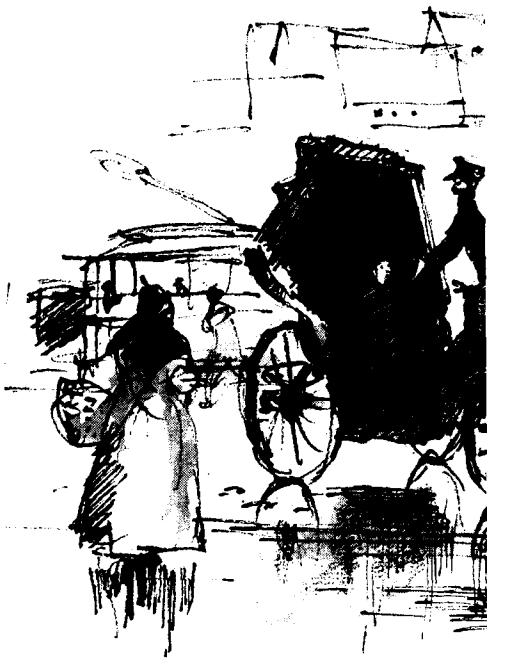
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REB CHAYIM GORSHKOVER

and to be buried in its cemetery. If it had not been God's will that he live his life in Gorshkov, let him at least find his last resting place there. But the First World War broke out. Warsaw was under German rule, while Gorshkov belonged to Austria. In order to reach Gorshkov, one needed a passport, a visa, a permit to cross the border.

When the Germans entered Warsaw and the great famine began, I heard Reb Chayim speak longingly of the paradise Warsaw had been before the war—when everything was cheap, when his wife brought home for the Sabbath half a goose, a derma, giblets, hallah, cakes. Again his tears flowed. But now we no longer scoffed. We, too, were hungry, I was half grown by then, and I would say to him, "Reb Chayim, do you remember how you used to complain about Warsaw? You yearned only for Gorshkov."

Reb Chayim raised his yellowish eyes. His moist glance said silently, "Who dares even think of Gorshkov now?"



When times were good, I would get a two-groschen piece from Father or Mother every day. For me this piece—or kopeck—represented all worldly pleasures. Across the street was Esther's sweetshop, where one could buy chocolates, jelly beans, candy squares, ice cream, caramels and all sorts of cookies. Since I had begun at an early age to write copy exercises, and had a weakness for drawing and coloring with crayons, which cost money, a kopeck proved not nearly so large a coin as Father and Mother made it out to be. There were times when I was forced to borrow money from a heder classmate, a young usurer who demanded interest—for every four groschen I paid a groschen a week.

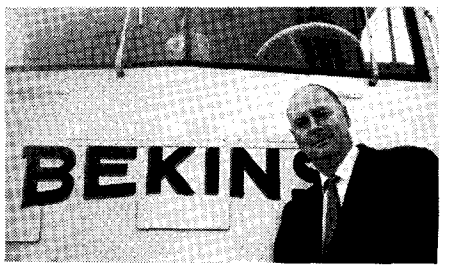
Now imagine the indescribable joy that I felt when I once earned a whole ruble!

I no longer remember exactly how I came to earn that ruble. I think it happened like this: Someone had ordered a pair of kidskin boots from a shoemaker, but upon delivery the boots proved to be either too tight or too loose. The man who had ordered them refused to accept them, and the shoemaker summoned him to a *Din Torah*. Father sent me to another shoemaker to ask him to appraise the value of the boots or perhaps even to buy them, since he also dealt in readymade footwear. It so happened that the second shoemaker had a customer who wanted the boots and was prepared to pay a good price for them. I do not recall all the details, but I remember that I carried a pair of brand-new boots around, and that one of the litigants rewarded me with a ruble.

I knew that if I stayed home, my parents would ruin that ruble. They would buy me something to wear which I would have got in any case, or they

"This wooden figure is a representative from Employers Mutuals used to show how to lift correctly. I agree he's not a typical Wausau man, but the way he helps our men understand a safety precaution typifies Employers Mutuals' thorough service," says Mr. Shaw.

Wausau Story



1000 MOVES A DAY—NO STRAIN!

by LUCIEN W. SHAW, *Executive Vice President, Bekins Van and Storage Company, Los Angeles, California*

"START AT CLOSING TIME FRIDAY, move a whole company—4½ million pounds of office equipment—into a new building so that everything is in place for work on Monday morning. Carry an anxious lady's houseful of antiques from coast to coast. Store a company's business records, yet have each file available for immediate reference. A famous actor wants his career of films kept safe. Bekins does them all.

"To handle jobs like these we have facilities all over the U.S. and in many foreign countries. Safety—both of our customers' goods and of our 2,000 employees is a vital concern of ours. That's why we chose Employers Mutuals of Wausau for our workmen's compensation insurance. Country-wide like us, they are able to give us fast, efficient service. And we like their dedication to accident prevention. Their safety engineers help us regularly with training programs and practical recommendations. From the thoughtful attention they give us, it's clear to see why Employers Mutuals are called 'good people to do business with'."

Employers Mutuals of Wausau, one of America's largest and most experienced underwriters of workmen's compensation, also writes group health and accident, fidelity bonds, and all forms of fire and casualty insurance, including automobile. See your telephone directory or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau

145 Offices Coast to Coast
"Good people to do business with"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A DAY OF PLEASURES

would borrow the ruble from me and, though they would never deny the debt, I would never see it again. I therefore took the ruble and decided for once to indulge myself in the pleasures of this world, to enjoy all those good things for which my heart yearned.

I quickly passed through Krochmalna Street. Here everyone knew me too well. Here I could not afford to act the profligate. But on Gnojna Street I was unknown. I signaled to the driver of a droshky, and he stopped.

"What do you want?"

"To ride."

"Ride where?"

"To the other streets."

"What other streets?"

"To Nalewki Street."

"That costs forty groschen. Have you got the money to pay?"

I showed him the ruble.

"But you'll have to pay me in advance."

I gave the driver the ruble. He tried bending it to see whether it was counterfeit. Then he gave me my change—four forty-groschen pieces. I got into the droshky. The driver cracked his whip and I almost fell off the bench. The houses began to move backward. The seat under me bounced on its springs. Passers-by stared at the little boy riding alone in a droshky, without any bundles. The droshky made its way among trolley cars, other droshkies, carts, delivery vans. I felt that I had suddenly assumed the importance of an adult. God in Heaven, if I could only ride like this for a thousand years, by day and by night, without stop, to the ends of the earth. . . .

But the driver turned out to be a dishonest man. When we had gone only halfway, he stopped and said, "Enough. Get down!"

"But this is not Nalewki Street!" I argued.

"Do you want a taste of my whip?" he answered.

Oh, if only I were Samson the Strong, I'd know how to take care of such a bandit, such a boor! I would have pulverized him, chopped him into little pieces, beaten him up! But I am only a small weak boy, and he is cracking his whip.

I got down, shamed and depressed. But how long can you mourn when you have four forty-groschen pieces in your pocket? I saw a sweetshop and went in to select my merchandise. I bought everything, something of every kind. And as I bought, I tasted. The other customers looked at me with disdain; they probably suspected I had stolen the money. One girl exclaimed, "Just look at that little Hasid!"

"Hey, you ninny, may an evil spirit possess your father's son!" one boy called out to me.

I left, laden with sweets. Then I reached Krasinski Park. I was nearly run over while crossing the street. I entered the park and ate some of the delicacies. A boy passed by and I gave him a chocolate bar. Instead of saying thank you, he grabbed it and ran off. I walked over to the lake and fed the swans—with chocolate. Women pointed their fingers at me, laughed, made comments in Polish. Daintily dressed girls, with hoops and balls, came over to me and I chivalrously and prodigally distributed my sweets among them. At that moment I felt like a rich nobleman distributing largess.

After a while I was without candies, but I still had some money. I decided to take another droshky. When I sat in the second droshky and the driver asked where I wanted to go, I really wanted to say, "To Krochmalna Street." But someone inside of me, an invisible glutton, answered instead, "To Marszalkowska Street."

"What number?"

I invented a number.

This coachman was honest. He took me to the address and did not ask for the money in advance. On the way another droshky rolled alongside ours; inside sat a lady with an enormous

headache? take aspirin

TENSION?

take

COMPŌZ®

You won't put up with a headache . . . why put up with simple nervous tension? It can be exhausting. Compōz is a sedative for the temporary *relief* of simple nervous tension. It helps calm you to feel relaxed, face responsibility. Compōz, taken as directed, does for tension what aspirin does for headache—and it's just as easy to buy at your favorite drug department. No prescription needed. Distributed by Jeffrey Martin Laboratories, Inc., Union, N. J.

VIOBIN
Wheat Germ Oil

HELPS HEART ACTION
GIVES MORE STRENGTH
• STAMINA • VIGOR •

PROVED 10 years — 600 persons
University Experiments

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES—
only VioBin Oil PROVED helpful.

Send NOW for FREE book #7

PROMETOL—8 to 1 vigor factor concentrate VioBin Oil. Same benefits—NO fat calories.

Liquid & Capsules

VIOBIN MONTICELLO, ILLINOIS

MONEY...

In Your Spare Time

Spare-time income can help you meet expenses. Write for details about our subscription-selling plan. No obligation.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
758 Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.

QUICK DRYING!

Rez

20

CLEAR WOOD FINISH

Dries to the touch in 20 minutes

REZ WOOD-TONES, INC.
Dept. 147, P.O. Box 142, Springdale, Pa.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A DAY OF PLEASURES

bosom and a big hat decorated with an ostrich feather. My driver chatted with the other driver. Both spoke in Yiddish, which the lady did not like at all. Even less did she like the little passenger with the black velvet hat and the red earlocks. She threw angry looks at me. From time to time both droshkies stopped to let a streetcar or a heavily laden wagon pass by. A policeman who stood near the tracks stared at me, at the lady, seemed for a minute about to come over and arrest me—and then began to laugh. I was terribly afraid. I was afraid of God, of my mother and father, and I was also afraid lest a hole had suddenly appeared in my pocket and my money had fallen through. And what if the driver was a robber who would carry me off to some dark cave? Perhaps he was a magician. And perhaps all this was only a dream. But no, the driver was not a robber, and he did not carry me off to the twelve thieves in the desert. He took me exactly to the address I had given him, a big house with a gateway, and I paid him the forty groschen.

"Whom are you going to see?" he asked me.

"A doctor," I answered without hesitation.

"What's the matter with you?"

"I cough."

"You're an orphan, eh?"

"Yes, an orphan."

"From out of town?"

"Yes."

"From where?"

I gave him the name of some town.

"Do you wear the fringed garment?"

This last question I did not answer. What concern of his were my ritual fringes? I wanted him to drive off, but he remained there with his droshky, and I could delay no longer—I had to enter the gateway. But behind the gate there lurked a gigantic dog. He looked at me with a pair of knowing eyes that seemed to say: You may fool the coachman, but not me. I know you have no business here. And he opened a mouth full of sharp, pointed teeth.

Suddenly the janitor appeared. "And what do you want?"

I tried to stammer something, but he shouted at me, "Get away from here!"

And he began to chase me with a broom. I started to run, and the dog let out a savage howl. The droshky driver was probably a witness to my discomfiture—but alone against a broom, a janitor and a dog, a small boy cannot be a hero.

Things were not going well with me, but I still had some money left. And with money one can find pleasures anywhere. I saw a fruit store and went in. I ordered the first fruit I saw, and when it came to paying, my money was just barely enough. I parted with my last groschen.

I no longer remember what kind of fruit it was. It must have been a pomegranate or something equally exotic. I could not peel it, and when I ate it, it had a poisonous taste. Nevertheless I devoured it all. But then I was overcome by a horrible thirst. My throat was parched and burning. I had only one desire—to drink. Oh, if only I had money now! I could have emptied a gallon of soda water! But I had nothing and, furthermore, I was far from home.

I started to walk home. I walked and suddenly I felt a nail inside my boot. It pierced my skin at every step. How did the nail happen to be there just then? I stepped into a gateway. Here there were no dogs and no janitors. I took off the boot. Inside, right through the inner sole, a pointy nail was sticking out. I stuffed some paper into the boot and set out again. Oh, how bitter it is to walk when an iron nail pricks you at every step! And how bitter it must be to lie on a bed of nails in Gehenna! This day I had committed many sins. I had said no blessing before eating the sweets, I had not given even one groschen of all my money to the poor. I had only gorged myself!

The way home took about two hours. All manner of frightening thoughts beset me as I walked. Perhaps something terrible had happened at home. Perhaps I had not been lying when I told the coachman I was an orphan, but at the very moment when I said it I was in truth orphaned. Perhaps I had no father, no mother, no home. Perhaps my face had changed, like that of the man in the storybook, and when I came home Father and Mother would not recognize me. Anything was possible!

A boy saw me and stopped me. "Where are you coming from? Your mother has been looking for you everywhere!"

"I was in Praga—I rode on a trolley," I said, telling lies now just for the sake of lying. Because once you have eaten without a blessing and committed other sins, then you can do anything—it no longer matters.

"Whom did you visit in Praga?"

"My aunt."

"Since when do you have an aunt in Praga?"

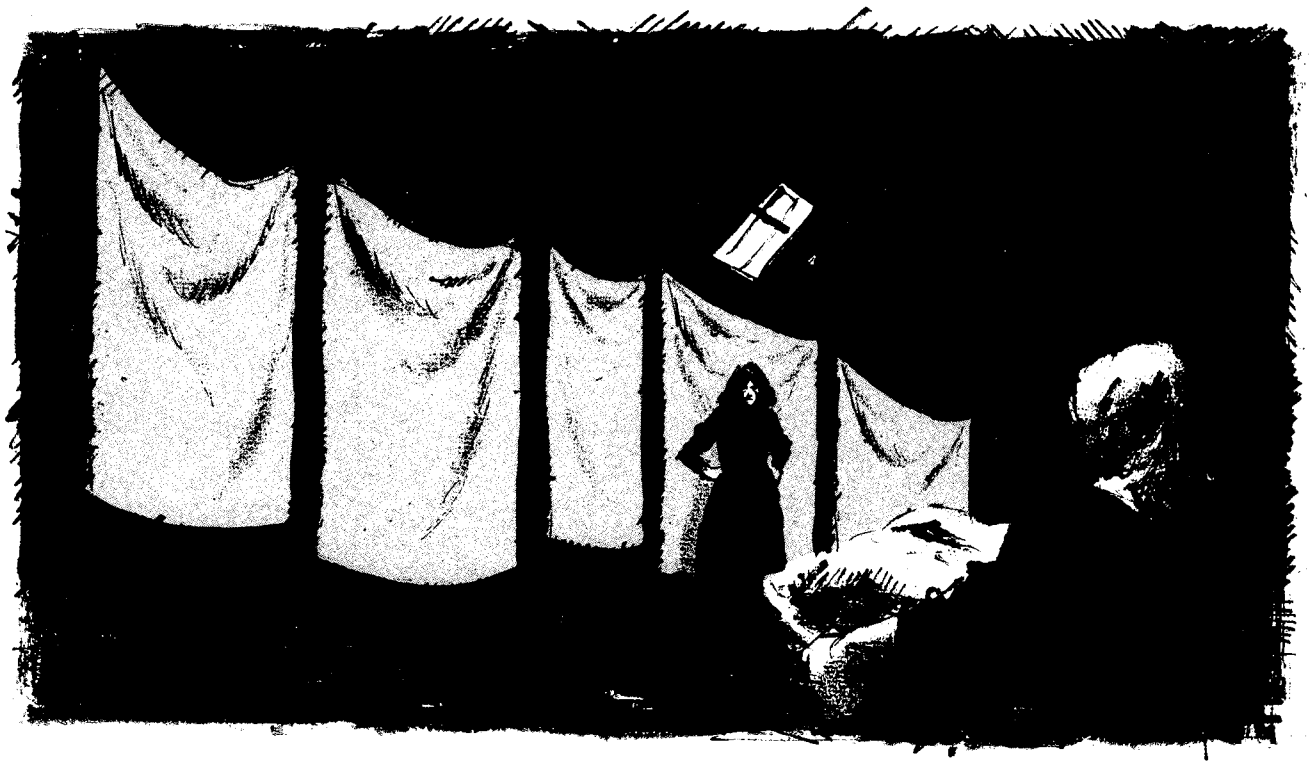
"She just came to Warsaw."

"Go on, you're fibbing. Your mother is looking for you. Swear you were in Praga."

I swore falsely too. Afterward I came home, tired, sweating—a lost soul. I pounced upon the water faucet and began to drink, to drink. Thus must Esau have devoured the mess of pottage for which he sold his birthright.

Mother wrung her hands.

"Just look at that child!"



THE WASHWOMAN

Our home had little contact with Gentiles. The only Gentile in the house was the janitor. Fridays he would come for a tip, his "Friday money." He remained standing at the door, took off his hat, and my mother gave him six groschen.

Besides the janitor there were also the Gentile washwomen who came to the house to fetch our laundry. My story is about one of these.

She was a small woman, old and wrinkled. When she started washing for us she was already past seventy. Most Jewish women of her age were sickly, weak, broken in body. All the old women in our street had bent backs and leaned on sticks when they walked. But this washwoman, small and thin as she was, possessed a strength that came from generations of peasant forebears. Mother would count out to her a bundle of laundry that had accumulated over several weeks. She would lift the unwieldy pack, load it on her narrow shoulders and carry it the long way home. She also lived on Krochmalna Street, but at the other end, near Wola. It must have been a walk of an hour and a half.

She would bring the laundry back about two weeks later. My mother had never been so pleased with any other washwoman. Every piece of linen sparkled like polished silver. Every piece was ironed. Yet she charged no more than the others. She was a real find. Mother always had her money ready, because it was too far for the old woman to come a second time.

Laundering was not easy in those days. The old woman had no faucet where she lived but had to bring in the water from a pump. For the linens to come out so clean, they had to be scrubbed thoroughly in a washtub, rinsed with washing soda, soaked, boiled in an enormous pot, starched,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MASTER POOL BUILDER
SALES AND CONSTRUCTION OFFICES

ALABAMA
BIRMINGHAM
2827 Linden Avenue
MOBILE
600 N. Water Street
433-7920

ARIZONA
PHOENIX
1940 E. Indian School Road
264-4401

CALIFORNIA
BAKERSFIELD
507 W. Casa Loma Drive
TE. 1-6673
BURBANK
1011 W. Olive Avenue
TH. 8-5563
LA MESA
8026 Parkway Drive
HO. 9-6189
MARYSVILLE
426 "J" Street
742-8518
PALM SPRINGS
196 S. Indian Avenue
324-3371
SACRAMENTO
1327 65th Street
GL. 7-5755
SAN BERNARDINO
255 E. Base Line
TU. 3-9113
SAN GABRIEL
1734 S. New Avenue
AT. 9-4458
WHITTIER
11142 E. Whittier Blvd.
OX. 9-5212

COLORADO
DENVER
1239 Santa Fe Drive
825-8640

FLORIDA
ORLANDO
2141 W. Church Street
293-6110
TAMPA
102 North 13th Street

GEORGIA
DECATUR
886 Scott Circle
636-1472
DECATUR
3969 West Hilda Circle
284-5611
MARIETTA
1287 Powder Springs Road

INDIANA
FORT WAYNE
4721 Illinois Road
743-7484

KANSAS
OVERLAND PARK
7410 West 79th Street
NI. 8-5070

KENTUCKY
LEXINGTON
662 South Sheridan Drive
LOUISVILLE
32 S. Sheridan Road
GL. 4-3793

LOUISIANA
NEW ORLEANS
8616 Oak Street
861-8185
SHREVEPORT
5821 Line Avenue
865-4803

MARYLAND
BALTIMORE
3832 Washington Blvd.
CI. 2-0480
SILVER SPRING
9601 Lorain Avenue
JU. 7-9228

MASSACHUSETTS
MALDEN
595 Broadway
DA. 2-3800

MICHIGAN
DETROIT
19129 W. McNichols Road
KE. 2-6431

MINNESOTA
SAVAGE
Junction Hiway 101 & 13
TU. 1-2247

MISSOURI
ST. LOUIS
2566 Lucas-Hunt Road
EV. 5-4555
SPRINGFIELD
1318 St. Louis Street
UN. 5-3441

NEBRASKA
GRAND ISLAND
357 North Jefferson
DU. 2-4785
OMAHA
7726 Western Avenue
391-7230

NEW JERSEY
RAMSEY
527 Route 17
327-6000

NEW YORK
CLARENCE
4817 Kraus Road
759-8002
FAIRPORT
7244 Palmyra Road
DE. 1-3742
VOORHEESVILLE
WEST SENECA
Transit & Bullis Roads
NR. 4-3500

NORTH CAROLINA
GREENSBORO
5815 Friendly Road
299-7044

OHIO
KETTERING
2025 E. Dorothy Lane
AX. 8-2621
MAUMEE
P. O. Box 65
893-1011

OKLAHOMA
OKLAHOMA CITY
145 N. W. 63rd Street
JA. 5-2158
TULSA
1716 N. Memorial Drive
TE. 6-1320

OREGON
EUGENE
665 Horn Lane
DI. 4-8735

PENNSYLVANIA
BRYN MAWR
931 Lancaster Avenue
CANNONSBURG
480 Maplewood Drive

SOUTH CAROLINA
ANDERSON
2418 Pope Drive

TENNESSEE
KNOXVILLE
3301 Sutherland
588-3836
MEMPHIS
5581 Pleasant View Road

TEXAS
AMARILLO
2409 Western Avenue
FL. 5-3931
DALLAS
9747 Harry Hines Blvd.
FL. 2-3961
EL PASO
1540 E. San Antonio
KE. 2-5493
HOUSTON
3115 Kirby Drive
JA. 9-4643

UTAH
SALT LAKE CITY
424 S. Seventh Ave., East
DA. 2-0741

VIRGINIA
NEWPORT NEWS
29th & Huntington Avenue
CH. 7-6608
RICHMOND
2402 Northumberland Ave.
VIRGINIA BEACH
5210 Atlantic Avenue
GA. 8-2940

WASHINGTON
SEATTLE
10821 Bothell Way
EM. 4-2995
SEATTLE
527 Fairview Avenue North
MA. 3-8374

WEST INDIES
MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA
3 Roosevelt Avenue
2003

ANYBODY can afford a MASTER POOL!

Master Pools only look expensive — actually cost less than most ordinary pools . . . with exclusive features that greatly reduce pool care. Only in a Master Pool do you get Swimquip "MASTERLINE" filters and deck equipment coupled with "Systems Engineering," plus a Certificate of Insurance guarantying each swimming pool structure. Start living like a millionaire NOW . . . with your own Master Pool . . . the pool that won't become obsolete because it's years ahead! **Call your nearest sales office for a free copy of the Master Pool Guide today!** Estimates for the pool of your dreams without cost or obligation.

TRADE WINDS - The secluded natural setting of a beautiful mountain retreat.

HYDROTHERAPY WELL - New history making device for effervescent health and fun.

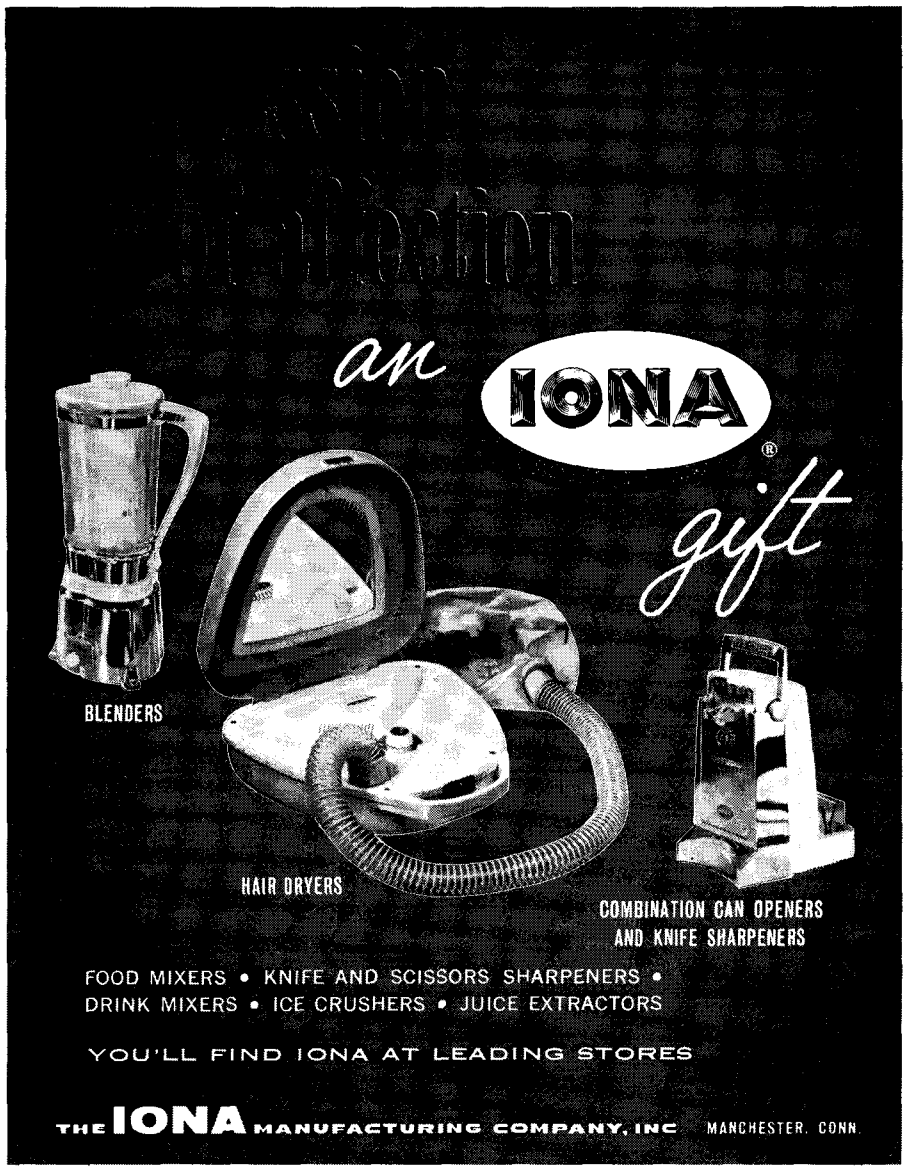
MANAKURAN - A variation in pool shape inviting fun and admiration.

MASTER POOLS
MASTER BUILDER
SWIMQUIP

MASTER POOLS

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
3301 GILMAN ROAD • EL MONTE, CALIFORNIA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Only Preparation H® Contains New Healing Substance That Can Shrink Hemorrhoids Without Surgery

Relieves Itching and Pain in Minutes.
Speeds Healing of Inflamed, Injured Tissues.

A world-famous research institute has discovered a new substance which now makes it possible to shrink and heal hemorrhoids *without surgery*. It relieves itching and pain in minutes, then speeds healing of the injured tissues all while actual reduction (shrinking) takes place.

Tests conducted under a doctor's observations proved this so – even in cases of 10 to 20 years' standing. And most amazing of all this very striking improvement was maintained over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough that sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem." All this was accomplished without the use of narcotics, astringents or anesthetics of any kind.

The secret is the astonishing new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) which quickly helps heal injured cells and stimulates regrowth of healthy tissue again. It is offered in *ointment* or *suppository* form called Preparation H®. In addition to actually shrinking hemorrhoids – Preparation H lubricates and makes elimination less painful. And it helps prevent infection, a principal cause of hemorrhoids. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories (easy to use away from home). Available at all drug counters.

corns?
JUST RUB ON
MOSCO
JARS 40¢ 70¢
CORN and callus removal guaranteed or money back. Fast, easy, economical. *Get Mosco today and ease those corns away!* At drug stores. Regular jar, 40¢, large economy jar, 70¢. Moss Chem. Co. Inc., Rochester, N.Y.
MOSCO

THE WASHWOMAN

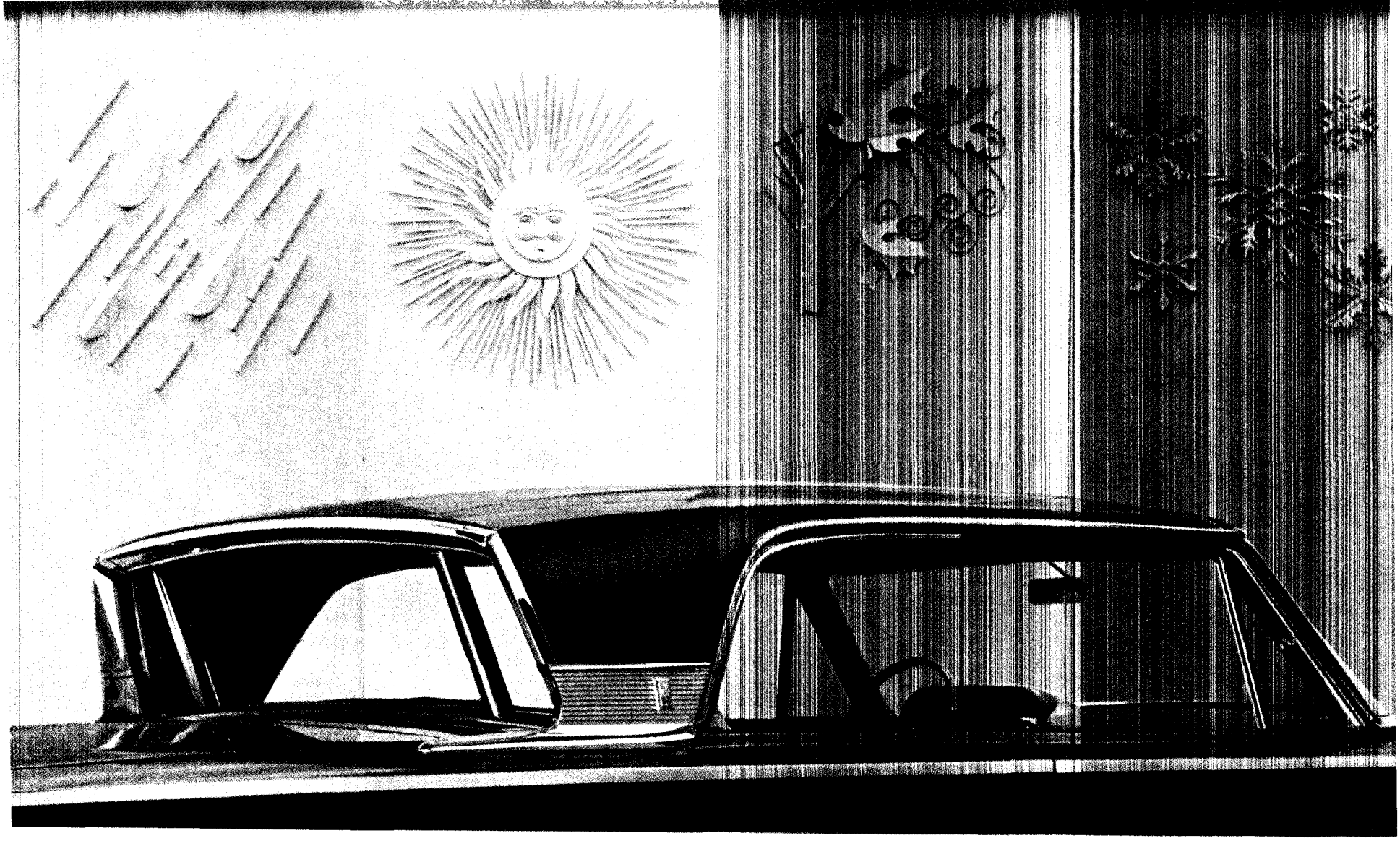
ironed. Every piece was handled ten times or more. And the drying! It could not be done outside, because thieves would steal the laundry. The wrung-out wash had to be carried up to the attic and hung on clotheslines. In the winter it would become as brittle as glass and almost break when touched. Then there was always a to-do with other housewives and washwomen who wanted the attic for their own use. Only God knew all she had to endure each time she did a wash!

The old woman could have begged at the church door, or entered a home for the indigent aged. But there was in her a certain pride and a love of labor with which the Gentiles have been blessed. The old woman did not want to become a burden, and thus she bore her burden.

My mother spoke a little Polish, and the old woman would talk with her about many things. She was especially fond of me and used to say that I looked like Jesus. She repeated this every time she came, and Mother would frown and whisper to herself, her lips barely moving, "May her words be scattered in the wilderness."

The woman had a son who was rich. I no longer remember what sort of business he had. He was ashamed of his mother, the washwoman, and never came to see her. Nor did he ever give her a groschen. The old woman told this without rancor. One day the son was married. It seemed that he had made a good match. The wedding took place in a church. The son had not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The roof with a reason for every season

SPRING: Rear window slants away from the weather, can be opened for ventilation even on rainy days.
SUMMER: The overhanging roof shades rear-seat passengers from the sun. No baked heads, shoulders.
FALL: No drafts or wind noise with Mercury's breezeway window. Side windows can remain closed.
WINTER: Rear window stays clearer of snow. Breezeway ventilation sweeps away stale air and smoke.

MERCURY
MONTEREY · MONTEREY CUSTOM
MARAUDER and S-55

COMET · METEOR · MERCURY... PRODUCTS OF Ford MOTOR COMPANY... LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Comet will wash and wear... and wear... and wear!

Stays new-looking longer, protects resale value. Comet is built for keeps—and to stay beautiful longer. Special rust-proofing and a super-enamel finish protect the Comet's body. New service-savers greatly reduce ownership costs for brakes, anti-freeze, oil and lubrication. And they're designed to keep Comet the resale value champion in its class.

'63 MERCURY COMET

COMET · METEOR · MONTEREY: PRODUCTS OF Ford MOTOR COMPANY · LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

invited the old mother to his wedding, but she went to the church and waited at the steps to see her son lead the "young lady" to the altar. I do not want to seem a chauvinist, but I believe that no Jewish son would have acted in this manner. But I have no doubt that, had he done this, the mother would have shrieked and wailed and sent the sexton to call him to account. In short, Jews are Jews and Gentiles are Gentiles.

The story of the faithless son left a deep impression upon my mother. She talked about it for weeks and months. It was an affront not only to the old woman but to the entire institution of motherhood. Mother would argue, "*Nu*, does it pay to make sacrifices for children? The mother uses up her last strength and he does not even know the meaning of loyalty."

And she would drop dark hints to the effect that she was not certain of her own children: Who knows what they would someday do? This, however, did not prevent her from dedicating her life to us. If there was any delicacy in the house, she would put it aside for the children, and invent all sorts of excuses and reasons why she herself did not want to taste it. She knew charms that went back to ancient times, and she used expressions she had inherited from generations of devoted mothers and grandmothers. If one of the children complained of a pain, she would say, "May I be your ransom and may you outlive my bones!" Or she would say, "May I be the atonement for the least of your fingernails." When we ate she used to say, "Health and marrow in your bones!" The day before the new moon she gave us a kind of candy that was said to prevent parasitic worms. If one of us had something in his eye, Mother would lick the eye clean with her tongue. She also fed us rock candy against coughs, and from time to time she would take us to be blessed against the evil eye. This did not prevent her from studying *The Duties of the Heart*, *The Book of the Covenant* and other serious philosophic works.

But to return to the washwoman.

That winter was a harsh one. The streets were in the grip of a bitter cold. No matter how much we heated our stove, the windows were covered with frostwork and decorated with icicles. The newspapers reported that people were dying of the cold. Coal became dear. The winter had become so severe that parents stopped sending children to the heder, and even the Polish schools were closed.

On one such day the washwoman, now nearly eighty years old, came to our house. A good deal of laundry had accumulated during the past weeks. Mother gave her a pot of tea to warm herself, as well as some bread. The old woman sat on a kitchen chair, trembling and shaking, and warmed her hands against the teapot. Her fingers were gnarled from work, and perhaps from arthritis too. Her fingernails were strangely white. These hands spoke of the stubbornness of mankind, of the will to work not only as one's strength permits but beyond the limits of one's power. Mother counted and wrote down the list: men's undershirts, women's vests, long-legged drawers, bloomers, petticoats, shifts, featherbed covers, pillowcases, sheets, and the men's fringed garments. Yes, the Gentile woman washed these holy garments as well.

The bundle was big, bigger than usual. When the woman placed it on her shoulders, it covered her completely. At first she swayed, as though she were about to fall under the load. But an inner obstinacy seemed to call out: No, you may not fall. A donkey may permit himself to fall under his burden, but not a human being, the crown of Creation.

It was fearful to watch the old woman staggering out with the enormous pack, out into the frost, where the snow was dry as salt, and the air was filled with dusty white whirlwinds, like goblins dancing in the cold. Would the old woman ever reach Wola?

She disappeared, and Mother sighed and prayed for her.

Usually the woman brought back the wash after two or, at the most, three weeks. But three weeks passed, then four and five, and nothing was heard of the old woman. We remained without linens. The cold had become even more intense. The telephone wires were now as thick as hawsers. The branches of the trees looked like glass. So much snow had fallen that the streets had become uneven, and on many streets sleds were able to glide down as on the slopes of a hill. Kindhearted people lit fires in the streets for vagrants to warm themselves and roast potatoes over, if they had any to roast.

For us the washwoman's absence was a catastrophe. We needed the laundry. We did not even know the woman's house address. It seemed certain that she had collapsed, died. Mother declared that she had had a premonition, as the old woman left our house the last time, that we would never see our things again. She found some torn old shirts and washed them, mended them. We mourned, both for the laundry and for the old, toilworn woman who had grown close to us through the years she had served us so faithfully.

More than two months passed. The frost had subsided, and then a new frost had come, a new wave of cold. One evening, while Mother was sitting near the kerosene lamp mending a shirt, the door opened and a small puff of steam, followed by a gigantic bundle, entered. Under the bundle tottered the old woman, her face as white as a linen sheet. A few wisps of white hair straggled out from beneath her shawl. Mother uttered a half-choked cry. It was as though a corpse had entered the room. I ran toward the old woman and helped her unload her pack. She was even thinner now, more bent. Her face had become more gaunt, and her head shook from side to side as though she were saying no. She could not utter a clear word, but mumbled

IT'S A HEARTBREAK when you have psoriasis. Heartbreaking, too, if you do nothing about those first signs of crusty patches of scaly skin.

Now! Relief from the itching and scaling that cause the

HEARTBREAK of PSORIASIS

New fast-acting formula works 3 ways to relieve these symptoms of PSORIASIS

IT'S A HEARTBREAK when psoriasis leaves your skin rough and scaly. A heartbreak when medications fail to bring even temporary relief!

Guarantees relief or your money back. Today, for the first time, comes the promise of new relief for millions who suffer the heartbreak of the itching and scaling of psoriasis. It's a new formula called TEGRIN.™

Unique triple-action cream

TEGRIN is a fast-acting cream that can be used as often as needed, even on the scalp! It's pleasant, easy to use—no lingering medical smell or stain. It's extra effective because it works three ways:

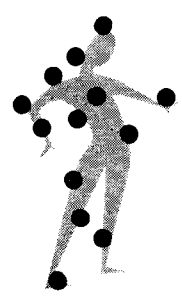
1—Special soothing action speeds relief of that persistent and tormenting itch.

2—Special de-scaling action works fast to remove embarrassing scales, without harmful skin irritation.

3—Helps control recurrence of new scales with continued use on the affected area.

Dramatic relief reported

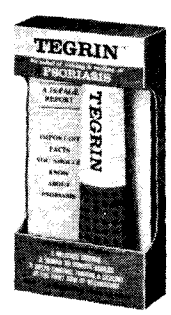
Tests prove TEGRIN's unique triple-action formula is so effective—brings such pronounced relief in so many cases—that we guarantee TEGRIN will leave your skin cleaner, clearer, smoother or we will refund every penny you paid. So why suffer from the itching and scaling that cause the heartbreak of psoriasis? Whenever these symptoms appear, get new TEGRIN!



Psoriasis symptoms—
13 common trouble spots:

(1) scalp
(2) neck
(3) shoulders
(4) elbows
(5) arms
(6) hands
(7) chest
(8) back
(9) mid areas
(10) knees
(11) thighs
(12) legs
(13) feet

No matter where itching and scaling of psoriasis may strike, new TEGRIN brings guaranteed relief.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Don't let stomach upset

...upset your day

Get liquid-quick relief

TAKE...

MILES PRODUCTS

THE WASHWOMAN

something with her sunken mouth and pale lips.

After the old woman had recovered somewhat, she told us that she had been ill, very ill. Just what her illness was I cannot remember. She had been so sick that someone had called a doctor, and the doctor had sent for a priest. Someone had informed the son, and he had contributed money for a coffin and for the funeral. But the Almighty had not yet wanted to take this pain-racked soul to Himself. She began to feel better, she became well, and as soon as she was able to stand on her feet once more she resumed her washing. Not just ours, but the wash of several other families too.

"I could not rest easy in my bed because of the wash," the old woman explained. "The wash would not let me die."

"With the help of God you will live to be a hundred and twenty," said my mother, as a benediction.

"God forbid! What good would such a long life be? The work becomes harder and harder—my strength is leaving me—I do not want to be a burden on anyone!"

The old woman muttered and crossed herself, and raised her eyes toward Heaven. Fortunately there was some money in the house, and Mother counted out what she owed. I had a strange feeling: The coins in the old woman's washed-out hands seemed to become as weary and clean and pious as she herself was. She blew on the coins and tied them in a kerchief. Then she left, promising to return in a few weeks for a new load of wash.

But she never came back. The wash she had returned was her last effort on this earth. She had been driven by an indomitable will to return the property to its rightful owners, to fulfill the task she had undertaken.

And now at last the body, which had long been no more than a broken shard, supported only by the force of honesty and duty, had fallen. The soul passed into those spheres where all holy souls meet, regardless of the roles they played on this earth, in whatever tongue, of whatever creed. I cannot imagine Eden without this washwoman. I cannot even conceive of a world where there is no recompense for such effort. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What a wonderful, different gift—Life Insurance!

For a wedding, birthday, graduation or other occasion, give the *present* with a *future*!

Gleaming silver, sparkling crystal, knick-knacks for the new household; they're all desirable wedding presents.

But there's another present that's different and unique, of more vital and enduring value to the newly married couple: a Lincoln Life insurance policy.

Life insurance offers the security of financial protection and can give young people a sound start on their road through married life.

In addition to financial protection, life insurance often brings home to young couples the value of a systematic program of saving, so important in a world of "spend-today, worry-tomorrow."

For birthdays and graduations, too, an insurance policy, with the first or the first few premiums paid, is a wise and practical gift.

Phone or write your Lincoln Life agent. He'll show you how easy it is to give the different and long-lasting gift, a Lincoln Life insurance policy. It's a gift that's *always* appreciated, *never* forgotten.

THE **Lincoln** NATIONAL **Life** INSURANCE COMPANY

ITS NAME INDICATES ITS CHARACTER

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POWER IN TRUST

by LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS

His silence would break faith with a friend. And yet he had no right to speak.

When Clitus Tilney heard Tower, Tilney & Webb criticized as a "law factory" and its opinions described as "assembly-line products," it did not bother him in the least. He knew the fashion among lawyers to affect aversion to administrative detail, to boast that their own firms were totally disorganized, that they practiced law in a bookish atmosphere suggestive of Victorian lithographs of county solicitors at rolltop desks, listening with wise smiles to the problems of younger men. But he also knew, from his own early days, the price paid for that kind of atmosphere: clerks unpromoted and underpaid, men kept dangling in the hope of partnership until they were too old to get other jobs, aged partners grabbing too much profit, an office staff bullied by those spoiled old tartars whom the hoodwinked regarded sentimentally as "treasures." And he knew what disorganization did to overhead. It might be feasible with twenty lawyers, but when Tilney had joined his present firm it already numbered thirty-four, and now, under his leadership, it had risen to seventy. These, with a staff of one hundred, occupied two great gleaming floors in a new glass cube on Wall Street, complete with modern paintings and a marble staircase and a reception hall paneled in white and gold, and it was not enough for Tilney to be the finest securities lawyer in New York. For every sixty minutes dedicated to the law he devoted twenty to administration. He was a housekeeper, a headmaster, a *Führer*.

His only concession to the informal school was that he looked as though he belonged to it. He had a large, shaggy gray head and a strong, furrowed, pensive face; his heavy frame, usually covered by unpressed tweed, was supported by long thin legs and matchstick ankles. But whether he was being charming as an after-dinner speaker, or stern with troublemakers at a stockholders' meeting, or whimsically philosophical with a group of his favorite clerks, he liked to think that his associates realized that his mind, however speculative and adventurous they found it, was still an instrument capable of recalling the price difference between roller towels and evaporating units for the washrooms.

Every leader must be prepared to tolerate expressions of individuality where they are harmless, and Tilney had the wisdom to interfere as little as possible with prima donnas. But there was one member of the firm in whose continued independence he saw something more dangerous than the theatrical gesticulation dear to the hearts of trial lawyers. Francis Hyde, a bald, bony, long-jawed old bachelor, as morose as he was dusty, represented that almost extinct species, the non-specialist lawyer. He would take on anything, without consulting his partners, from a corporate reorganization to a scandalous murder trial, and he blandly regarded Tilney's reorganized firm, in which he found himself a rare survivor from the old days, as a mere depot to supply him with stationery and clerks. Worse still, he made no secret of his contempt for the senior partner's high concept of the role of the bar in modern society. To Francis Hyde, lawyers were simple opportunists, and he considered those who argued otherwise to be hypocrites. A client's case was no more than the hand that Hyde had been dealt. Whether or not he could win with it was an elementary question of skill, as in the bridge rubbers that he played night after night over too many whiskeys in the Hone Club where he had lived for thirty-five years.

"Before he came, we were a law firm," Hyde used sneeringly to say of Clitus Tilney. "Now we're a boys' church school."

Matters between the two came to a crisis on the firm's spring outing at the Glenville Beach Club. Tilney was passing through the bar, after playing his eighteen holes of golf, when he noticed a little group of associates, still in their city clothes, who had spent the beautiful morning drinking in a dark cool corner. His lips had tightened with the disgust of one whose faith was in hard play when it was not in hard work. It did not surprise him to spot Francis Hyde's gleaming pate at the end of the table, the only partner in the unathletic little group. As Tilney paused, perspiring freely, his sweater and flannels a reproach, all eyes at the table turned to him. But if there was in Tilney's gaze, unconcealed by his perfunctory grin, some of the sternness of Abraham contemplating Sodom, there was no guilt in those other eyes. To his surprise and indignation, Tilney found himself surveyed as if he were something quaint and ridiculous, a sort of vaudeville character, vaguely suggestive of Edwardian sports, of blazers and straw hats. It came to him that they must have been talking about him, for their awkward silence conveyed a sense of interruption.

© 1963 by Louis Auchincloss

Illustration by NEIL BOYLE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I don't know what I'm going to do about these fellows, Clitus," Hyde called out in his harsh nasal voice. "All they want to do is booze. How are they ever going to make the varsity team in Tower, Tilney?"

The laughter that followed had the boldness of a rebel group that had found a leader. Tilney turned without a word and made his way to the locker room. But in that brief moment he had made, and made finally, his grim decision. He could no longer wait for Hyde's retirement.

There was considerable discussion in Wall Street at this time over the contested will of Harry P. Granger, the president of a great drug firm, who had left an estate of forty millions, half to his widow and half to the Granger Foundation. He had had no children, but a sister, Mrs. Crimmins, a whining, petulant creature whose six sons had been educated by Mr. Granger and who had herself been provided for in his lifetime, had chosen to attack the will as the product of undue influence. Tilney had followed the proceedings with a lively interest because Mrs. Granger, the widow, had been a friend of his since childhood.

"We have an interesting situation here," he announced at the weekly partners' lunch in a private dining room at the Down Town Association. "This Crimmins woman is making a tour of the big firms looking for someone shady enough to take her case. It really puts it up to them, because no matter how little she has to go on, she can always settle for something."

"What makes you so sure she has nothing to go on?" Waldron Webb, the senior litigator, demanded. "If you were a court lawyer, Clitus, you'd learn not to be so positive."

"I knew Harry Granger well," Tilney explained. "A violent man, but an utterly sane one. And one who knew exactly what he wanted to do with every penny he'd earned."

"Well, if she has no case, why should the executors settle? Or do you just assume they can't be bothered to work for their commissions?"

"No, it's not that. I know the executors. They're all right. But nobody likes to take chances with forty million bucks. Haven't you always told me, Waldron, that juries are unpredictable? Besides, it may be cheaper to pay Mrs. Crimmins off than to win the case. While it's going on, the executors can't qualify. That means there has to be a temporary administration, and the Granger Drug Company would be run in the Surrogates Court. Any businessman knows that a few months of that would cost more than even a whacking settlement. It's simply another example of the way the law can favor grabbers and shysters."

At this point the nasal drawl of Francis Hyde came down the table to Tilney's astonished ears: "It may interest you to know, Clitus, that you have just described a client of this office as a grabber and one of your own partners as a shyster. I agreed last night to represent Mrs, Crimmins in her honest effort to rectify the injustice done her by her brother's will."

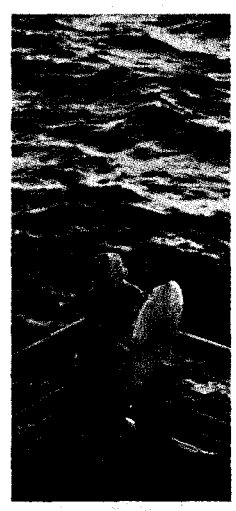
In the profound silence that followed, Tilney stared at Hyde, fascinated by the bleak cynicism in the long, arrogant face. "Do you think you should have made that decision without consulting the firm?" he asked in a mild tone. "Do you think you should have taken on a client so controversial without asking your partners?"

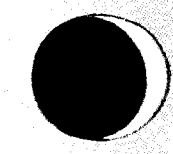
"She's only controversial to you, Clitus," Hyde retorted, "because you've made up your mind about her case without knowing the facts. I wonder if she appears as bad to the rest of us." He turned to address the table at large. "Here's a man with a great fortune, who cuts out his closest blood relative to leave more to his widow than she could ever spend. Who are we to say that his only sister isn't entitled to her day in court?" He paused for effect and then dared to wink. "Particularly when I've taken her on a contingent-fee basis under which we are to receive fifty percent of any recovery." There was a gasp around the table. "Some of you gentlemen who thought that Clitus was a bit grandiose in moving us into sumptuous new quarters may be less inclined to slam our expensive front door in the face of a poor supplicant like Mrs. Crimmins."

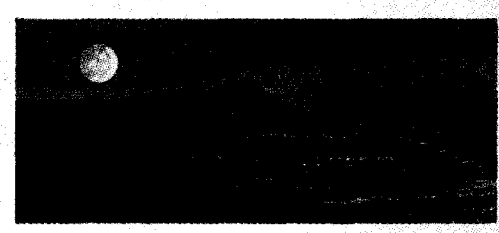
Tilney glanced around the table and saw at once that his partners were not prepared to condemn Hyde. It was not only that the firm's new rent was high; they were not inclined to take moral issues seriously where women were plaintiffs or defendants. In sudden, violent anger he knew he would go too far. "Look," he said curtly, "it's a question of what you are, what you stand for. It depends on what your philosophy of being a lawyer is. Do you want to be the kind of person who helps society to make a better thing of itself, or do you want to make your money out of simple blackmail?"

Enjoy The Grand Manner of Matson to

Hawaii







Sumptuous pleasures await you on Matson's Pacific—comforts, lavish considerations, charms and graces that have all but disappeared from life on land.

No monarch could travel with greater ease. Nor command more thoughtful attentions than you will know with Matson to Hawaii. Gay parties, glamorous diversions and a wondrous wealth of other regal delights will attend your every moment for 4½ days and 5 nights each way.

Yet the Grand Manner of Matson is not costly.

Service is all First Class, with accommodations available to suit any budget. Modest, lavish and anywhere in between. Economy staterooms, with bath nearby, are priced from $414, round trip. Staterooms with private bath start at $666, round trip. And the price of your ticket includes all of the countless niceties for which Matson's luxurious vacation-liners are renowned.

It's like no other vacation in the world. Matson's 80-year tradition of pampering passengers at sea makes it so.

Why not make this your year to cruise away with Matson to Hawaii?

See your travel agent or write Matson Lines, 215 Market Street, San Francisco 5, California.

Matson Lines

THE VACATION WAY TO HAWAII

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There was an outburst from the whole table.

"Really, Clitus," Morris Madison, the senior tax partner objected, "isn't that a bit rough on Frank? Is it so unreasonable for the closest blood relative to expect *some* remembrance in an estate of that size?"

"I think these foundations get entirely too much anyhow," Waldron Webb broke in. "It's become a racket."

"Wouldn't the sister have taken half the estate if there'd been no will?" somebody asked.

"But there *was* a will," Tilney exclaimed impatiently. "It's simply a question of what Harry Granger wanted to do with his money. And it's clear as daylight that he didn't want to leave Mrs. Crimmins a red cent!"

"But you're begging the question," Madison pointed out reasonably. "How do you know that Granger was in the full possession of his faculties when he signed the will?"

"Because I knew Granger!" Tilney almost shouted. "Anyone who knew Granger knew that he was sane!"

The constrained silence that followed this second explosion was of a painful duration. It was a relief to everybody to have it broken, even by Francis Hyde's mocking voice. "However well our friend Clitus knew the late Mr. Granger, he obviously did not know him well enough to be his lawyer. And only that would keep me from accepting Mrs. Crimmins' retainer. Does anyone but Mr. Tilney disagree with me?"

Tilney, correctly reading defeat in the renewal of silence about him, was unable to resist a last word. "If I know Margaret Granger, you may have bitten off more than you can chew. I doubt if *she'll* settle, even if it costs her double to lick you!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I was fed up with marriage, so I tried drowning my sorrow. Unfortunately she could swim like a fish."

"With admirable foresight the late Mr. Granger did not make his widow an executor." Hyde smiled. "I have two very realistic officers of the Granger Drug Company to deal with. I'll tell you what, Clitus. If I settle this case for a penny under four hundred thousand—a mere one percent of the gross estate—I'll be glad to tender you my resignation from the firm."

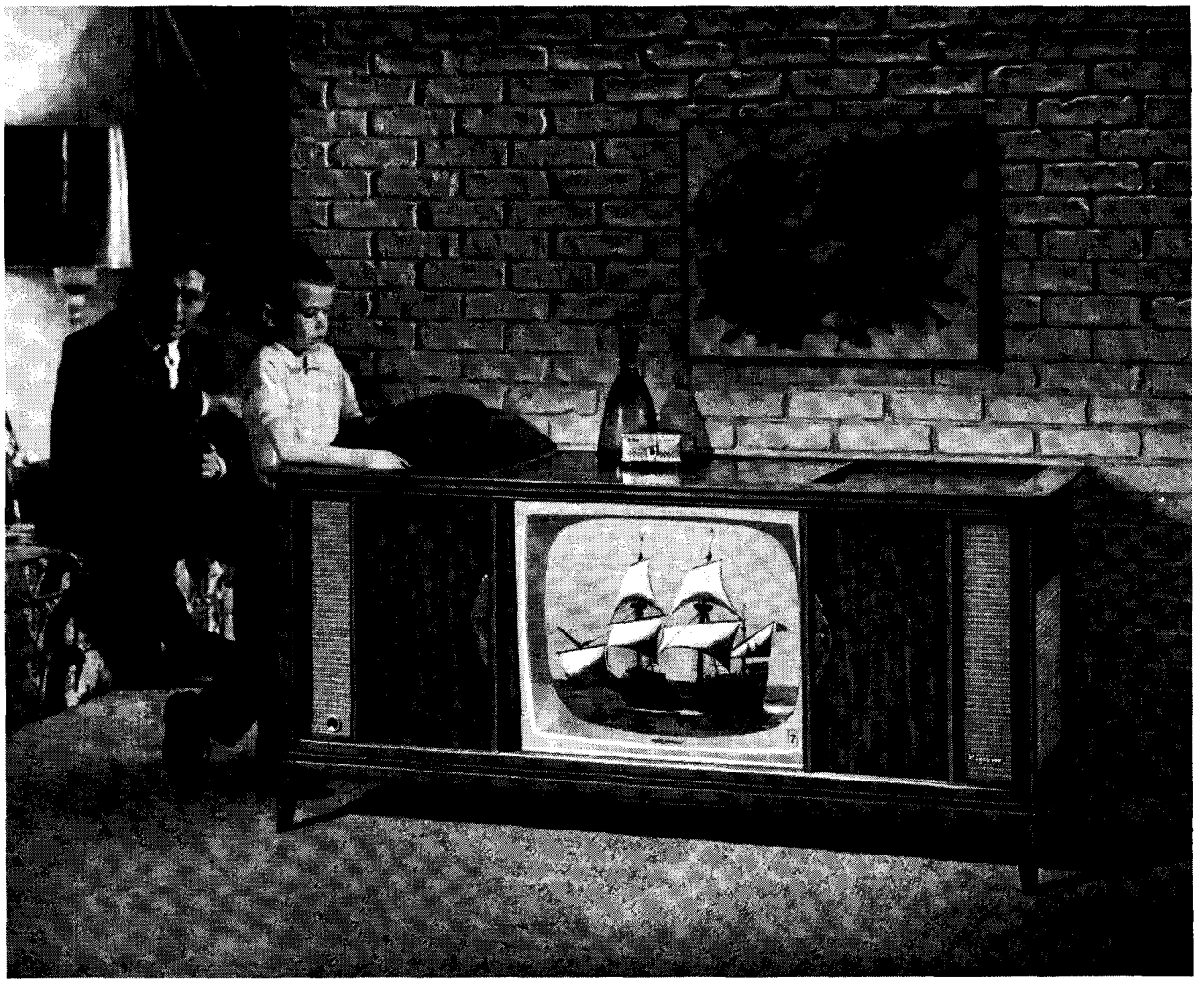
"You'd better be careful," Tilney muttered grimly. "I just may accept it."

For several minutes there was no sound at the table but the chink of silver and the lapping of soup, and the dirty joke with which Waldron Webb at length broke the silence was greeted with a burst of relieved laughter.

The next months were terrible ones for Clitus Tilney. Hyde initiated in the Surrogates Court a lengthy series of pretrial examinations, or what was known in the legal world as a "fishing expedition." He examined and reexamined, with exhaustive care, the three witnesses to Mr. Granger's will, but uncovered only the fact that the decedent had drunk two cocktails—*after* the execution of the document. He interrogated the servants in the house, the nurses and doctors who had attended Granger's last illness, and the employees of the drug company whom the president had known personally. But above all he procrastinated. He complained to the court about his difficulties in rounding up witnesses; he pleaded illnesses and accidents; he insisted mysteriously that he was on the trail of new leads. He made motion after motion and appealed from decisions denying them. As Tilney put it to his wife, the whole procedure, written up, would have made a perfect textbook for incipient shysters in the art of delay. The Surrogate was impatient, the press caustic and the executors livid, but time passed, and time, of course, was Hyde's trump card.

From the waters that he himself had muddied, Hyde at last plucked one small, faintly wriggling eel—a modest trust fund that Granger had set up years before for a retired actress who had presumably been, at one point, his mistress. By showing that his client, Mrs. Crimmins, had been a friend of the actress, Hyde sought to establish a basis for Mrs. Granger's "psychopathic hatred" of her sister-in-law, her reason for "hounding the decedent until he removed his sister from the will." At this point Mrs. Granger, driven to exasperation by the interrogation, snapped that Mrs. Crimmins was "a cheat and a liar." The words made headlines in the evening papers, and people began to say that the case was simply a mud-slinging competition between two angry women. When Hyde announced confidentially at a partners' lunch that he had received a settlement offer of half a

Magnavox gives your family big pleasure with a BIG PICTURE Stereo Theatre



- **Fully Automatic 330 sq. in. TV**
- **True Stereo High Fidelity**
- **Stereo FM and FM/AM Radio**

A complete home entertainment center with all of the advancements that distinguish Magnavox as the world's finest.

Lifelike 330 sq. in. pictures—twice as big as 19-inch screens—give you far greater program enjoyment.

Videomatic TV—fully automatic picture adjustment gives you the sharpest pictures—electronically, continuously, perfectly—day and night.

Magnavox True Stereo High Fidelity combines the tonal purity of high fidelity with the spectacular dimension of stereophonics for the most beautiful music you have ever heard.

Micromatic 60 Record Player—no pitch distortion, turntable speed is as accurate as an electric clock. The pick-up plays at 1/10 oz., banishing record and stylus wear—the diamond stylus is guaranteed ten years; records can last a lifetime!

Magnavox saves you middleman costs; it is sold directly through dealers listed in the Yellow Pages. Shown: The Contemporary 372. Gliding top panels give easiest access to player and controls. Stereo Theatre prices begin at only $398.50.

the magnificent **Magnavox**

59

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

million, Tilney, sick at heart, assumed that it was all over.

That evening he and his wife went to a harpsichord concert in an old brownstone on lower Park Avenue. He had hoped that the music would settle his nerves, but he found that the twanging exasperated him, and slipped out to the dining room where the butler, an old friend, gave him a whiskey and soda. He had settled down to drink it when he saw, approaching him across the empty chamber, the small, compact figure of Margaret Granger. So might Queen Victoria have crossed a room, with dignity, with relentless intent. As Tilney rose to greet her, he noticed how everything about her—her pale unpowdered cheeks, her thin, set lips, her straight gray hair held in a knot in back, her simple gray satin dress and slippers, her single strand of tiny pearls—proclaimed, and proclaimed sincerely, that her money was but a burden and a duty.

"Sit down, Clitus," she said severely, "I want to have a word with you."

They sat facing each other, on two high backed Italian chairs, while she eyed him for a cool moment. "I'd like to know what you think you're up to."

"I'm up to very little. My partner, Mr. Hyde, seems to be up to more."

"He's a disgrace to the bar!"

Tilney glanced stealthily to his left and right and then leaned forward to whisper hoarsely: "I agree with you!"

"No, Clitus, I won't let you joke your way out of this. I really won't. He's your partner, and you should have stopped him. You owed me that much, as an old friend."

"I tried, Margaret, believe me. My other partners wouldn't go along."

"I thought you were the senior."

"There's a limit to what seniors can do."

"Well, I don't understand it," she said, shaking her head. "I should think there was some way a man in your position could have stopped it. And now I suppose you'll get a large fee?"

"Hyde gets no fee at all if he loses the case, and he can't possibly win if you fight. What's all this settlement talk? Have your lawyers lost their guts?"

Mrs. Granger was taken aback by his sudden offensive. "They tell me it costs less to settle. No matter how sure we are of winning."

"And is costing less the only criterion?" Tilney protested. "Is there no moral issue involved?"

"You talk to me of moral issues, Clitus!" she exclaimed indignantly. "You, the partner of a man who's dragged my poor Harry's name through the mire!"

"Yes, *I* talk to you of moral issues, Margaret!" he retorted. "I have the unmitigated gall, if you will, to remind you of your moral obligation, as Harry's widow, not to give a penny of his hard-earned money to his swindling sister."

Mrs. Granger gaped at this. "Your *client*," she murmured in astonishment. "Is that the way you talk about your clients?"

"When I tell you that it could get me into the hottest kind of water with the Bar Association, will you believe I'm sincere?"

Mrs. Granger leaned forward to rest her small hand for just a moment on his large one. "Oh, Clitus, my good old friend, forgive me. Tell me what I should do." Her voice trembled. "Everyone keeps telling me it's best to settle the wretched thing. They talk about the publicity and the cost, and they tell me that Harry's foundation will pay Mrs. Crimmins out of its half of the estate, so it won't make any difference to me, anyway. But I don't *care* about the publicity and I don't *care* about who pays what. All I care is that Harry's horrible sister and her horrible lawyer should not be rewarded for what they've done to his memory. And I know that Harry would gladly have paid out his last dollar to lick them!"

"You believe that?"

"Passionately!" she exclaimed and clasped her hands together. "Oh, Clitus, tell me what to do."

He hesitated. "Do you still walk your poodles in the park in the early morning?"

She stared. "Yes. Every morning at seven."

"I'll meet you tomorrow at seven. At the Ninetieth Street gate."

They both rose in startled guilt at the burst of applause from the next room. It was the intermission.

Tilney, of course, had made a careful study of the Granger will. It was a simple document, perfectly designed by competent counsel to effectuate the testator's twofold design: to provide sumptuously for his widow and to deprive the United States of its last tax penny. The primary function of the Granger Foundation, at least in the mind of its creator, was less the study of incurable diseases than keeping the money away from federal bureaucrats. And so the forty millions had been divided neatly: twenty outright to the

We specialize in minding other people's business

Farmers Insurance Group offers a complete line of commercial insurance to cover every business need at low, low rates.

Whether you run a service station or an appliance store, a florist shop or a chain of bakeries, whatever your business, you'll find that Farmers has an insurance program especially tailored to *your* needs.

Farmers insurance covers everything from liability and fire and theft and workmen's compensation to special life and even protection against loss of earnings.

FARMERS IS BEST FOR YOUR PERSONAL INSURANCE, TOO. Farmers provides comprehensive personal coverage for you and your family... AUTO insurance that combines low rates with FAST, FAIR, FRIENDLY service... the best protection against FIRE and THEFT for your home and its contents... LIFE insurance designed to fit *your* needs and *your* budget.

FARMERS NEW PAYMENT PLAN CONSERVES OPERATING CAPITAL. Farmers exclusive Prematic Payment Plan* lets you pay for ALL your Farmers insurance the sensible, modern way—by the month. You consolidate ALL your insurance premiums—personal *and* business—into convenient monthly payments, if you wish. Pay as you go, conserve operating capital, keep your money working longer for *you*.

Now is the time to find out about the many advantages of insuring with Farmers.

Call your Farmers Agent for ALL your insurance.

*Not available in Texas

Fast · Fair · Friendly **Farmers Insurance Group**

AUTO · LIFE · FIRE · HOME · TRUCK · COMMERCIAL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Granger Foundation, and twenty in trust to the widow for her life and then to the Foundation. But to qualify the widow's trust for the widow's tax exemption it had been necessary for Granger's lawyers to give her the power to dispose of her trust by will. Of course, it was understood between her and her husband that she would not exercise this power, which meant that on her death the foundation would come into possession of the reunited estate, still virgin to the tax collector. Nonetheless, Mrs. Granger had the power. She had it, and on this Tilney based his plan.

His morning meeting with Mrs. Granger came on a bright spring day, and seated on a park bench watching the pigeons and squirrels, Tilney felt as exhilarated as a young man keeping a romantic assignation. He jumped up when he saw her approaching with her three absurd miniature poodles and, taking the dogs' leashes, led her to the bench.

"Give me the little darlings, Margaret, and take this pencil and paper. I want to dictate a letter of just three lines. To the Director of the Granger Foundation. Of course, you will wish to add your own embellishments. But so long as the final version contains the gist of my message, we'll be all right, and Frank Hyde will be all wrong."

"Dear Clitus," she murmured affectionately, "I wonder if having my faith restored in you isn't worth as much to me as frustrating Mrs. Crimmins."

"You can have both," he assured her as she took the pad and pencil. "Now then. 'Dear Bill or Jim, or whatever you call him: This is to inform you of my irrevocable decision.'" He paused while she scribbled hastily. "'If a single penny of my husband's estate, or any money previously contributed by him to the Granger Foundation, is, under any circumstances whatever, given to Mrs. Crimmins . . .'" He paused again.

"Go on, Clitus!"

"'I will immediately execute a new will, by the terms of which the entire principal of my trust will be given to charities *other* than the Granger Foundation.'"

Mrs. Granger scribbled busily, but when she had finished she looked up, frowning. "Of course I couldn't do it. I gave Harry my word."

"And, of course, I wouldn't ask you to break it. But you never promised Harry you wouldn't do a little bluffing, did you? You never gave him your word that you wouldn't try to make his foundation show a little backbone?"

"No," she said doubtfully. "Of course I didn't. The matter never came up. Do you think he'd have approved of this stratagem?"

"I think he'd have been tickled pink. I think he'd have clapped his hands and shouted!"

"And you really think this . . ." She glanced down at the pad. "You really think it will work?"

"It will work like a charm. Can you imagine a foundation tossing away twenty sure millions to save a possible few hundred thousand? They're not madmen, you know. Even if they suspected you were bluffing, would they dare take the chance you weren't?"

As the beauty of the scheme sank into her mind, she smiled. "But then it will cost your firm a great fee. Is there any way I can make it up to you? Can *I* give you a fee?"

Tilney threw back his head with a roar of laughter. "My dear Margaret, what sort of crook do you take me for? Haven't I been unethical enough for one day?" He rose and put out a hand. "Go home and write that letter. Make me proud of you. That's all the fee I could ever ask."

The next days were delectable ones for Tilney. He never missed a chance, passing Hyde in a corridor, to boom a hearty question as to how the case was going, and to chuckle loudly at Hyde's evasive and discomforted answers. After a fortnight had passed, he felt, at a firm lunch, that it was time to call down the table to Hyde for a report on the Granger case.

"When you last spoke of it," he added, "you told us it was as good as settled. Has the agreement been signed?"

Hyde stared at him with unconcealed malevolence. "I suppose the word's out by now that the settlement has fallen through." He snorted in disgust as he glanced around the table at the other partners. "I was going to tell you all today, anyway. Frankly, gentlemen, it's the damnedest thing that's ever happened to me. The agreement was all hashed out, typed and ready to sign. We'd even told the Surrogate about it in chambers. And then, whambo, somebody gets cold feet, the widow or the foundation, and refuses to go through with it. Oh, I can tell you, their counsel's face was *really* red. Old John Gales, of Gales & Martin, admitted to me he was thunderstruck. He actually apologized!"

"What are they trying to do?" Waldron Webb demanded hotly. "Shake you down a hundred thousand at the last moment? It's the most unscrupulous thing I ever heard of!"

headache? take aspirin
TENSION?
take
COMPŌZ®
COMPŌZ IS THE TABLET
FOR SIMPLE NERVOUS TENSION
Simple nervous tension can be exhausting.
Tight, taut nerves can stretch your patience to a slender thread . . . grip you in constant irritation. They can affect your family and friends . . . make you feel you can't cope with everyday problems and responsibilities.
How to end this kind of distress? Take COMPŌZ.
COMPŌZ does for simple nervous tension what aspirin does for headache . . . and it's just as easy to buy—no prescription is needed! It helps calm you to feel relaxed, to take everyday problems and responsibilities in stride.
No one should suffer with simple nervous tension. And now, with COMPŌZ, *you don't have to.* Get COMPŌZ at your drug store today.
FOR SIMPLE NERVOUS
TENSION
Compōz
COMPŌZ, A SEDATIVE FOR THE TEMPORARY RELIEF OF SIMPLE NERVOUS TENSION, IS DISTRIBUTED BY JEFFREY MARTIN LABORATORIES, INC., UNION, N. J.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I don't know. But Gales says they won't settle for a penny. Somebody in the Granger Foundation seems to have got religion."

"In that case, what do we do now?" Tilney demanded, frowning. "Fold our tents and steal away?"

"No such luck, Clitus," Hyde retorted angrily. "If it's a fight they want, they'll get a fight. And if it's dirt they want, they'll get their fill!"

"That's a pleasant prospect," said Tilney with an acid smile. "But first, there's a little matter I feel obliged to bring to the attention of the firm. I note on the monthly statement that more than thirteen thousand dollars of cash disbursements have been charged to Mrs. Crimmins' account. Of course, I understand that the fee basis is contingent, and that we get nothing if we lose, but you must surely know, Frank, that lawyers can't pay clients' disbursements. It's illegal."

"What am I expected to do? Mrs. Crimmins hasn't got that kind of money."

"Well, Mrs. Crimmins had better find it, I'm afraid," Tilney said in a sharper tone. "She'd better beg, borrow or steal it. The firm has suffered enough from the bad publicity of this case without having the Grievance Committee of the City Bar breathing down our neck. Meanwhile, I have given the cashier instructions that no further sums are to be charged to the Crimmins account."

"Does that mean," Hyde demanded irately, "that I can no longer sign a chit for a taxi to go to court?"

"It means precisely that. If you go to court on the Granger case."

Hyde pushed his chair roughly back and strode from the room. The partners exchanged uneasy glances.

"Does anyone think I'm wrong?" Tilney demanded. "Does anyone want to see us continue in this affair?"

"I'm sure nobody thinks you're wrong, Clitus," Morris Madison put in. "But I do think it was a bit rough on Frank, springing it that way. He'll have to make up those disbursements out of his own pocket."

"Well, I don't want to know about it if he does," Tilney exclaimed. "It's just as bad for him to do it as the firm."

"You won't know it," Madison said quietly. "He'll simply deposit the money in Mrs. Crimmins' checking account, and she'll pay us. Frank may love his booze, and he may be crusty, but he'll give a client the shirt off his back. And he's not a rich man, either."

"You're breaking my heart," Tilney said and was defiantly pleased to note, as he lowered his head over his soup bowl, that he had shocked them all.

Hyde was good to his word about giving the Granger estate a fight full of dirt. The trial attracted even more publicity than the pretrial hearings. Tilney was sure that his partner had secretly hired a press agent and prayed fervently that the latter's bill would be a large one. But for all the dirt and the headlines, for all the weeks of idle testimony, the defense remained adamant. The legal world found this position hard to understand. It was widely rumored that Hyde had offered to settle for less than half the sum originally tendered him, and the executors made no secret of their dissatisfaction at having their hands tied by legatees. The other stockholders of the Granger Drug Company, worried by the effect of the delayed probate on the affairs of the corporation, appealed in vain to Mrs. Granger, and an editorial appeared in a morning paper questioning the right of a charitable foundation to spend more of its money in litigation than a settlement would cost. It was no use. The board of trustees of the Granger Foundation, with a disregard of public opinion unique in the gentle field of charities, issued a statement explaining that because of "the aspersions cast on the name of their distinguished founder," not even a nominal settlement would be considered.

After that Hyde's case, if a case it was, collapsed. The estate moved for a directed verdict which the Surrogate granted. Six weeks later the Appellate Division unanimously rejected Hyde's appeal and denied him leave to appeal higher. Harry P. Granger's fortune was safe at last from the attacks of his sister and her embittered counsel. Clitus Tilney felt a greater exultation than he had known at the most splendid of his firm's past triumphs.

A week after the end of the Granger case Tilney was dressing to attend a dinner at the Bar Association in honor of the visiting lord chancellor of England. Ada Tilney, whose high pale brow under her faded straight brown hair was like a rock washed clean by the years of his absences—at conventions, testimonial dinners, committee meetings, or simply at the office—sat beside his dresser, fitting the pearl studs in his shirt.

"I left something on the bureau for you," she said. "Have you seen it yet?"

Tilney saw the magazine lying open under his silver-handled hairbrush, and picked it up. It was the *Gotham Gazette*, a periodical sent without charge to addresses east of Central Park for the sake of the fashionable advertising. Beneath the title of an article, "Early-morning Dog-walking," was a small photograph of Mrs. Granger with her poodles. Behind her, of course, loomed Clitus Tilney, although he was not identified in the caption, which read: "Mrs. Harry P. Granger, widow of the drug magnate, is up and out with her 'toy' poodles as early as seven o'clock."

"Most women seem to have trouble with their husbands going out at night," Ada said. "It's so like you to make time for infidelity only in the morning."

"Ada, you're wonderful!" Tilney exclaimed with a chuckle as he tossed the magazine in the scrap basket. "There *is* someone who might make trouble about that picture. But that someone doesn't happen to be you."

"But another woman, no doubt."

"No, a man."

The hint of grimness in his tone aroused her apprehension. "Clitus, does it have something to do with that horrible case? Is it Frank Hyde?"

"It's Frank, all right." He took his shirt from her. "But do you know something, Ada? I'm a man who's missed two wars. Too young for the first and too old for the second. I've always wondered how I would have behaved under fire. Well, tonight, perhaps, I shall find out."

"But surely Frank will never see a silly magazine like that?"

"There are those in the office who would be only too glad to send it to him. Besides, it's elementary in military intelligence to assume that the enemy knows anything he *could* have known."

When Tilney entered the somber portrait-lined reception hall of the Bar Association, Chambers Todd, square-jawed, black-haired, the "business getting" partner of the firm, came up to complain about Hyde.

"He's over there, talking to Judge Caulkins," Todd said with a brief nod. "He's half plastered already. Something's got to be done about him, Clitus. He's giving the firm a terrible black eye. Suppose he passes out at an affair like this?"

But nothing could dull the curious sense of elation that the little talk with Ada had given Tilney. "It wouldn't be what Madison Avenue calls a good 'image,' would it?" he asked with a rumbling laugh. "Think of it. Whenever the words 'Tower, Tilney & Webb' are uttered, the picture flashed on the mental screen is of an elderly man, inebriated, sinking slowly to his knees."

"I'm glad you find it so funny," Todd retorted.

"Leave him to me, Chambers. I'll speak to him."

As Tilney approached, Judge Caulkins greeted him with the fulsomeness of one anxious to escape an embarrassing colloquy. Hyde, swaying slightly, stared after the retreating jurist with narrowed eyes. He would not look at Tilney.

"What do *you* want?"

"I'd like to persuade you to shift to soda water. Just till dinner, old man."

"Don't 'old man' me. You had the gall to talk to me about illegal methods. What about betraying one's own client? Which is worse?" Hyde turned suddenly on Tilney, almost shouting as he repeated the question. "Which?"

"Do you imply that I betrayed a client?" Tilney asked calmly. "Whom?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Man! I wish I had your drive!"

"You tricked Mrs. Crimmins out of half a million bucks! By some kind of rinky-dink with Mrs. Granger. What do you think the Grievance Committee will think of *that?*"

"Ask them."

Hyde steadied himself against a sofa. "Do you know how many copies of that picture I found on my desk this morning? *Three!*"

"My wife had one for me," Tilney said with a laugh. "She had a couple of questions herself." His spirits rose to a peak as he felt the dizzy joy of danger. "But if you think you can make something out of my old friendship with Margaret Granger, by all means go ahead. Drag the poor woman to the Grievance Committee. Drag me. And don't blame anyone but Francis Hyde when you've made yourself the biggest fool in all New York!"

Hyde's watery eyes blinked. He glanced around at the bar. "I think I'll get myself one more little drink before we go in."

Tilney laughed again as he saw that he had won. And won, too, not in the sneaky way of his conference in the park, but with all his cards on the table. But the foe had not only to be routed; he must be destroyed. "Frank," he called softly, and Hyde turned back. "You and I can't go on this way. You promised to resign from the firm if you lost the Granger case. I should like to invoke that promise now."

Hyde peered at Tilney as if he had not fully grasped his meaning. "Have you discussed this with the firm?"

"They can choose between you and me."

"I see." Hyde nodded vaguely. "Between you and me."

"I assume that an adequate pension will be arranged for whichever has to go."

"An adequate pension," Hyde mumbled. "Yes, no doubt."

Tilney watched him shamble off to the bar, and for the first time it occurred to him that Hyde might be an object of pity. He seemed old now and frail, and the prospect of lonely days, as well as nights, at the Hone Club was dismal enough. Still, there might be work the firm could send him, or committee work for the Bar Association, or even writing law-review articles. And the pension would be adequate; he would see to that.

He saw that Hyde was arguing with the bartender, who was reluctant to give him another drink. The guests were beginning to move forward into the dining room.

"Look at him, Clitus! Shall I take him home?"

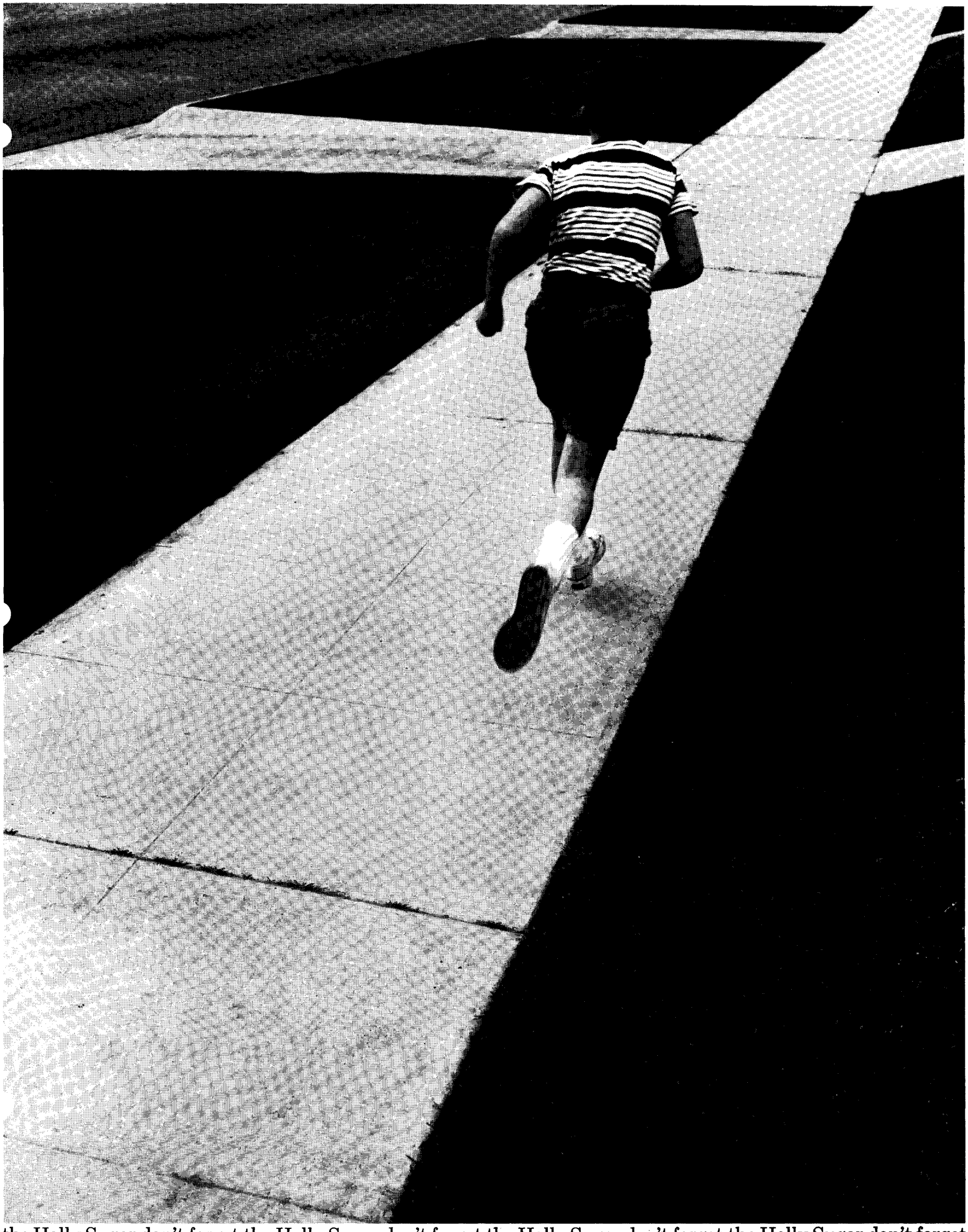
It was Todd again, at his elbow, and Tilney, in a single grim second, saw all the fatuity of his own reasoning. Frank Hyde was doomed to a lonely, miserable, alcoholic old age, and nothing on earth was going to alter that doom. But was it any sadder than the withering of a leaf? He, Tilney, had not created the universe.

"Oh, Lord, there he goes!" Todd moaned as Hyde fell suddenly forward on the bar. The noise was slight and attracted only the notice of those in the immediate vicinity, but when Hyde tried to get up his right arm swept a whole tray of glasses to the floor, and the hideous crash brought total silence to the vast chamber.

"There's your image, Todd!" Tilney called after the younger man, who was hurrying to help their fallen partner.

He resisted the impulse to go himself. He would spare Hyde the final mortification of being helped to his feet by a triumphant foe. It was probably the last mortification it would be in his power to spare him. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



the Holly Sugar don't forget the Holly Sugar don't forget the Holly Sugar don't forget the Holly Sugar don't forget

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photographed by Arnold Newman

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN THRIVES ON

GERMAN COOKING

By Robert W. Wells

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When I was little my grandmother used to talk me to sleep with an old German legend about *Schlaraffenland*," a Milwaukee friend told me recently. "How hungry I would get! How my mouth would water! Beyond a great wall of porridge, the story goes, lies a magic land of food just ready to be eaten. Trees with candied fruit grow in the woods, and braised pigeons flap about within hand's reach. Every night I'd dream of the *Apfelstrudel*, the ponds of *Leber Klösse* soup, the roast *Spanferkel* with an apple in its mouth. All over town other children were dreaming of the same thing, night after night. So when we grew up, what could you expect? No wonder we're hearty eaters in Milwaukee. . . ."

It is only in the German fairy tale that apple pastries grow on bushes, ponds are full of steaming liver dumpling soup, and the innocent roast suckling pig trots up carrying a knife and fork. But if Milwaukee is not quite *Schlaraffenland*, it's the next best place for Americans to find robust German food. And not only in such famous restaurants as Mader's and Ratzsch's but in the homes. Open a kitchen door at five P.M. in Milwaukee and be prepared for a tantalizing whiff of anything from *Sauerbraten* to *Hasenpfeffer* in wine, or *Konigsberger Klops* (pork-beef meatballs with sardine sauce).

Nearly half of this Wisconsin city's 741,000 residents are of German descent, a population proportion that has existed for more than a century. The years have diluted other aspects of Milwaukee's Teutonic heritage, but eating habits have hardly changed. At the Milwaukee County Jail, for example, *Sauerbraten* is regularly included on the menus; in the Milwaukee Braves' ball park, fans consume an average of 22.2 tons of *Thueringer Bratwurst* on poppy-seed rolls per season.

In old Germany, and even in some rural areas today, huge cast-iron kitchen stoves with decorative tiles on the sides were kept going all day. Wood was plentiful. There was no need to spoil a meal by hasty frying. Meat could be roasted or stewed. Ovens were ample for *Brot* and *Kuchen*—and husbands expected the bread and cake to be both plentiful and filling. With the stove always hot, it would have been wasteful not to have a pot of simmering soup scenting the kitchen with its aroma.

A reluctance to waste anything is still characteristic of Milwaukee cooks. Fritz Baumann, who for twenty-five years ran the Forst-Keller Restaurant across from Pabst brewery before his 1960 retirement, put the philosophy of German food preparation into five words: "Use little—and cook good."

Baumann didn't mean portions should be stingy. A man who goes away hungry from a Milwaukee meal has only himself to blame. By using little, Fritz meant that a good German cook wastes nothing.

"You make something out of everything," he said. "In cooking vegetables, don't use more water than you need. When the vegetables are done, use the water to make the meat gravy."

Make inexpensive food tasty—that's an advantage of German cookery, Baumann told me. *Sauerbraten* is a prime example. A tough cut of beef becomes tender enough to cut with a fork after it has been marinated for a week, then roasted.

Sauerbraten is the favorite German food in Milwaukee. At Gus Mader's Restaurant, beef is kept marinating for seven days in several three-foot stone crocks that hold 1,500 pounds of meat.

"Once we had a crisis with our *Sauerbraten*," Mader told me. "Our suppliers for thirty years quit making gingersnaps. What would Mader's be without *Sauerbraten?* What would our *Sauerbraten* be without gingersnaps? Fortunately we found another supplier."

I'd never associated *Sauerbraten* with gingersnaps, but Gus assured me the cookies must be added to the gravy to give it the old-fashioned taste and color.

I had stopped at Mader's for lunch. At the *Stammtisch*—the "family table" reserved for privileged regulars—diners were tackling boiled young pork hocks with sauerkraut, or braised choice ox joints with potato pancakes. I chose a quiet table to concentrate on the food. The pretty waitress was lately from Nürnberg—Germans are still migrating to Milwaukee, where they can feel at home. She handed me the two-foot menu.

The *Münchener Kalbshaxen mit Preiselbeeren* sounded good. It is a roast veal shank served with what Gus calls "*Preisel* berries," following the Milwaukee custom of mixing German and English words. *Preiselbeeren* are European whortleberries, a Germanic equivalent of cranberries.

The *Schweine Schenkel mit Sauerkraut* caught my eye. But if I ate one of these two-pound pork shanks there would be the temptation to try a second and so qualify for Mader's Certificate of Accomplishment. In the restaurant's history several thousand customers have eaten two shanks at one sitting, making them life members of the Supreme Council of Pork Shank Epicures. I decided to try something lighter—the apple pancake.

"*Apfel Pfannkuchen mit Preiselbeeren*, please," I told the waitress. "And a stein of the dark imported."

While I waited, Mader talked of food. "Some dishes are seasonal," he said—"*Hasenpfeffer*, for example." The ancient rule for this rabbit stew is to wait until the first snowfall, generally in mid-November. *Hasenpfeffer* goes on the menu for the following Thursday, and lovers of the dish show up in droves. Only wild rabbits are used. The domestic ones, Mader feels, do not have the proper flavor.

"Liver dumpling soup is another cold-weather favorite," he said. It is made

e ingredients: "No wonder we're hearty eaters."

A GERMAN DISH challenges a cook to experiment with flavors and waste nothing.

MRS. VOEGEL'S SPÄTZLES

3¼ cups sifted flour
2 tsp. salt
4 eggs
¾ cup water
1 cup grated Swiss cheese
1 cup finely chopped onions

Combine flour, salt, eggs and water to make a heavy dough. Place dough in *spätzle* machine or drop by half teaspoon into boiling salted water in 4-qt. kettle that is about half full. Cook 2–4 minutes. Dumplings rise to top when ready to eat.

Put a layer of *spätzles* on a plate; cover with layer of Swiss cheese; add another layer of dumplings, a second layer of cheese, and so on until all dumplings have been used. Meanwhile have a cup of chopped onions browning in butter. Pour this mixture over final layer of *spätzles*. The cheese will melt, and the dish is ready to serve. Serves 4 to 6.

MRS. MADER'S SAUERBRATEN

4-lb. piece of beef (rump, chuck or sirloin)
1 cup vinegar
3 cups water
1 medium-sized sliced onion
3 tbsp. whole mixed spice
1 tbsp. salt
1 sliced carrot
2½ tbsp. shortening
⅓ cup flour
¼ cup sugar, white or brown
½ cup red wine
2 gingersnaps

Mix vinegar, water, onion, spices, salt and carrot in a glass, enamel or earthenware bowl. Under refrigeration pickle meat in this brine for three or four days, turning over several times. Drain meat and wipe it dry, saving remaining brine for the gravy.

Grease a heavy roasting pan with shortening. Sear meat on both sides. Add part of the marinade and cover tightly; then roast in 300-degree oven for about two hours, basting meat occasionally. When meat is almost done sprinkle sugar over meat. Roast five or 10 minutes more, turning meat while roasting until sugar is dissolved. Thicken remaining marinade with flour and crushed gingersnaps. Mix well and pour over meat. Roast meat for half hour or more until gravy is creamy and thick. Remove meat. Stir wine into gravy and strain. Serves 6 to 8.

RATZSCH'S POTATO DUMPLINGS

(to be served with sauerbraten)

3 lb. potatoes
3 eggs, beaten
3 tbsp. cornstarch
3 tbsp. raw farina
¼ tsp. pepper
1½ tsp. salt
1 tsp. grated nutmeg
1 tbsp. chopped celery
¼ cup finely chopped cooked bacon
2 cups small croutons
½ cup flour

Boil potatoes until soft enough to mash. Add other ingredients and mix well. Shape into balls. Roll lightly in flour and cook in rapidly boiling salted water for 15 to 20 minutes. Serves 6 to 8.

BEER SOUP

1 qt. dark beer
3 tbsp. flour
1½ tbsp. sugar
2 tbsp. butter
Juice and grated peel of 1 lemon
¾ tsp. cinnamon
3 eggs or 6 egg yolks beaten

Open beer and let it get flat. Brown flour and sugar in melted butter. Add beer, lemon juice, rind and cinnamon and cook until boiling. Pour hot beer mixture into eggs, beating well. Serve on toast if desired. Serves 4 or 5.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beer in a stein or German wine is essential part of Teutonic meal.

Gus Mader, standing, oversees the Stammtisch, or "family table."

from chopped beef liver, onion, eggs, flour and seasoning. The dumplings, about the size of golf balls, swim in a clear beef broth. "To start a meal without soup is as unthinkable in Germany as to begin a dinner without a Martini seems to be in America," Gus said.

The *Pfannkuchen* came. The crust was golden brown. The apples were baked just enough to be tender without losing their character. The pancake was more than an inch thick and about the size of a large steak. It was delicious, but as I approached the last few bites I wondered if I could find room. Taking a deep breath, I managed. Mader asked how I'd enjoyed the meal. "Fine," I said, letting my belt out a notch.

"That was the small *Pfannkuchen*, you know," he said. "We used to eat those after a meal for dessert."

German cooking is designed for big appetites. But Karl Ratzsch Jr., proprietor of another well-known Milwaukee restaurant, scorned the notion that it is too loaded with starches.

"It isn't any heavier than French, Spanish or Italian food," he said. "Most 'nationality' cooking is heavy on starches. The United States is the only place where the central dish is almost always meat, with vegetables and potatoes on the side. No one else—at least in the old days—could afford to make meat the main dish. In the Orient it's rice and in Italy pasta.

"All nationality cooking goes back to the peasants. Take *Sauerbraten*. Before refrigeration, people had to find a way to preserve fresh beef. One method was to put it in a salt-and-vinegar brine in an earth cellar. Being frugal, German peasants used the brine to make the gravy, adding sugar to improve the taste.

"Or take Hungarian goulash, a specialty in nearly every German restaurant. The Hungarians had their cowboys, called *gulyás*. At the roundup, a calf was slaughtered and meat given to the *gulyás*. The men carried onions, potatoes, salt and paprika in their saddle bags. They added these to the veal, making a stew."

A trained chef himself, as well as restaurant manager, Karl Ratzsch Jr. likes to cook dishes which utilize a tough cut of meat. "Oxtail stew is a favorite. Then I like pot roast, short ribs, spare ribs—anything that requires long cooking, which gives a chance for a marriage of flavors."

Ratzsch feels a cook should be willing to experiment. Mrs. Joseph Stoeckl agrees. Once a cook for employees of Usingers, the Milwaukee sausagemakers, now she confines her talents to her home kitchen, an arrangement that suits her husband, their son, daughter-in-law and three grandchildren.

"Keep testing the food while it's cooking," she advised me. "Then you can see when it needs a little of this and a little of that. You must know when to stop, so it doesn't cook too long. You put dumplings in boiling salted water and they fall to the bottom. But you watch. Soon they dance on the water. Then they're done."

As a girl in Bavaria, Mrs. Stoeckl cooked for ten brothers and sisters. She came to Milwaukee in 1925, bringing with her such recipes as one for beer soup—"That's what we give someone when he's been sick and needs strength. An invalid who has polished off a bowlful is expected to be ready soon to sit at the table and tackle pork shanks *mit* sauerkraut."

Using the right herbs and spices is important, she feels. "You can't just give somebody a recipe and have her cooking taste as good as yours. She has to know her spices. You learn by experience—and tasting. I buy whole nutmegs and grate them as I need them. I add a little nutmeg to spinach to make it taste better. I even use nutmeg in the butter sauce I make for broccoli. With beef stew, I add a teaspoonful of prepared mustard—it gives it a special flavor.

"In Germany we had to use up everything. If we bought a cauliflower, we made soup from the green leaves. We added flour that had been browned with some butter in a pan, put in some croutons and had a nice soup, with nothing thrown away."

Mrs. Stoeckl treasures one special item of kitchen equipment, her *Spicknadel*—literally, a "lard needle." This looks like a shoemaker's needle, with a big eye through which is threaded a thin strip of bacon. The bacon is then sewed in and out of the surface of veal, venison or other meats that lack fat, preparatory to roasting.

Mrs. Stoeckl bought her *Spicknadel* in Milwaukee, but Mrs. George Voegel, another outstanding home cook, had to go to Germany for her *spätzle*, or dumpling machine. This is a shallow metal tray thirteen inches long and five inches wide, with a movable container on top to hold the dough. As the container is pushed back and forth, the dough passes over small holes in the base. Marble-sized chunks fall through into boiling water.

Katy Voegel and her machinist husband took a trip to their homeland a few years ago and brought back several *spätzle* machines for the wives of George's fellow members in the Holzhacker Baum, a folk-dancing group. The thoughtful gesture caused complications. Other wives wanted *spätzle* machines too. Unable to find any in Milwaukee, some of the women got so hungry for junior-sized dumplings that they had holes punched in metal pie plates and then pushed the dough through with wooden spoons.

My visit to the Voegels lasted for hours, with the talk concentrated on food. After a while George brought out homemade wine, and Katy asked if I'd like some *Birnenbrot* to go with it. Each Christmas, she said, she makes twenty loaves and puts most of them in her freezer so the family can have *Birnenbrot* the year round.

When he was a boy in Bavaria, George explained, he joined other children in singing throughout the neighborhood during the Christmas holidays. It was the local custom to give the carolers a treat, and the children went home with knapsacks bulging with homemade *Birnenbrot*, or "pear bread."

I sipped my wine and tasted a buttered slice. It was excellent—like fruitcake, but lighter. Mrs. Voegel said my comparison was apt. It is a fruit bread, she explained, made with bread dough instead of cake dough. Into it go whatever fruits are available, plus nuts, a glass of rum, anise and spices. Wrapped around the outside is a very thin layer of bread dough made without shortening—just yeast, warm water and flour. The thin outside layer bakes very dry, helping to keep the inner bread moist.

Some choice Milwaukee-German recipes are presented on page 65. And, as Fritz Baumann advised me, leaning on the venerable bar of the Forst-Keller: "Use little—and cook good." THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

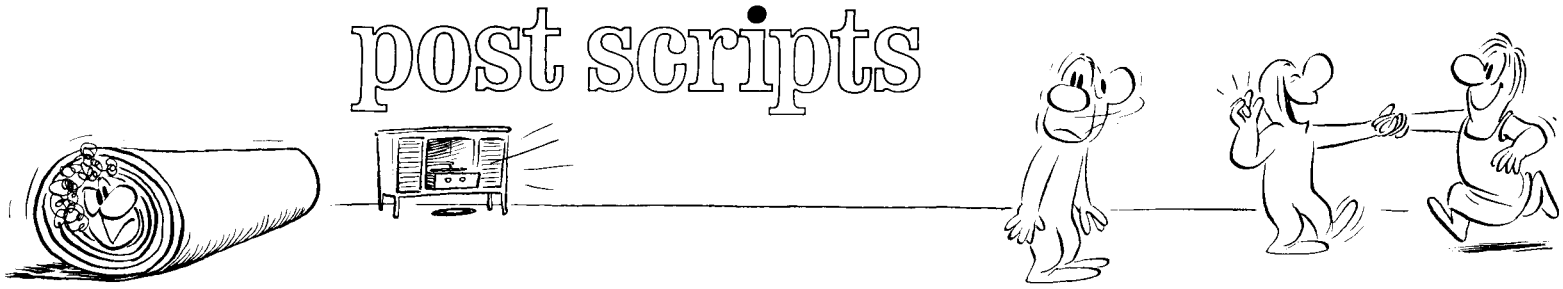
Have you ever given thought to the lowly little cardboard tube inside a roll of toilet tissue?

We at Zee do. In fact, we have several grown men who think about it constantly. And they take that little cardboard tube very seriously indeed. ("Gentlemen, this tube is the backbone of our product.") To make sure of its tubular perfection, they check it, double check it, triple check it, even quadruple and quintuple check it. (One of our most important checks is for roundness. It wouldn't do to have the tube flatten out so that small boys couldn't use it for a telescope.) But if you think we check our tubes a lot, you should see what goes on with our tissue. We have an even larger group of grown men who think Zee, Zee, Zee 24 hours a day. They put Zee tissue through 115 tests. They check the softness. They check the quilting (this test we call the quilting bee). They check the dotted line that you tear along. They check the strength. They even check the colors (of special interest to our decorator friends). When all the Zee tissue thinkers and the Zee tube thinkers have finished their work, what results is one of the best darn rolls of toilet tissue anybody could ever want.

zee®

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

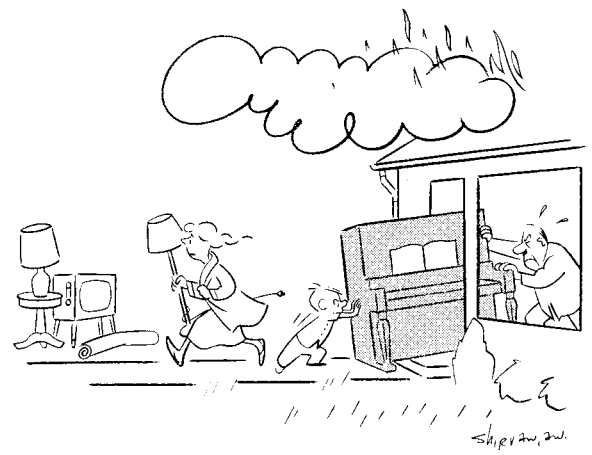
post scripts

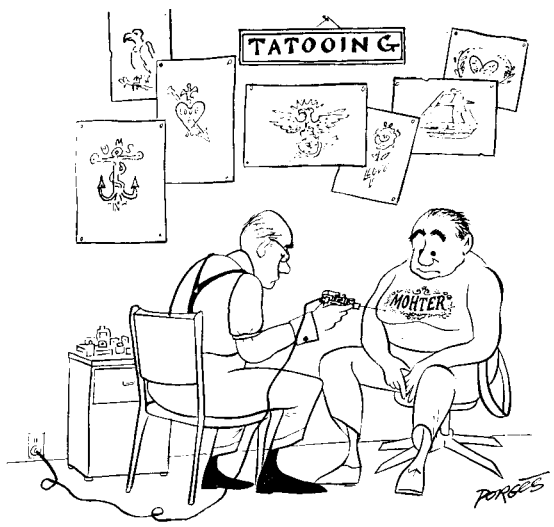


Spring Burgeoning

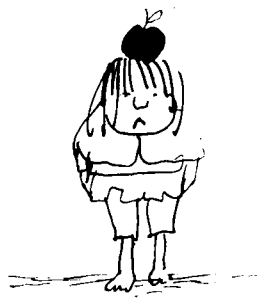
The snow has melted, so we can focus
Our gaze on the first brave budding crocus.
Also revealed by the vanished snow:
One roller skate and a rusted hoe,
The missing grill from the barbecue.
Two blades of grass and a tennis shoe,
A garden hose, now pitifully rotten;
And, far from gone though long forgotten,
Oozily littered about them all,
The leaves that we didn't rake last fall.

Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

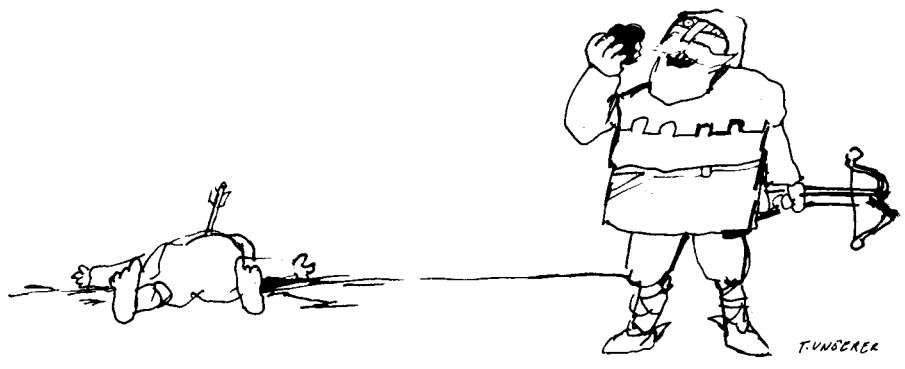




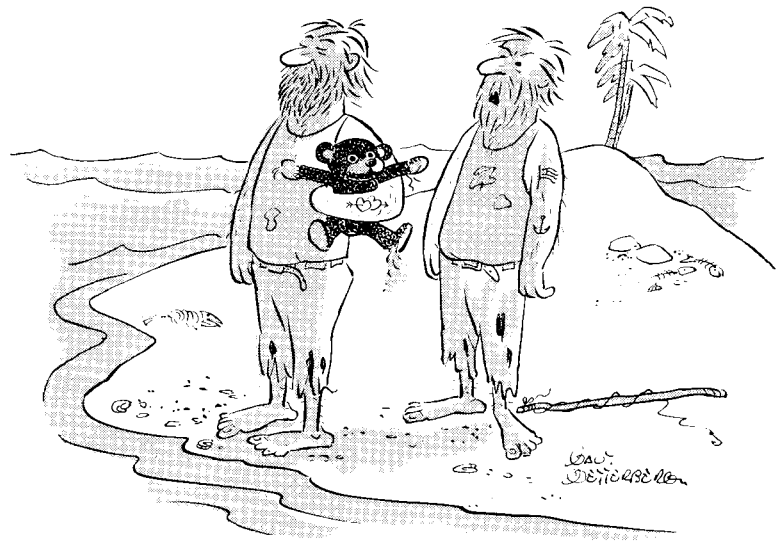
1.



2.



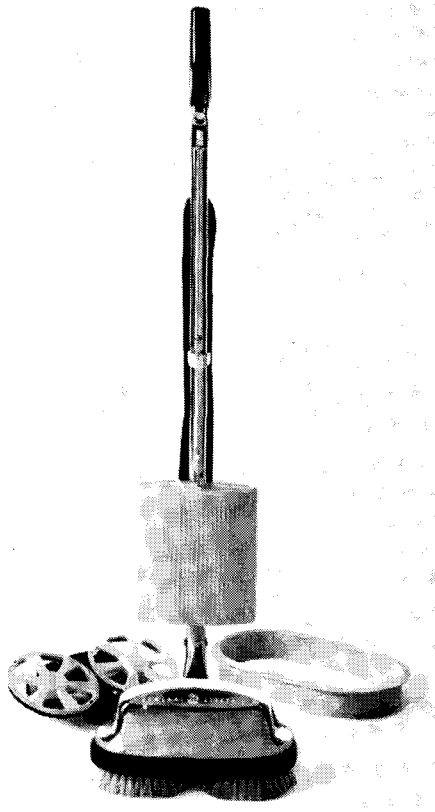
"What kills me is he's indispensable."



"Today is so my Teddy-bear day!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

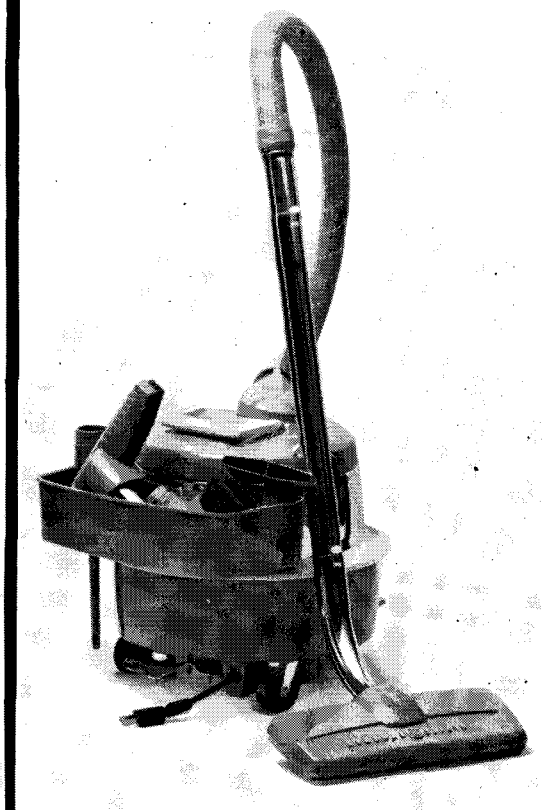
MOTHERS MAKE MAGIC



She can shampoo rugs with a floor polisher. General Electric's new Shampoo-Polisher shampoos rugs right in her own home without soaking. Scrubs, waxes, polishes floors, too. Splash Guard prevents splashing. Complete with attachments and liquid dispenser.

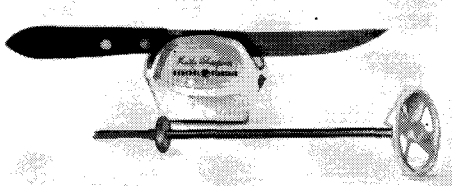
with General Electric

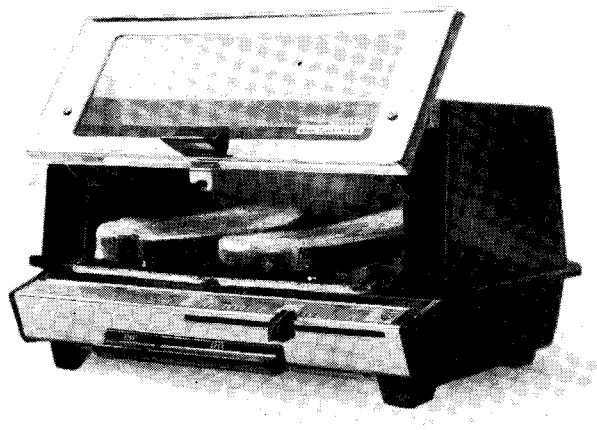
(Starting Mother's Day, May 12th)



She can make an 18½-foot cord disappear at a touch of her toe! With General Electric's Cord-Reel Cleaner, the cord retracts, the top swivels, the cleaner moves on casters. Complete with deluxe attachments.

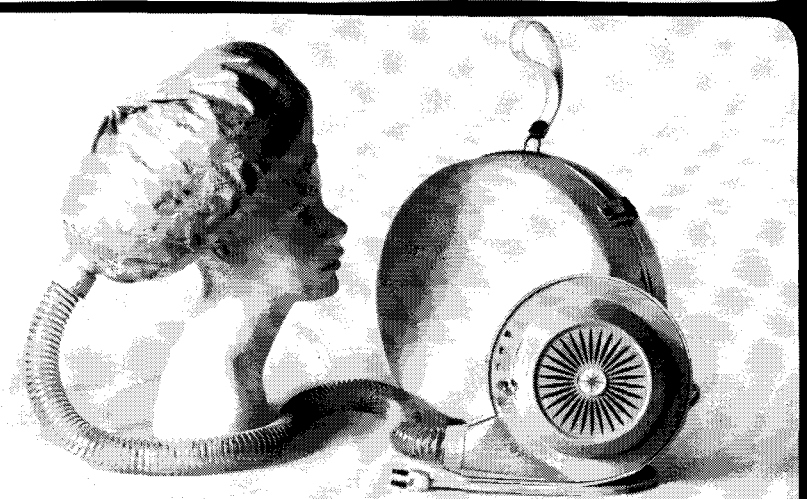
She can sharpen knives with a mixer! General Electric Portable Mixer beats, whips, has a free drink mixer. Optional attachment sharpens knives, too. Cord is removable, mixer hangs on wall.



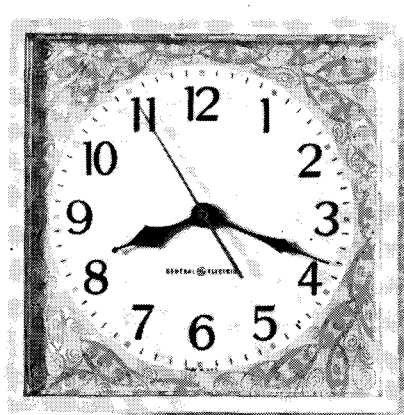


She can bake a meat loaf in a toaster! General Electric Deluxe Toast-R-Oven* loads from the front, toasts any bread. Bakes cookies, frozen desserts, rolls, potatoes and meat loaf, too!

*Trademark of General Electric Company



She can work wonders with her hair while she's at work in her kitchen! General Electric De Luxe Hair Dryer straps to her waist, lets her walk around or work. Large bouffant bonnet, stunning carry and storage case.



She can transform a wall into a beautiful new way to tell time! General Electric "Chef" Wall Clock complements any kitchen decor. In white, yellow, beige. More magic—its wee, wee price.

General Electric Company, Housewares & Commercial Equipment Division, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Much-photographed Ann-Margret snaps back.

A sizzling mixture of sex appeal plus shyness plus animal spirits plus shrewd management equals

Ann-Margret

By Dean Jennings

In Hollywood, a wonderland where miracles usually are man-made, the sudden appearance and lightning ascent of Miss Ann-Margret Olson are almost considered the work of a higher power. At 22, having emerged from nowhere by way of Sweden and Illinois, Ann-Margret has worked the film town's official chroniclers into a froth of admiration. She has been described as "the hottest property in films" by Winchell, "positively sensational" by Hopper, and as "the next authentic star" by Parsons.

Unschooled in acting and untrained of voice, Ann-Margret nevertheless pocketed a neat $85,000 for playing the second lead in *Bye Bye Birdie*, the new Columbia movie siphoned from the hit Broadway musical. Her role originally was a rather minor part, calling for a song or two. But by the time the shooting ended, Ann-Margret had wound up with six numbers on film.

"We certainly didn't know that we were going to get the greatest potential musical star this business will ever have," says *Birdie* director George Sidney. "We really built up her part. I've been in this business 30 years and seen no one with her fire. When she goes, it's electric."

The public first plugged into that electricity last year when Ann-Margret, a relative unknown, was picked to sing an Oscar-nominee song, *Bachelor in Paradise*, on the Academy Award presentations. Walking onstage, she seemed shy and uncertain. But her subsequent performance—a cross between a high-calorie shimmy and a convulsive seizure—catapulted her from a nonentity to a star in just three minutes.

It was this high-voltage quality that first attracted her shrewd comanagers, Pierre Cosette and Bobby Roberts. "Ann-Margret is every little girl who closes a bedroom door, looks into a full-length mirror and becomes someone great," says Cosette. "She is a sort of little animal."

"What she has is a great mysterious quality," adds George Sidney. "She makes you wonder whether to give her a stick of gum or a bracelet."

In her small, whispering voice, Ann-Margret also confesses bewilderment about herself. "There are four mes," she said recently in a rare moment of introspection. "There's one me that's very quiet and shy when I'm meeting people. There's another me when I'm completely wild—laughing and screaming and joking. Then there would be the controlled, professional me when I'm on stage. The fourth me is the one almost nobody knows—a real little girl."

To complicate the Ann-Margret puzzle even further, there is a calculated naïveté about Ann-Margret that borders on fatuity. Occasionally, as a sort of punctuation, she blurts the idiom of the teen-age girl: "Cha, cha, cha . . . like now . . . I dig that." She is so superstitious that she will not leave the house without one or more talismans to ward off trouble—a miniature red horse, an ivory Buddha, a smooth beach pebble, a dime-store hula doll named Jungle Julie. Her emotions are those of the eternal high-school sophomore. "I save everything," she says with great solemnity, "and someday I'll have a whole room where I can store my remembrances." Among her current remembrances is a large childhood toy box, handmade for her by a Swedish uncle. It was the only piece of furniture brought West by her parents, and it contains hair ribbons, dance programs and report cards.

Scoobie-do means good-bye

She uses the word "scoobie" almost as frequently as most people use oxygen. Her compact-sized convertible and red Japanese motorcycle are both named Scoobie. So is her Yorkshire terrier. On a movie set, she is greeted as Scoobie, and as Ann-Margret explains it: "The word 'scoobie' means several things. Like *aloha* means 20,000 things. I can say, 'Hi, Scoobie,' or I can say, 'Scoobie-do,' and that means good-bye. I just picked it up in high school."

And yet, scoobie-do or don't, there is a resolute quality in Ann-Margret's character which seems to suggest her ingenuousness may be a pose. On the one hand, she says, "Everybody talks about money, but I don't really know how much I'm getting. I trust people—they send me a list of money things, I look it over and throw it away." Nevertheless, both she and her once-poor parents, Gus and Anna Olson, are, to put it mildly, cautious about money. They are still making monthly payments on Ann-Margret's car and they are paying a modest rental on their small, sparsely furnished house in a not-very-chic section of Beverly Hills. Gus Olson, a free-lance electrician, still gets into his overalls every morning to take odd jobs in Hollywood studios.

Ann-Margret and her mother, a strong, sensible woman who still speaks with a Swedish accent and does all the family cooking, have hotly rejected the standard cheesecake routine applied to other blossoming stars. Strangely enough, however, despite Ann-Margret's seeming recalcitrance and an addiction to such casual dress as sweaters and slacks, she confesses an odd longing for the glamour and paternalism of the old Hollywood.

"I wish the days were back when Louis B. Mayer and Harry Cohn and other strong men really controlled the stars," she says. "The industry needs leaders who know how stars feel and what they need. Men who tell you what to do, what to wear, how to fix your hair, where to go. When you've got money invested in a star you ought to have her look her best, whether it's nine in the morning or ten at night. I hear that when Joan Crawford leaves an apartment to get a newspaper on the corner, she's dressed to kill. That's how a star should be.

"And that goes for dating too. I have no objections to a studio telling me who to date. Anyway," she adds, "I could always have someone else on the side."

At the moment, neither Columbia nor Twentieth Century-Fox, nor Frank Sinatra's Essex Productions, all of which have contracts with her, is arranging her amours. As a result, the dusty patio at her home—Mrs. Olson is valiantly trying to grow grass in its crusty soil—is cluttered with an assortment of gentlemen.

Her current and past friends are a mixed bag, even by Hollywood standards. Among them are crooner Eddie Fisher, actor Hugh O'Brian and Burt Sugarman, a Hollywood businessman who was once her fiancé and has since been demoted.

"I have been very honest with myself," says Ann-Margret, "and I decided I did not want to be engaged to Mr. Sugarman or anyone else. I just don't want to be married. I dig motherhood and love and all that, but I'm not ready."

Sweatered as usual, Ann-Margret waits offstage between takes of "Bye Bye Birdie."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LARRY SCHILLER

LICENSED TO UNC/UNG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Perky at one A.M., Ann-Margret ogles bearded trumpeter Al Hirt, with whom she was cutting new album, "Beauty and the Bear

ANN-MARGRET

There were certainly few clues to her magnetic charms during her early years. She was born in Stockholm on April 28, 1941, and was brought to the United States five years later, when the war was over. The family first settled in Fox Lake, Illinois, later moved to nearby Wilmette. Ann-Margret studied dancing for eight years because, as her mother says: "She was so terribly shy. I suffered from that myself, and I didn't want her to have this handicap."

The money spent appears to have been wasted—if boldness was the object—for Ann-Margret is still the introvert. "I try hard to overcome shyness," she said, "but it still bothers me, especially when I have to meet a lot of people, like at a premiere. But in a romance I think it's wonderful to have a little shyness, because women should not be the aggressors."

Ann-Margret has vivid recollections of her childhood in Wilmette. She remembers—with a convincing shudder—an incident when a group of neighborhood boys killed a snake and flung it around her neck. She has been afraid of reptiles ever since. She also recalls with appropriate shivers an apartment which was actually part of a funeral parlor. Mrs. Olson worked there as a receptionist for free rent, and the reception room served as the family living room.

Eventually, Ann-Margret wound up at Northwestern University. There, during her freshman year, she and three young friends—bassist Ring Warner, pianist Scott Smith and drummer David Zhering—formed a jazz combo called The Suttel-tones. "Because we weren't very subtle," she explains now. They drove west, playing odd jobs in Nevada and California.

The Sutteltones were broke and unemployed when, having been rejected by several other managers, they popped in on Bobby Roberts and Pierre Cosette. Roberts got them a booking, and later, when the combo broke up, Ann-Margret became a Roberts-Cosette client.

They nursed her career along cautiously, and up to the time of the Academy Awards show she had been seen only in a bit role in the picture *Pocketful of Miracles*. Her second film, *State Fair*, had not been released. For weeks Roberts "screamed and yelled," to use his own words, to get Ann-Margret on the Academy Awards show with its 40,000,000 viewers.

They also agreed to stick with her abbreviated name—Ann-Margret—when they finally landed a spot on the show. "I'm not an Ann," she says, "and I'm not a Margret. I talked it over with Mom and Dad and that was it, cha-cha-cha."

Her parents and advisers had some queasy moments that important April day, watching their seemingly frozen protégée. She moped and trembled and refused to talk and wouldn't eat. She waited in the wings, pale and stricken, until her cue. But when the music began, she swayed and twisted, and mesmerized everyone.

She was backstage, steaming like a geyser, when the star-clustered audience gave out a collective rumble of astonishment. Bob Hope, emceeing the show, said, "I never saw *her* before." And then in a reference to her gyrations added, "I thought it was a dancing pony."

The next morning her managers had to engage extra girls to handle the show-business offers—they averaged 30 a day for weeks.

Ann-Margret herself has a detached perspective on that evening, and though she has since done *The Andy Williams Show*, the *Ed Sullivan Show* and completed *Bye Bye Birdie*, she still has not been able to conquer the nervous paralysis that besets her before going on.

"If you'd see me," she says, "you wouldn't be able to take it. I want to be alone. I can't make any conversation. I don't even know where to hide. But it all goes away when I get out on that stage, and I don't really understand it myself."

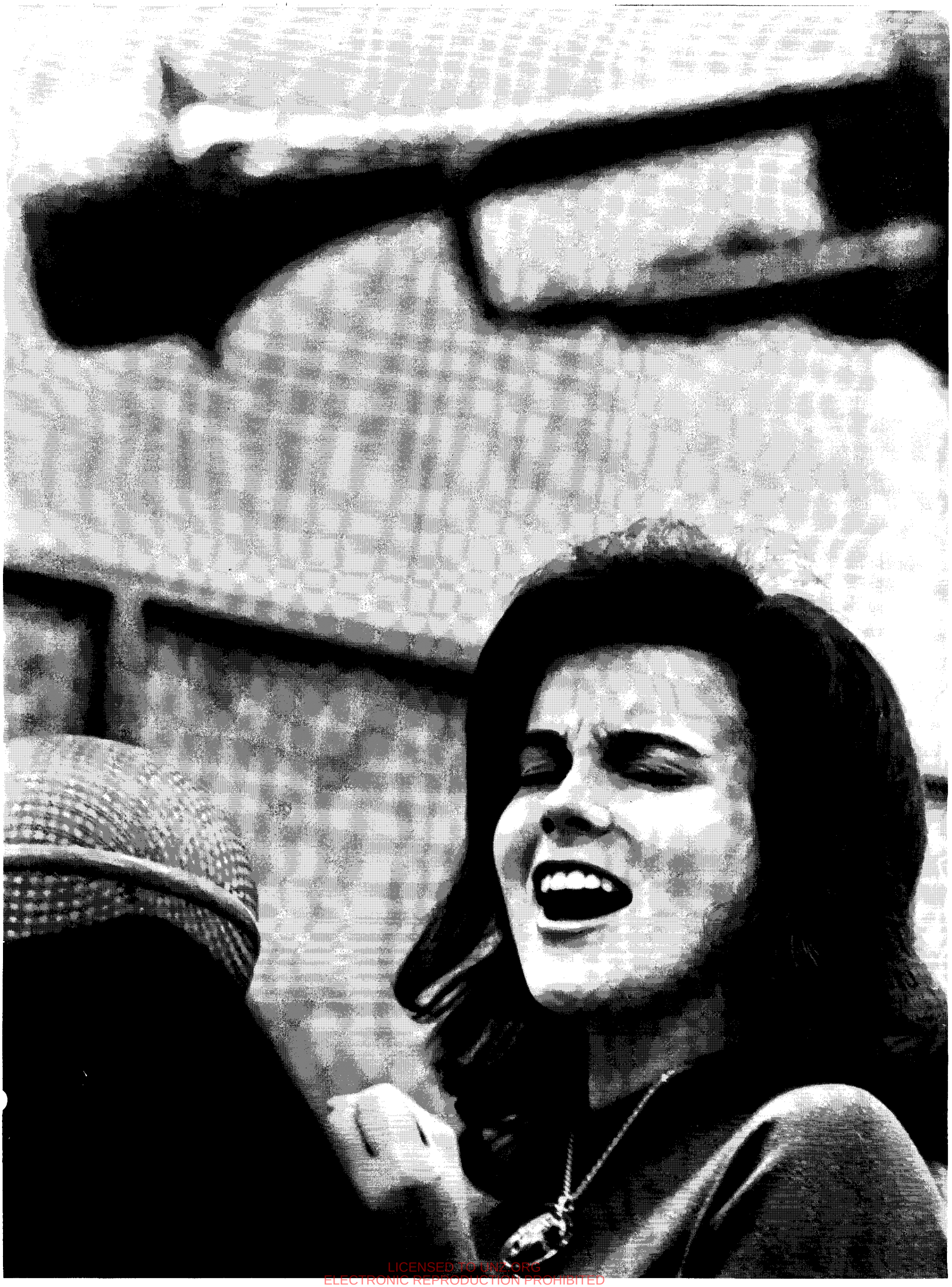
At the moment, her schedule calls for probable remakes of *Cover Girl* and *Gilda*, two pictures in which Rita Hayworth once rattled the cash registers. Her fan mail hovers at 2,000 letters a week. Roberts and Cosette, carefully charting her future, waited almost a year before accepting a $35,000-a-week deal from the Riviera Hotel in Las Vegas. They refused huge picture offers from Bob Hope, Elvis Presley and others.

"I don't want her to become overexposed," explains Roberts. "I don't want her to become another Connie Francis where every time you turn around, there she is—on another show."

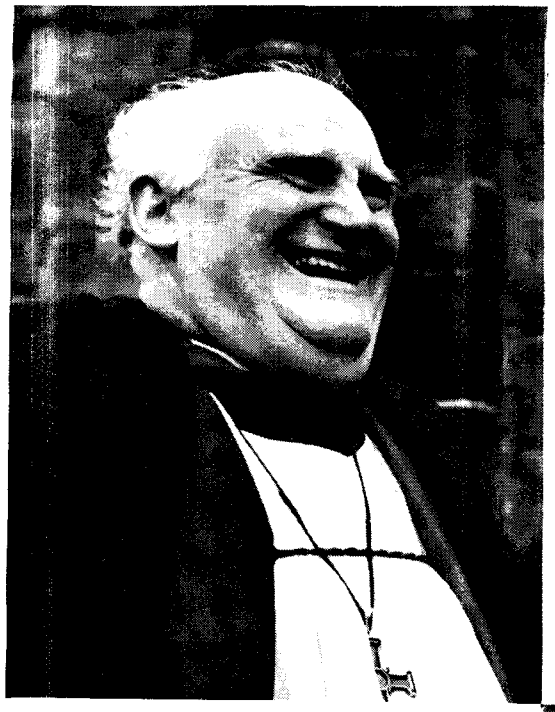
Ann-Margret agrees. "I've been singing since I was a little girl," she says, "and I knew long ag I was going to be an entertainer. There was n doubt in my mind at all. I'm in no hurry. There were a lot of good singers five years ago, and now you don't hear about them because they're playing Juarez, Mexico. I plan to be the girl who sustains, year after year." THE END

Muted horn of Al Hirt hovers overhead while Ann-Margret makes new LP.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Laughing merrily, Archbishop Ramsey displays his vigorous zest for life.

England's puckish prelate

By Leslie Hannon

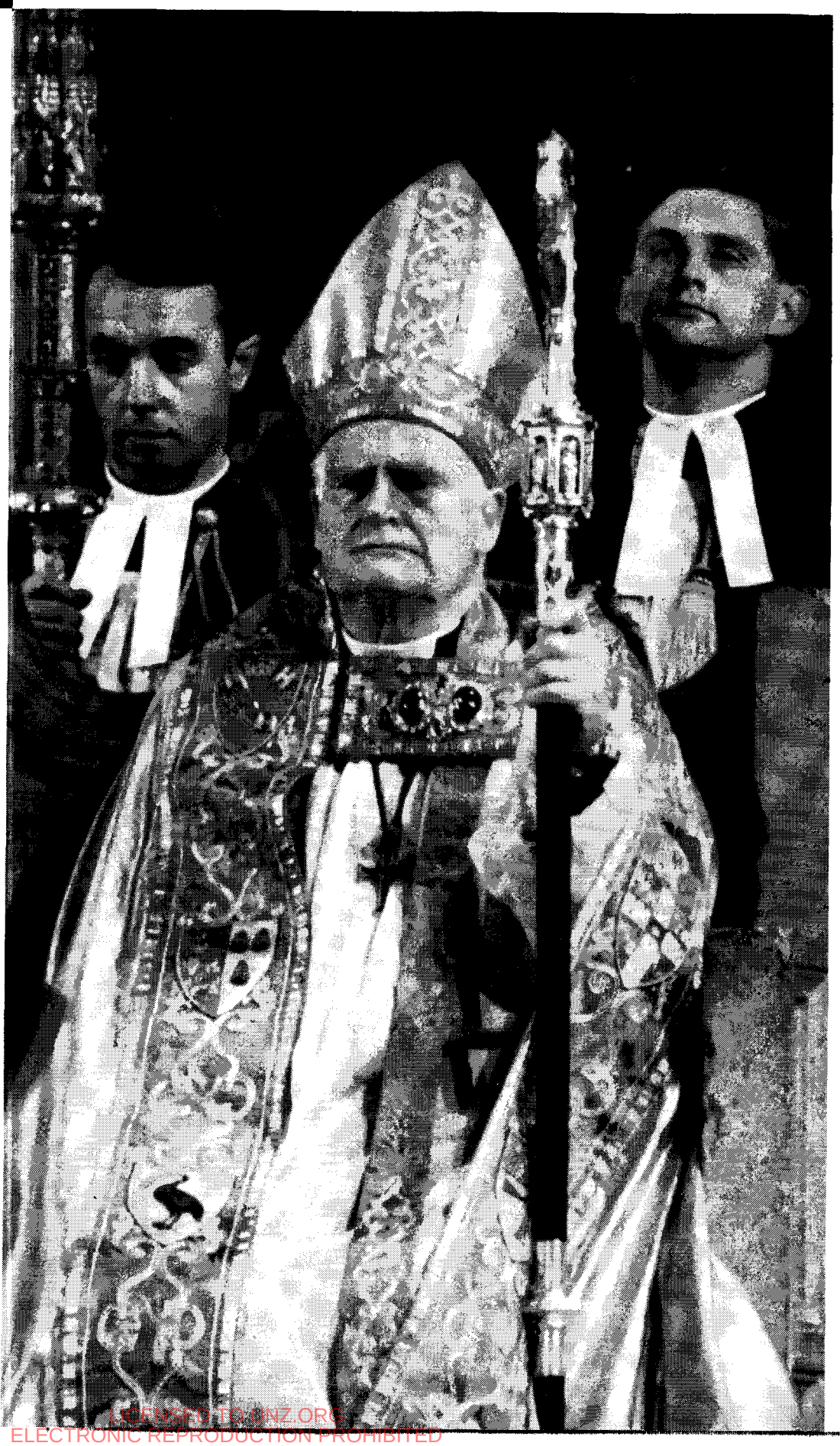
Archbishop Ramsey of Canterbury unites mirth with mission.

The towering man in black, a nimbus of white hair encircling his bald dome, was remarkable even among the celebrities who stream through the V.I.P. arrival lounge at New York's Idlewild airport. In 20 minutes he gave four network-television interviews and answered a wide variety of questions from 15 reporters. Then, icy-blue eyes flashing under bushy eyebrows, he broke through the circle of dignitaries, public-relations men and dazed onlookers and was off to lecture learned societies, to pick up honorary degrees and to meet the Kennedys.

That was America's first glimpse last winter of His Grace the Most Reverend and Right Honorable Dr. Arthur Michael Ramsey, the 100th archbishop of Canterbury. But Americans will be hearing more of this extraordinary figure. For, in an age when some religious leaders are too dignified and conventional to make news, Ramsey seems determined to be a respectable rebel and to bring back a sense of power and glory to the ministry.

Ramsey's power is hard to measure, but it is considerable. As leader of the 42 million members of the Anglican Communion, he wields influence over the 3½-million-member Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, the Anglican Church of Canada, the Church of India, Pakistan, Burma and Ceylon and the other Anglican communities from Japan to Uganda.

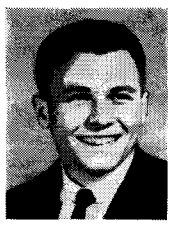
At home, protocol places the primate of all England higher than the prime minister and second only to the queen, who is the supreme governor of the national church. This church includes in the ranks of its 110 bishops some of the nation's finest talents, and in its 43 cathedrals some of the world's finest buildings, the splendor of Canterbury and Salisbury, St. Paul's and Coventry. Ramsey's church, in fact, is England's largest landowner. It holds more than $200 million worth of real estate—blocks of offices in London's West End, 210,000 acres of farmland, hundreds of factories, shops, apartments and houses, including some atrocious slums. A portfolio of blue-chip stocks produces perhaps half the church's income of $50 million.



Deeply solemn at investiture, Ramsey describes himself as "my Master's man."

LICENSED TO 3NZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"My salary has more than doubled since enrollment with LaSalle and due to my fine training is still growing."—William T. Black, Canoga Park, California.



"I am pleased to say that I am now Traffic Supervisor with Johns - Manville. I owe much to your course in Traffic and Transportation."—J. E. Sanders, Natchez, Mississippi.

"Without the opportunity to study I could not qualify as controller of a concern with millions in assets and sales. Thanks to LaSalle."—Walter Zielke, Bridgeman, Mich.

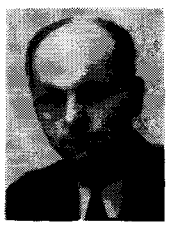
"My salary is double what I earned when I enrolled. At 52, I feel that a new life is beginning, thanks to the opportunity you offered."—Robert Hughes, Costa Mesa, California.

"My selection for my position was based primarily on the fact that I held LaSalle's LL.B. Degree."—William F. Hornbeck, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Mrs. Eleptime McGill, Brooklyn, N.Y. is mother of 5 children: "I cannot tell you how much LaSalle has done for me. My business education is being put to good use."

"8 months after I started the course I got a job in Accounting. I now earn 3½ times my former pay as service station attendant."—Robert Fisher, Holbrook, Ariz.

"I appreciate the training received from your Accounting course. Since the transition from the oilfield to my present work my salary has doubled." Loren Dinkel, Russell, Kan.



"My salary has increased 400% since I began my LaSalle success building program."—Rudolph Urbatis, Port Chester, New York.

"To me your correspondence course is the only way for a person working, and with limited means, to study Law."—James E. Whetmore, Anaheim, California.

Why more than 20,000 men and women enroll every year for home study in LaSalle's career advancement courses

LA SALLE students live in every state in the Union, in every part of the world. They are to be found in every occupation you can think of. Yet all of them have one goal in common; to advance from a job with little or no promise *to a prestige position with high pay and unlimited future.*

They enroll with LaSalle because they can train for advancement without interfering with their regular work and without the loss of a single day's pay. They study in spare time — at home — during hours that suit their convenience. They pace themselves as they wish — always under expert and attentive supervision.

The direct practical results of LaSalle home study — in terms of pay increases, promotions, and broadened opportunity — are truly remarkable, as student reports show. Many are able to pay for their training out of the extra money they start to earn *the first year.*

As a LaSalle home-study student, you are a class of one. You set your own hours, at your convenience.

If you are ready to move ahead, LaSalle offers you a choice of profitable studies

If your present job is just a dead-end street — if you are ready to get started on a program of self-advancement, LaSalle can help you achieve your highest ambitions.

LaSalle offers you training in an attractive choice of today's best paid, fastest growing fields. The demand for qualified people in each of these fields is at an all-time high. Many fine jobs are actually going begging. Salaries keep growing; promotions are rapid. *And LaSalle graduates are eagerly welcomed — for good reasons.*

LaSalle Extension University, a correspondence institution since 1908, has become a world leader in business education. More than 5,500 Certified Public Accountants have received training — in spare time at home — from LaSalle's School of Accounting. LaSalle's School of Law enrolls more students each year than any other Law School in the world. LaSalle trains thousands of people in such rewarding fields as Business Management, Traffic and Transportation Management, Sales Management. Altogether, more than 1,000,000 students have enrolled in LaSalle's many types of training courses.

Individual correction and guidance. Your instructors give your work their personal attention.

LaSalle's distinguished faculty includes some of the country's foremost practicing specialists and instructors. That is why your training is in good experienced hands, why your LaSalle diploma will be respected by every employer. *The cost of training is remarkably low—with a convenient payment plan designed to fit your budget.*

Mail the coupon for free booklet

Take the first step in getting a more important job, higher pay, a future filled with opportunity. Simply check the field in which you are interested, and LaSalle will send you a valuable free booklet describing the opportunities in that field. Mail to LaSalle, 417 So. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

LaSalle students receive a cordial welcome in the business world.

Which one of these famous LaSalle training programs interests you?

LA SALLE SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTING

Training in one of the most highly paid professions in the business world today — leading to positions as General Accountant, Auditor, Controller, Cost Accountant, Tax Specialist, CPA.

LA SALLE SCHOOL OF LAW

The Law-trained man has become the indispensable man in the world of business. LaSalle offers training leading to the LL.B. degree, also courses of specialized Law study.

LA SALLE SCHOOL OF TRAFFIC AND TRANSPORTATION

Training in one of the most exciting and profitable careers in modern industry, leading to managerial positions in the shipping of goods all over the world—by land, sea and air.

LA SALLE SALES TRAINING

Many of today's corporation heads have come straight from the sales department. LaSalle offers courses in Basic Selling Principles and Techniques, as well as Sales Executive Training.

LA SALLE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS MANAGEMENT

Training for executive careers, including Advertising and Marketing, Production Management, Financing, Credit and Collections, Office Organization and Management, Personnel Management.

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

A Correspondence Institution • **417 South Dearborn St., Dept. 17-098, Chicago 5, Illinois**

Send me, without cost or obligation, free booklet and full information on the field I have checked at the right.

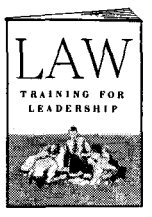
Name.....

Address.....

City & Zone.....State.....

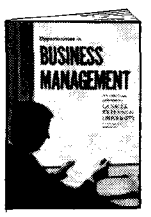
County.....Age.....

☐ **ACCOUNTING**
A guide to success in a top-paying profession. How you can train for Accounting, Auditing, Controllership and other important positions.



☐ **BUSINESS LAW**
How the law-trained man has become indispensable in business and government. How law training leads to top-level executive jobs.

☐ **TRAFFIC AND TRANSPORTATION**
A guide to one of the most interesting and profitable executive careers in modern American business.



☐ **BUSINESS MANAGEMENT**
A guide to executive training in Advertising and Marketing, Production, Office Management, etc.

☐ **SALES TRAINING**
How you can profit from training in proven techniques of Selling and Sales Management.

Also available:

- ☐ HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA
- ☐ SECRETARIAL
- ☐ DRAFTING
- ☐ STENOTYPE
- ☐ FEDERAL INCOME TAX
- ☐ MODERN BOOKKEEPING
- ☐ LAW FOR POLICE OFFICERS
- ☐ CPA TRAINING
- ☐ INSURANCE LAW
- ☐ REAL ESTATE LAW
- ☐ AIR CONDITIONING
- ☐ DENTAL ASSISTANT

333

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARCHBISHOP

Archbishop Ramsey, who gets a stipend of $21,000, is a temporal as well as spiritual leader. He crowns the monarch and helps run the British Museum. He is a member of the House of Lords and of the queen's Privy Council. He grants honorary degrees, runs two palaces and maintains a schedule of official affairs that would frazzle a president of a chamber of commerce. The interviewer visiting the archbishop under the priceless portraits in London's 12th-century Lambeth Palace on the Thames, or among the soaring stones of Canterbury Cathedral, expects to meet an institution, a living part of the pomp and ceremony of Olde England. The man he does meet turns out to be as complex as a set of Chinese boxes—a jovial Friar Tuck on the outside, concealing a brilliant theologian and debater, who, in turn, conceals a shy and humble scholar, who, finally, conceals a personality no outsider knows at all. Like many shy men, Ramsey talks volubly to strangers but leaves them with an armful of cloud.

He is also capable of the hearty legpull. A close friend says Ramsey has been practicing a limp ever since he was at Cambridge—perhaps because it seemed to go with his prematurely venerable appearance. He got his reward when a dear old lady was heard to say, "Poor Doctor Ramsey—lost his leg in the first war." Ramsey turned 10 in 1914. Today at 58 he could pass for 75, and, since he does nothing to alter the impression, he may still be enjoying his private joke.

No press agent would dare to suggest the antics that come to him quite naturally. Visiting a rowdy holiday camp at Clacton, he squeezed his bulk into the children's miniature train and tootled around the track in high glee. He once amused friends by trying on all the many hats that go with his rank, including the check cloth cap that he calls his "incognito hat." He wears the cap when he's on holiday at a $30-a-week hostel in Devon. It makes him look like an archbishop trying to look like a racetrack tout. Ramsey also likes a glass of ale, hard cider or white wine. He still remembers the aberration of U. S. Prohibition with dismay. "I was most impressed," he says, "at the efficiency with which the American universities offset the rigors of this strange law."

If this seems an unusual personality for an archbishop, the young Ramsey seemed even less like a future primate. His father was a mathematician and wanted his son to become a lawyer. Ramsey Senior was a Congregationalist, which is pretty far from Anglicanism, though his mother's family included an Anglican priest. At Cambridge Ramsey switched from law to divinity and won highest honors. After his ordination he spent much of the next 20 years in university cloisters, building a reputation as a philosopher and teacher. In this role he attracted the attention of Sir Winston Churchill, and, since prime ministers still name bishops in England, Ramsey finally became lord bishop of Durham in 1952.

The appointment brought out a new side of the shy scholar. Ramsey still is remembered in the northeast for leading 2,000 pilgrims on a barefoot walk along a stony causeway to Holy Island, site of an ancient monastery off the coast of Northumberland. In the town of Ryhope, near Sunderland, they still talk of the day "my lord bishop" in full regalia walked down the cobbled street to confirm a paralyzed shut-in.

Ramsey today does not forget the North. Last summer he provided a firkin of beer—that's nine imperial gallons—for 35 shipyard workers from Sunderland who came to lunch with him at the Old Palace in Canterbury. They were old parishioners who had paid $15 a head for the 760-mile round trip by bus. "We are not a particularly religious band," one of them said, "but we are very fond of Doctor Ramsey."

Not everybody is, for the Anglican Church, like most churches, is divided over its policies for the future. A spirited minority within the Church of England considers Ramsey too bound by high-church tradition in his approach to doctrine and ceremony. His opponents came into the open when he moved up to the church's second-highest position as archbishop of York in 1956. The Church of England newspaper—not an official organ—accused him of obtaining high office "as the candidate of a group known for its intolerance." The Protestant Truth Society officially protested the promotion. On the other side, when Ramsey became archbishop of Canterbury in 1961, former Olympic sprinter Rev. Nicholas Stacey asked him to "turn a blowtorch on the human fossils so securely riveted to every part of the creaking ecclesiastical machine." This skirmishing between high-church and low-church factions impresses Ramsey, however, as no more than a tempest in a vicarage teapot. "It is possible to have ritual and still be a perfectly sensible fellow," he says, "but inordinate preoccupation with ceremony betrays a shallowness of mind."

This scorn for "inordinate preoccupation with ceremony" applies equally to inordinate preoccupation with organization—a practice of which he apparently suspects the American clergy.

After attending a meeting of the World Council of Churches at Evanston, Illinois, he complained, "The main speeches were typed up beforehand and distributed. . . . The conference was accompanied from first to last by the sort of publicity which can only be described as vulgar boosting." And even now he remarks, "I would gladly let lapse much of the existing machinery, which would be no loss to the church."

Ramsey's criticism applies equally to this summer's international Anglican Congress at Toronto. The efficient Canadians last year sent out detailed questionnaires to all the 350 bishops who are expected to attend. Months later not one English bishop had done the requested paperwork.

Archbishop Ramsey is not old-fashioned—he is simply a man who pursues his own ideas, even whims. He uses jets without concern but will not drive a car, use a dictating machine or look at a television set—unless he happens to be featured. These whims have their price: When he was writing his last book—he likes to write in bed—he upset a bottle of ink all over the sheets.

Politically Ramsey is equally unorthodox, and he frankly sides with those who would rather be Red than dead. "I am not a pacifist," he tells the interviewer, "but it is difficult to see today how there could be a just war. If the choice came between blowing up the world and being overrun by Communism, I still don't think we have the right to blow up the world."

This does not mean that he sympathizes with Dr. Hewlett Johnson, the octogenarian "Red dean" of Canterbury. In fact, Ramsey is relieved by Johnson's retirement this month. But Ramsey advocates the banning of all nuclear weapons. He describes the last U.S. series of atomic tests as "a piece of silliness."

Communism, to Ramsey, is a "dragon that infests the world," but he thinks it gives Americans unnecessary nightmares. Americans, he believes, "have Communism on their minds and on their nerves. If they think it can be answered simply by erecting a rampart and maintaining a certain way of life behind that rampart, it is a futile thesis."

Ramsey himself ignores ramparts. He has gone to Moscow twice in the past seven years in the cause of Christian unity. Last August he vainly tried to talk Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan into allowing Russian theology students to come to colleges in the United Kingdom. In a fruitless argument with another Communist official he blew up and called the man a liar.

Within Ramsey's own church more than 27 million living Englishmen were baptized as Anglicans, often as an almost automatic family tradition, but the active church membership is far smaller—only about 2½ million receive Holy Communion at Easter. Will Ramsey expand his church's role?

Nobody can tell yet, but Ramsey offers few concessions. "If a man really wants to stew in his own juice, he can and will," he says. Religion, he warns, is not a cult of happiness, and he has told his parsons not to court popularity by "sophisticated attempts to be contemporary at all costs." Ramsey suggests that youth clubs should provide more positive instruction about sex but that teen-agers should be told, "You can't rock or twist your way to salvation." Despite his learning, he strives "to put things really simply."

"Man," he says, "is meant to do and to be. . . . Such is the road to a belief in God and in immortality." "Are you a socialist?" he was once asked. "Was Jesus Christ a socialist?" Ramsey replied. "I try to be my Master's man."

At home Ramsey and his wife are a fairly typical middle-class couple. The archbishop has been heard to refer to Mrs. Ramsey, whom he married in 1942, as "the wife." A trim and pretty person, Joan Ramsey is determined to stay in her husband's ample shadow. She collects ceramics and plays the piano pleasantly. Framed photographs of children fringe her writing desk, though the Ramseys themselves have no children. Mrs. Ramsey makes sure her husband gets plenty of his favorite roast beef and steak-and-kidney pudding, but she has helped him take off 30 pounds by keeping bread and potatoes from the table.

Since his elevation to Canterbury, Ramsey has traveled in Europe, Asia, Africa and America in the effort to heal the ancient wounds of Christian division. He speaks hopefully of finding an ultimate basis for unity with the world's 550 million Roman Catholics and 137 million Eastern Orthodox Catholics in something he defines as "non papal and scriptural catholicism." He has not, however, repeated the 1960 visit to the Vatican by his predecessor, Dr. Geoffrey Fisher. Ramsey doesn't expect to live to see church union, but he adds, "The uniting of all Christians will come. It is the will of God." THE END

HAZEL, starring SHIRLEY BOOTH, may be seen on NBC-TV Thursday evenings.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Kelly's hardware?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Here I come, Grandma!"

And because of a Long Distance call,
Grandma is ready and waiting.
Welcomes are always warmer when you
plan ahead by phone. Try it and see.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Long Distance is the next best thing to being there

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By Eugene Burdick and William Lederer

THE UGLY AMERICAN REVISITED

HOW A BEST SELLER, NOW A MOVIE, CHANGE

In new film, Ambassador MacWhite (Brando) arrives amid riots, presents credentials, endures Red attacks.

We made one colossal miscalculation when we wrote *The Ugly American*. We didn't think many people would read it. We wrote the book in anger at seeing the American position in Southeast Asia steadily deteriorate. We were outraged at the way many Americans overseas were recklessly doing the wrong thing, or doing the right thing in the wrong way, or just doing nothing. Our book was aimed at the Congress of the United States. We hoped that congressmen and senators would read the book and act upon it. Beyond that band of some 500 people we did not expect a large audience. One of us guessed at a sale of "around 12,000"; the other predicted exactly 7,500.

That was a nice miscalculation. In the five years since *The Ugly American* first appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post*, it has sold 385,000 copies in the W. W. Norton hardback, nearly three million in the Fawcett paperback. It has been translated into 21 different languages and was a best seller in most of them. By the time you read this, the movie version will be playing in many theaters. The phrase, "the ugly American," has become part of the language—though often misused as the opposite of what we intended—and we have gradually toughened ourselves not to wince when introduced as "you know—the ugly American."

Any book which does that well has something besides literary genius going for it. Indeed, we have been quick to agree that the book has very deep literary flaws. It was episodic, skipped from area to area, ranged over more problems than a single book should cover. The characters were often two-dimensional.

We were as puzzled as anyone else at the popularity of the book. In the years that have passed, however, we have realized some of the things that were going for it. Some of them are almost invisible. Some of them represent a profound reshaping of American thought. The book was only one of a number of things that came together in a time of stress; it was only a tiny part of a great glacial shift in thinking about our role in the world.

When we began writing in 1957, the United States effort overseas was like the pawing of a powerful, massive and very bored organism which was slowly committing suicide. What was lacking was a brain. We are often asked: Did the book do any good? It is a question which cannot be answered firmly, but one thing the book *did* do was to start a frightful uproar. For months we had the sensation of living in the eye of a typhoon.

President Eisenhower first indicated that he was "impressed" by the book. Eighteen months later, however, Eisenhower gave the book a fearful roasting and called it an insult to our Foreign Service. Senators John F. Kennedy, Leverett Saltonstall and Hubert Humphrey bought copies of the book and sent them to all their senatorial colleagues. Sen. J. William Fulbright, on the other hand, took to the Senate floor and made a withering attack on the book. We did not reply, although we saw that the speech quoted extensively from an article written by a staunch supporter of President Ngo Dinh Diem of South Vietnam, one of our main targets. We did write Senator Fulbright and offered to give him evidence of a more substantial kind. We also volunteered to take him on an *incognito* trip to Southeast Asia to see things for himself. He did not reply.

The State Department was coolly disapproving. To anyone who wrote asking about the book, it sent a form letter saying that it was a "distortion." The unofficial periodical of the Foreign Service published some agonizing editorials and some angry letters from Foreign Service wives. The International Cooperation Administration, the name of the agency then handling foreign aid, came up with a complete pamphlet on *The Ugly American*. It took 18 months to put together and it contained a number of serious errors. We delicately pointed out to friends in the ICA that the elephantine slowness in producing the pamphlet, and the errors in it, were doing more harm than good. It seemed a grotesque demonstration of bureaucratic lack of imagination, just managing to miss the heart of every argument. The pamphlet was "out of print" in a matter of weeks and is now a rare document.

After publication of the book we started to get a strange reaction from American diplomats when we traveled overseas. We came to call it "the ugly-American double take." In public, diplomats would be courteously disapproving of us, rocking on their heels at cocktail parties and saying we had "overstated" the picture. The reaction of the foreign diplomats present hinged almost completely on how much they depended on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MERICAN WAYS OF THINKING.

American dollar aid. If they had a large U.S.-dollar request pending, they would usually nod agreement with our diplomat. If not, they were usually silent.

In private, however, the American diplomat would often speak quite differently. With a glance over his shoulder and a clearing of the throat and the usual "off-the-record" request, he would state that things were much worse than we had depicted in the book . . . it would be helpful if we gave Ambassador X a literary blast, etc. From this kind of Byzantine politics we carefully refrained.

The reaction of journalists and intellectuals varied directly with the distance they were from Southeast Asia. Reviews and comments written from Tokyo, Bangkok, Singapore, Manila and Djakarta usually confirmed our general approach and seemed surprised that Americans were surprised by the book. One Washington-based journalist, Ernest K. Lindley, decided to see for himself, however. He took a tour of Southeast Asia and returned with the great good news that everyone was full of friendship for America; that our diplomats were superb; that we would have an easy victory over Communism. Today he may recall the articles with some pain. In areas on which he glowed with optimism, real Americans have died from real bullets fired by real Communists. Our situation is suddenly desperate. As far as we could gather, Mr. Lindley got the "political V.I.P. treatment" wherever he went—meaning that he saw precisely what the host government wished him to see and very little else.

The most startling reaction came from the general American public. As a rule, readers write an author only if they dislike his book. The mail, on any controversial book, is likely to run 10 to 1 against it. In any case, the mail probably will be slight. To our delight, we began to receive scores, then hundreds and finally thousands of letters. Not all of them were approving; some were bitter. But most of them asked: "What can I do?" A grandmother finally free to travel, a 14-year-old boy who wanted to work abroad "before becoming president of General Motors," young married couples willing to go anywhere and work for merely their keep. A number of readers, mostly women, apparently got only as far as the title. They wrote us angry letters stating that Americans were as handsome as any other people. One women's club adopted a vote of censure against the book solely

Today's "ugly Americans" are youngsters like Eugene Schreiber, 21, who teaches road building in Tanganyika.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MANY OF THE BOOK'S VIEWS NOW HAVE COME TO LIFE IN THE PEACE CORPS.

because of the title. Later they read it and sent us a gracious note—again, asking how they might help.

To us, this indicated a deep and firm concern among Americans about our position in the world. They are often confused, often angry, but always willing to learn. They possess a quiet awareness of the deadly peril in which we live. And they are, more important, ready to "do something about it."

We still do not know "what good the book did." Around the world the American position has, in some cases, improved. In others it has continued to deteriorate. Some things we decried in our book have vanished; others continue as if the book had never been written. Let us look at some examples.

In Laos we have been pouring hundreds of millions of dollars into a beautiful, exotic kingdom to "build up its military potential." Our military experts were frank in pointing out that the tiny country could not absorb the vast amounts given to it; the State Department insisted upon going ahead. The result: Most of the dollars disappeared into the great yawning rathole of the black market. Today Laos has been "written off." Our argument that military aid and economic aid must be carefully balanced had no effect in Laos.

The situation in Vietnam is very different. Following Mao Tse-tung's famous writings on guerrilla war, the Communists used deception, camouflage and hit-and-run terrorism, oddly blended with idealism, against the government's mechanized and expensive armies. Why not develop a "special force" that could fight back, using the same, cheap, deadly and efficient techniques? One U. S. Air Force brigadier general named Ed Lansdale has pushed and struggled for a counter-guerrilla capacity in Vietnam, and, though the outcome is still very much in doubt, the Kennedy Administration has given the "special forces" a high priority. In our book, there is a Colonel Hillandale who argues for precisely these things. Any resemblance is purely coincidental.

In the broader area of foreign aid, we argued that many "aid experts" tried to create miniature replicas of our economy abroad. We pointed out that most emerging nations could not use for example, an American-style fertilizer plant. Why not start with an effective compost heap and build the plant later? Chester Bowles, recently named as ambassador to India, has made the point that countries receiving our aid are vastly different in their capacity to absorb modern technology. His argument is that many countries must learn to walk, in the economic sense, before they can run. The new director of foreign aid, David Bell, has candidly stated that American aid will be much more selective, aimed at specific targets, and that it will be withdrawn if the recipient does not exercise as much care and concern as we do.

As for the men who carry out our foreign policy, we heatedly declared that some did not understand the society in which they were working. Last summer in Southeast Asia we met an overseas U. S. Information Service officer, of very senior rank, who told us that it was not safe to ride the local trains because one might contract syphilis from the seats. We pushed him a bit and he confessed, without a blush, that he had never ridden on a local train, was unaware that syphilis is acquired in a very specific manner and, in fact, had never left the capital in which he had spent four years. We enjoyed his cocktail party, the American bourbon, the canapés and the chatter. But here "the uglyAmerican"certainly had not changed much.

We had also waxed eloquent on the language inadequacy of American diplomats. Technically they are supposed to be competent in one foreign language. By their own admission, less than 50 percent were. In the so-called "exotic languages"—Twi, Hindi, Thai and Cambodian—we estimated, from interviews, that only a handful of diplomats were skilled. We received a furious letter from a high-ranking State Department official (political appointment) who, in his anger, revealed that in many diplomatic posts there was *no* American who could speak the native language. Also, the official stamped NOT FOR QUOTATION across his letter. The Foreign Service has made great strides in language competence, however. The State Department now has an incentive system which gives bonuses to officers who can speak foreign languages. The more difficult the language, the greater the bonus. The results have been excellent. We are not even close to the Russians in language competence, but we are aware that it is a skill we can acquire.

Our most important point, perhaps, was that our foreign aid should be related to the capacities of the individual country, should force it to participate and grow. The hero of our book, the "ugly American," was a man like millions of other Americans, who knew how to solve problems, felt work was honorable, wanted to solve today's problem today—and just happened to be ugly. We lost a semantic battle—the term "ugly American" is used in a pejorative sense, even by people who have read the book—but American foreign aid is now a much more practical, tough-minded proposition than it was five years ago.

The best example of this is the Peace Corps, which has been a resounding success. Indeed, it is quite without parallel in history. To Americans it is a dramatic demonstration of our capacity in world politics, In those countries which receive Peace Corps volunteers, the impact is startling. Not only are foreigners pleased to see Americans living *among* them (previously, Americans always lived in some distant "golden ghetto" and sallied forth in great automobiles), but the aid from the Peace Corps grows out of the needs of the community. Furthermore, the Peace Corps does not *give* anything away. In the Philippines, for example, the Peace Corps volunteers have persuaded Filipinos to donate time, material and money for such things as a hospital or a summer camp for city children. The Filipinos are somewhat astonished at their own capabilities—and pleased. They are starting various projects on their own. Often they are small things. But multiplied a thousand times, they create a new American impact. They release a kind of energy and flair which did not exist in the Philippines before. We may be immodest, but it is a source of great pride to us that a majority of Peace Corps volunteers indicated that their first interest in foreign affairs came from reading *The Ugly American.*

Are these reforms really convincing anyone? In *The Ugly American* we gave some examples of how skillfully the Communists were using propaganda in the neutral parts of the world. Communist foreign aid is cleverly linked to ultimate propaganda value. Americans can never be quite that cynical. But with ingenuity we could extract the maximum political value from those things we would do in any case. Despite the heroic efforts of Edward R. Murrow, the head of the United States Information Agency, progress in this area has not been great. Whatever the reasons, official American propaganda is moribund, slow to react.

A healed eye has a message

American books and magazines still cost a staggering amount by foreign standards. At the same time, Communist books are offered at rates which one would like to call ridiculous, but one cannot. The intent is both too obvious and too successful. The Communist network of radio broadcasts, newspapers, book exhibits and cultural visits far outstrips our efforts. On the private level, however, the amateur Americans are doing a splendid job. An organization called Magazines for Asia has put thousands of Americans in touch with Asians; the Dr. Tom Dooley Foundation sends American volunteer doctors and nurses up Asian rivers and into back country where no American has ever been seen before; the *U.S.S. Hope* has taken a demonstration of new techniques and skills to Southeast Asia and Latin America. A blinded eye that can see again because of the skill and humanity of an American doctor is a walking advertisement of our good will. A tattered magazine, passed from hand to hand through an entire village refutes the Communist charge that all Americans are heartless, imperialist and cruel.

In one sense, the change in American thinking appears in what happened to our book in Hollywood. Four years ago we sold the movie rights to Universal-International. Being more than a little cynical about Hollywood, we looked for a producer who was dedicated, skilled and who knew something of the world outside of Southern California. The man we liked was George Englund, a hard-driving young producer who knows more about Asia than most university professors lecturing on it. Englund promptly signed up Marlon Brando as the lead and assigned Stewart Stern, a dedicated and conscientious man, as the scriptwriter. Englund made forays into Washington, where he fenced with a horrified State Department; he invaded Thailand and shot thousands of feet of color film and put armies of Thais through elaborate maneuvers; he recreated an Asian village in the San Fernando Valley that is so authentic we both start to shake with malaria just walking through it.

In all this time—four years—we never discussed the film with the principals. We had gambled on good people and saw no reason to hedge our bet. The picture version of *The Ugly American* is, we think, a colorful and very forceful movie. It has only the slightest resemblance to the book, but there is a reason. History affects even movie studios. Everything changes. If the movie were precisely like the book, it would seem as dated as a Gibson-girl outfit. But in a more subtle way, the movie is precisely what we wrote about. As a work of art, the movie is more seamless, coherent and compelling than our book. Englund, Stern and Brando had almost four years and five million dollars to spend on the picture. The time and care show.

There is a new mood abroad in the land. Americans, in both high and low places, are willing to be critical of themselves without falling into despair. On balance, America is surely moving with greater energy, more skill and more confidence in its overseas operations. In some areas, such as paramilitary operations and propaganda, we are still far from impressive and certainly far below our potential. But there is an awareness that the condition of survival is to blend tough-mindedness with genuine sympathy. Americans now realize that "gifts" are the surest enemy of friendship. Real cooperation is the cement which binds alien cultures together. We are slowly learning that "power" does not reside solely in dictators but also in the pride and dignity of people who are utterly unlike ourselves. They cannot be bought, and we now know that. Isolationism is an obsolete word. Americans realize that either we live with our foreign friends or we perish alone.

It would be silly to say that the new mood is due to the publication of a single book. The face and fingers of Communism—seen across the Berlin wall, or at the negotiating table at Geneva, or behind a burp gun shooting down a helicopter in Vietnam, or infiltrating an African university—are still there. But, for a number of reasons, the threat now seems more manageable. It calls for a dedication and courage which Americans have gained only recently. *The Ugly American* was not the cause of that—we merely said early what was on the minds of a large number of people. THE END

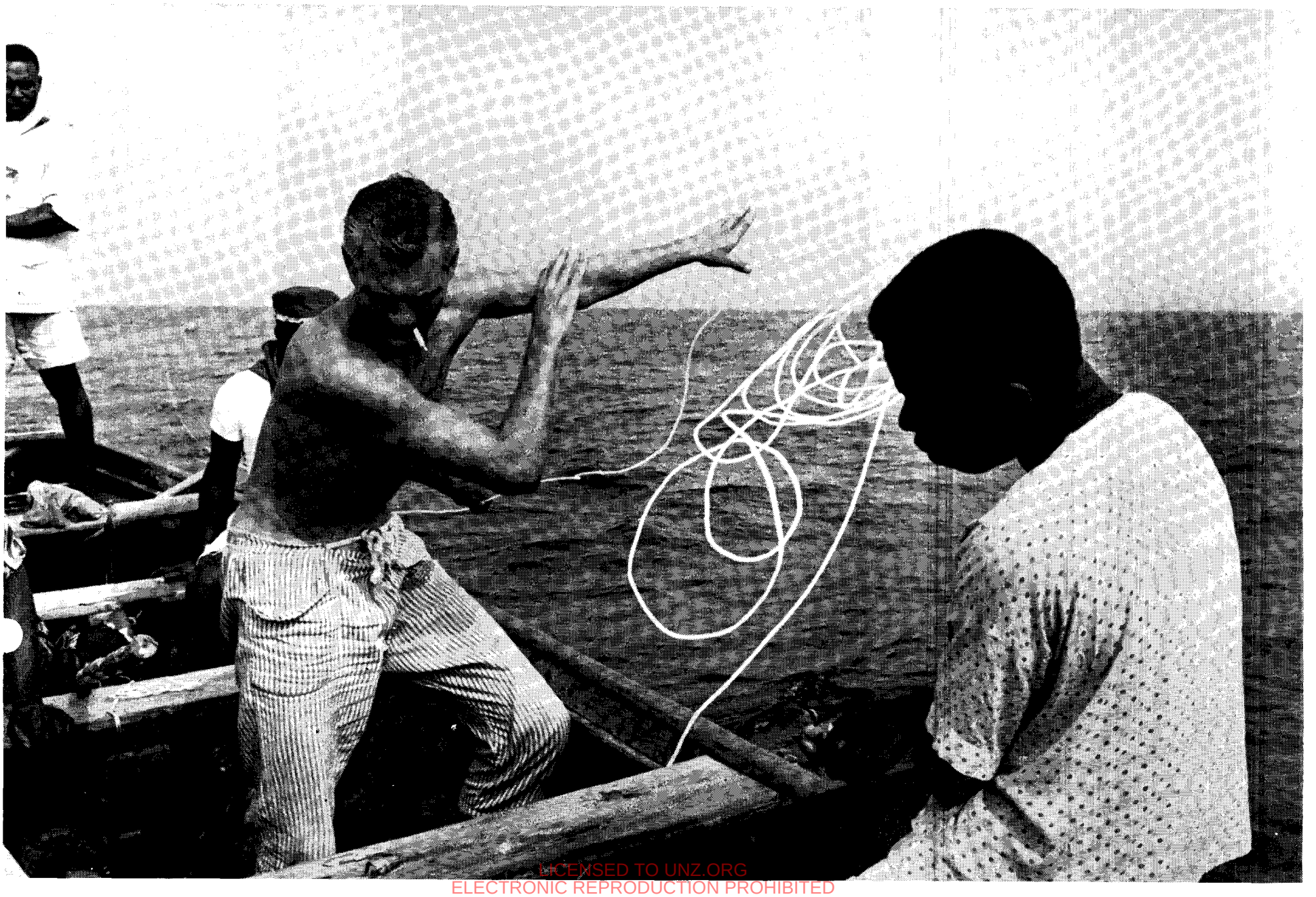
Michael Ruggiero shows Togolese fishermen methods of increasing their catc

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ace Corps' Sadie Stout tends Malayan lepers.

Vernon Guilliams aids farms in Dominican Republic.

Marylee Myers teaches in British Honduras.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIALS

The polygraph-happy Pentagon

Some of the things that have been happening in the Pentagon recently would be easier to believe if they were in a novel by Franz Kafka or George Orwell. At the height of the tempestuous TFX controversy an Air Force colonel wrote a memorandum charging Sen. John McClellan's Investigations Subcommittee with abusing Air Force witnesses. The Secretary of Defense, Mr. McNamara, saw the memo and gave orders that it was not to be released. Later he discovered, to his amazement, that the memo had been leaked to Richard Fryklund of the Washington *Star*.

Understandably Mr. McNamara was outraged. He ordered the Air Force to find out who had leaked the memo. Air Force Inspector General W. H. Blanchard launched an investigation. More than 120 persons were interrogated as to whether they knew Fryklund or had seen the memo. They were requested to sign a written oath that their testimony was true and a written statement indicating their willingness to submit to polygraph, or lie-detector, tests. Only four persons (God bless them) declined to take the polygraph tests. Among those who indicated their willingness were the Deputy Secretary of Defense, Roswell Gilpatric, the Secretary of the Air Force, Eugene Zuckert, and the Secretary of the Navy, Fred Korth.

When Mr. McNamara learned of the polygraph tests, he promptly called them off. President Kennedy said "it was a mistake" to have suggested the polygraph tests. "I don't think we need concern ourselves in the future about it," he added; "the fact . . . [is] no polygraph was given."

But the damage was only partly undone by calling off the investigation before the polygraph tests were given. We have no quarrel with the polygraph per se. It has proved itself a useful investigative tool when properly used by qualified personnel. But there is a time and place for everything, and we submit that polygraph tests for high Government officials have no place in our democratic society.

That this odious episode ever could have occurred in our Government is appalling. The Deputy Secretary of Defense and the secretaries of the Navy and Air Force not only were asked to take lie-detector tests but they agreed. The incident is an insult to the Government of the United States. If we have reached the point where we have to rely upon these truth machines to tell us whether we can trust our public officials, then our nation is in sad shape.

Mr. McNamara has ordered a thorough investigation of polygraph procedures in the Pentagon. The President has said that this kind of thing will not happen again. The best way to make sure that it doesn't would be for Mr.McNamara to fire some of the polygraph-happy sleuths in the Pentagon or ship them off to the remotest bases he can find.

Our number-one domestic concern

Recently in Chicago, where he dedicated the world's largest airport, O'Hare Field, President Kennedy discussed one of our country's most urgent problems. The "number-one domestic concern" for the 1960's, the President said, is "the question of jobs, jobs for the tidal wave of men and women who are going to be hitting our labor market in the next five years." The President indicated three main causes of unemployment: the production revolution on the farms, the avalanche of young new workers entering the labor market, and automation.

"Since 1947," the President said, "our farms have increased their output thirty percent. . . . Farm employment during that period declined by three million, an average of two hundred thousand a year." As a result of this revolution, said the President, "only one out of every ten boys growing up on the farms of the United States will find a living in agriculture."

The prospects are most discouraging for young people, the President said. This year 3.8 million of them will enter the labor market. The total for the 1960's will be 26 million. The unemployment rate for young men from 20 to 24 last year was 9 percent (as compared with 4.4 percent for those over 24), and for those aged 14 to 19 it was a shocking 13 percent.

The mixed blessing of automation has greatly compounded the job problem. "During the last six years," the President said, "the nation increased its manufacturing output by nearly twenty percent, but it did so with eight hundred thousand fewer production workers."

He cited another, even more alarming statistic. "Since the Second World War," he said, "the real output of the private economy has risen sixty-seven percent with only a three percent rise in man-hours."

Moreover, month-to-month unemployment figures do not reflect the true dimensions of the problem. Said President Kennedy, "Some fourteen million Americans had some unemployment in 1962, and twenty-eight percent of last year's unemployed were out of work fifteen weeks or longer. Fifteen percent were out of work a full six months or longer. This nation must do better than that."

It must indeed. This is a poor record for a country that prides itself on "opportunity," especially for young people. We hope that everyone (especially the do-nothing 88th Congress) who thinks that the country's business is finished, and that our basic task is to hang on to what we have, will ponder the President's message.

The only way to save boxing

The death of former featherweight champion Davey Moore a few weeks ago underscored a point that should have been obvious to everyone long ago: In its present form, boxing is a lethal, degrading sport that has no place in a civilized society.

The experience of William Denis Fugazy as the promoter of the second and third Patterson-Johansson fights [WHY I WANT TO GET OUT, *Post*, April 6] is indictment enough of boxing. The fight racket, as Fugazy indicated, is a cesspool of mobster influence, double-dealings and lawsuits. "From top to bottom, professional boxing in the United States is sick," Fugazy said. He went into the sport determined "to clean up boxing and bring new life into the game." He came out a sadly disillusioned man who found that boxing, as run today, "is no place for a legitimate businessman."

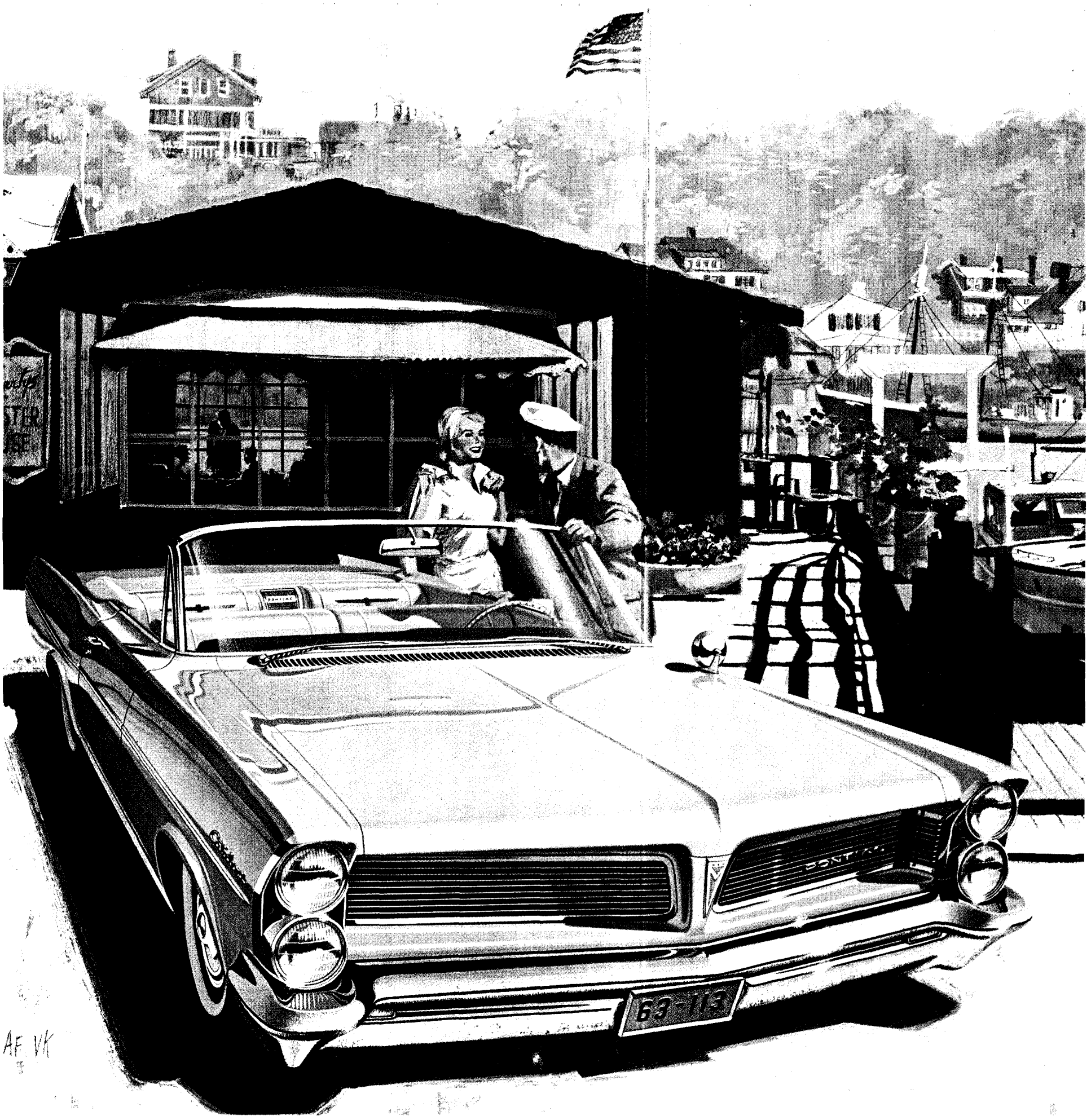
As a former amateur fighter and promoter, Fugazy was sympathetic to boxing. "I know boxing. I like boxing," he said. Yet he concluded that there is "only one way to save boxing, only one way to make the sport worth saving." That way is to establish a Federal boxing commission with a strong man at the top.

Boxing stands today where baseball stood in 1919, after the Black Sox scandal. It must be cleaned up or abolished. There are five steps that could be taken to save the sport: (1) the appointment of a boxing czar like baseball's Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis; (2) Federal licensing of boxers by the commissioner, who would be empowered to remove boxers' licenses for association with hoodlums or for other improper behavior; (3) establishment of regular physical examinations with compulsory electroencephalograms (brain tests); (4) the inauguration of a boxing pension plan similar to baseball's that would enable fighters to retire before their skills are gone; (5) the elimination of mismatches, which are likely to result in death or serious injury.

We believe that boxing should be given a chance to operate fairly and cleanly. If that will not work, it should be abolished.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Will this be just another summer of Pontiac-watching?

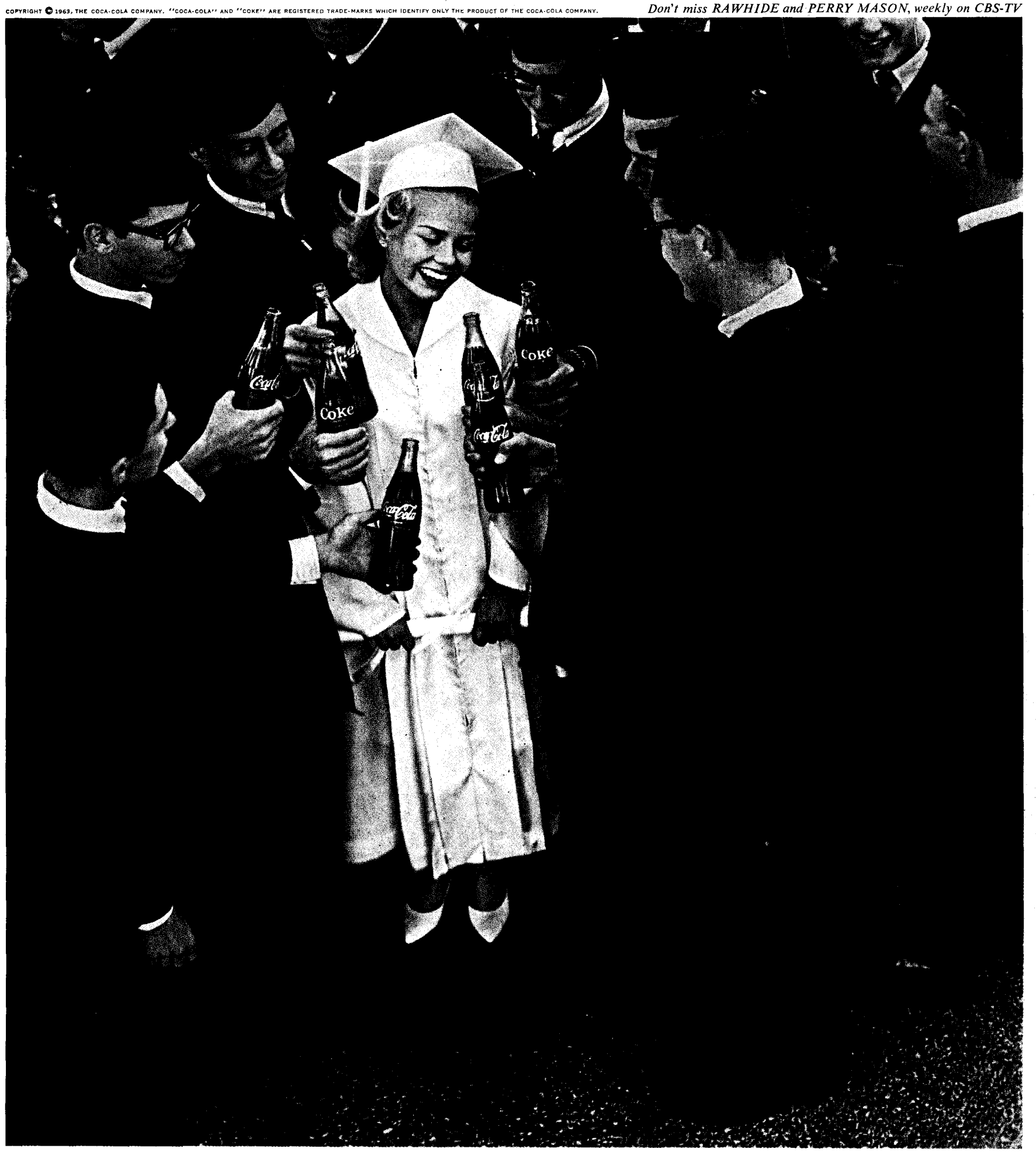
(or are you set to get a Catalina of your own?)

While we're out here building Pontiacs, we know what you'll be doing with yours: Having a wonderful time. Wish we were there. Ah, well, even all alone you can enjoy Pontiac's satiny sort of ride. And you can get your kicks from the Trophy V-8—it's about as eager as a small boy on opening day of baseball season. And who could ignore that Wide-Track roadworthiness? Nobody who's ever tried it, surely. The place to start this sweet summer is your Pontiac dealer's. You'll be surprised at the price he'll let you in on. **WIDE-TRACK PONTIAC**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COPYRIGHT © 1963, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY. "COCA-COLA" AND "COKE" ARE REGISTERED TRADE-MARKS WHICH IDENTIFY ONLY THE PRODUCT OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY.

Don't miss RAWHIDE and PERRY MASON, weekly on CBS-TV



Refreshing New Feeling . . . The girl most likely to be refreshed . . . There's a special zing in the spirited taste of Coca-Cola, always just right, never too sweet . . . Graduate to Coke.

Coca-Cola
TRADE-MARK ®

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED